

MAY

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

THE CREAM of the
WORLD'S
MAGAZINES
considered for
BUSY MEN
and WOMEN

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and LONDON, ENG.

Distribution Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto

ISSUED BY MAIL AT REGULAR PRICE

1 Year \$1.00

30 cents a copy

A Business Proposition Pure and Simple

Why?

Business proposition pure and simple
 The American Industrial Revolution
 The American Industrial Revolution

The American Industrial Revolution
 The American Industrial Revolution

The American Industrial Revolution
 The American Industrial Revolution

The American Industrial Revolution
 The American Industrial Revolution

AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

840 Maiden Lane Building

NEW YORK 100

Vol. XVI.

No. 1

The Busy Man's Magazine

ISSUED EVERY MONTH

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1908

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES	13
CANADIANS WHO ARE DOING THINGS AND HOW	17-32
Mr. Justice Mahoe, Hon. D. C. Foster, Professor Shortt, Hon. F. L. Hazard, Mr. Rolan Meehan, Mr. G. B. Ryan, Professor Schofield, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, and others	
ENGLISH AS SHE IS RECOGNIZED ELSEWHERE	
Agnes Deans Cameron	33
A MAN OF NO IMAGINATION	Owen Johnson 40
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM	James L. Gordon 52
CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE	55
THE KEEN COMPETITION IN BUSINESS	Thomas H. Curry 56
THE ADOPTION OF AUTOMOBILES IN BUSINESS	G. C. Keith 61
A GREATER SENSE OF OUR RESPONSIBILITY	George R. Welton 63
WHO STOLE THE ORGANIZER'S HANDBAG?	F. H. Dobbin 65
A POLICE FORCE THAT IS A CREDIT TO CANADA	A.M.R. 71
PROFIT SHARING IN BUSINESS	F. C. Lovelace 76
COMMON HOUSE FLY DISSEMINATES DISEASE	80
THE WINDFALL OF THE GOVERNESS	Gertrude M. Foxe 81
CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD	
Andrew Carnegie	85
THE VALUE OF TIME IS THE THING THAT COUNTS	88
STRIVE TO CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF GOOD WILL	
Orison Swett Marden	89
THE STORY OF A SHATTERED AFFINITY	Thomas L. Mason 93
YOUTH SHOULD BE TAUGHT THE HABIT OF SAVING	G.B.V.B. 95
WEALTH AND POWER OF INDIA'S NATIVE PRINCES	
Dr. A. V. W. Jackson	97
CANADIANS SHOULD INDULGE IN MORE BOATING	
N. A. Howard-Moore	104
THINGS WORTH CRYING ABOUT	Mary Ross 107
HOW THOSE WHO FALL ARE GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE	J.N.G. 108
HOW SILVER BULLET BROUGHT DEATH TO MAD WOLF	
Maudie Benson	110
A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE CANADIAN METROPOLIS	
C. D. Cliffe	115
WHAT FINANCIAL PROSPERITY COSTS	
THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLOW MANUFACTURER	
G. W. Book	121
WHERE BEAUTY SPOTS FLOURISH	N. O. K. 124
HOW I SASSSED THE BOSS	Walter Havens 127
SOME DEDUCTIONS ON THE AVERAGE MAN	One Who Knows 129
FIRST STEAM HEATED BUILDING IN ROME	
By Monsignor Salaffo	132
CONTENTS OF MAY MAGAZINES	136
THE BUSY MAN'S BOOK SHELF	145
HUMOR IN MAGAZINES	148
IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES	152

The Way to the Business Man

- ☐ Advertisements should not, any more than individuals, obtrude.
- ☐ Obtrusion is more likely to meet with rebuff than cordial reception.
- ☐ The advertisement in a trade newspaper never obtrudes, because the medium which carries it does not obtrude.
- ☐ Every trade newspaper that leaves the press reaches a buyer or probable buyer.
- ☐ Retail merchants buy trade newspapers for the advertisements they carry as well as for the reading matter which they contain.
- ☐ They look to the advertising columns of the trade newspaper for hints on what to buy, and where to buy, just as much as they look to the reading columns for market information, trade news, and business-getting ideas.
- ☐ What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? This and nothing else: Those who wish to maintain their standing in the trade or those who wish to improve their standing in the trade should continuously use the advertising columns of a good trade newspaper.

It is to your advantage to mention Busy Man's when writing to advertisers.

Vol. XVI.

No. 2

The Busy Man's Magazine

ISSUED EVERY MONTH

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1908

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES	11
HOW SIR THOS. SHAUGHNESSY REACHED THE TOP, C. D. Cliffe	17
WILL THERE BE ANOTHER CANADIAN CARDINAL? J. R. Trudnow	24
THE PASSING OF THE MACPHERSONS	27
THE YOUNG NAPOLEON OF THE WEST	30
THERE IS NOT ENOUGH MONEY IN THE WORLD, Frank Munsey	33
THE ENLISTMENT OF THE LONG REACH MEN	42
WEST OF TO-DAY BUILDING FOR WEST OF TO-MORROW, Walter McInnis	46
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF DOCTORS' BILLS	49
THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE ECONOMIZES	58
ON THE TYRANNY OF CLOTHES	60
MEN	64
THE RICHEST COAL BARON IN THE DOMINION, A. E. Greenwood	65
THE FERTILITY OF THE GREAT HINTERLAND	70
THE MAN BEHIND AGRICULTURE IN THE SCHOOLS, G. V. B.	73
BUILDING A BUSY BUSINESS CITY	76
THE MILLINER: A MONOLOGUE	81
THE BRITISH TRADER IN CANADA	84
THE PROPER WAY TO SPEND A HOLIDAY	91
WHO SHOULD FURNISH THE GUARANTEE? Harlan Eugene Reed	97
SOME METHODS OF DISTRIBUTING PROFITS	99
AUTOMOBILING IN CANADA DECIDEDLY POPULAR, G. C. Keith	104
JIM CRADLEBAUGH: HEAD-LINER	107
GET THIS KIND OF TROUBLE	113
A SUMMER TOUR OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES	112
WHAT THE GENIUS OF ONE MAN HAS ACCOMPLISHED	118
HOW INDIANS GATHER THE WILD RICE CROP	120
THE FIRST PUBLIC OWNERSHIP CANDIDATE	124
THE POWER BEHIND A FAST ENTERPRISE	127
SOME MEN WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE	132
CONTENTS OF JUNE MAGAZINE	135
THE BUSY MAN'S BOOK SHELF	143
IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES	144
WHAT MEN OF NOTE ARE SAYING	145
SCIENCE AND INVENTION	150

Issued Monthly by THE MacLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President

OFFICES:

CANADA—
 Montreal: 101 McGill St.—A. B. Carwell, Manager
 Toronto: 12 Front St. East—McGee, Manager
 Winnipeg: 301 Union Bank Bldg.—F. R. McGee, Manager
 EUROPE—
 London: Eng. 18 Fleet St. E.C.—J. Meredith McKim, Manager
 UNITED STATES—
 New York: 336 West 146th St.—R. B. Shanks



HE strength of the technical or trade paper lies in a timeliness and assured interest. The reader is a reader simply and solely because his bread-and-butter interests are involved in the particular subjects of which a given paper treats, and because he knows practically all the matter in that publication will apply directly to, or have a bearing upon, the subjects on which he must have the latest authoritative word in order to compete successfully for business.

To the progressive manufacturer, the technical or trade paper has become an important part of his business machinery—a machine for impressing his name and that of his product on the minds of prospective customers, for keeping close, constant touch with old customers, for removing prejudice unfavorable to his product, for creating interest and molding favorable opinion—a machine whose finished product is a desire to buy, as expressed in an enquiry; a mind prepared to receive and assimilate the salesman's arguments or an order.

—*Selling Magazine.*

When writing advertisers, kindly mention *Busy Man's Magazine*.

Vol. XVI.

No. 3

The Busy Man's Magazine

Issued Monthly by THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN President
 MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG LONDON, ENG.
 Cable Address: MACPUBCO, Toronto. ATAREK, London.
 PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1908

THE GERMAN IN CANADA	H. H. Miller, M.P.	17
A MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE	E. R. Parnish	33
AS THE WORKING GIRL SEES IT	Elizabeth Howard Westwood	39
TRAINING BOYS FOR COLONIAL LIFE	T. C. Bridges	44
WHAT PROFIT SHARING HAS DONE	Fred C. Lortolose	51
JUST ESCAPED AND NO MORE	Maudie Benson	54
STAND FOR SOMETHING	Orison Sweet Marden	57
THE WASTE OF DAYLIGHT	Sir Algernon West	61
WHY SOME MEN BECOME BOSSES	George Brett	64
THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOUR BARREL	Herbert Vandendroef	65
THE WAY OF MUSETTE	Dorothea Deakins	71
HOW HIS DREAM WAS REALIZED		76
HAS SERVED UNDER FOUR PREMIERS		79
MY SUPREME DEVOTION TO SILENCE	Oscar Oliver	81
THE BIGGEST NEWS SCOOP IN CANADA	G. B. VanBlaricom	88
WOMEN WHOSE MINDS DO NOT GROW	John R. Desmond	91
IN THE BABIES' WARD OF THE HOSPITAL	Caroline K. Herrick	92
HAVE WOMEN LESS CONSCIENCE THAN MEN?	Lillian Bell	95
THE ADVANTAGES OF BRANCH BANKS	H. M. P. Eckhardt	96
THE GREATNESS OF OUR COMMON HERITAGE		101
SOME SETTLERS THAT CANADA CAN DO WITHOUT	J. T. Ardley	102
WHAT WILL THE WORLD DO WHEN COAL IS GONE?	Brand Whittell	105
THE GIRL THAT IS DOWN	Thomas A. Carry	106
WORTH WHILE TO WIN IN THE GAME	G. W. Warner	112
COURTESY AS AN ELEMENT IN BUSINESS	M. J. Hutchinson	113
IRRIGATION IN THE "WORLD'S PANTRY"	Joseph R. Johnson	117
SOME DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT	C. D. Cliffe	124
A LEADER WHO STANDS FOR HIGH IDEALS		129
SOME MEN WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE		133
CONTENTS OF THE JULY MAGAZINES		138
SOME RATHER UNUSUAL EVENTS		144
SOME FASHIONS FOR BUSY MEN		145
HUMOR IN THE MAGAZINES		146
THE BUSY MAN'S BOOKSHELF		148
IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES		154

TRADE MARK



PURITY—

first last and all the time, is
the policy which makesE.D.S. BRAND
Jams and Jellies

the most popular in Canada.

PLUMS

Just delicious, ripe
Canadian-grown plums,
bottled in pure, un-
adulterated Cane Sugar.
When buying preserved
fruits, get the best by
asking your dealer for

E. D. S.
BRAND

Grown and Bottled at

E. D. SMITH'S
FRUIT FARMSWINONA,
ONTARIO

When writing advertisers, kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine

Vol. XVI.

No. 4

The Busy Man's Magazine

Issued Monthly by THE MacLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN

President

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

LONDON, ENG.

Cable Address:

MACPUBCO, Toronto

ATAREK, London

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO,

Printed and published for the Proprietor at the Press of the Proprietor, 10 Front Street East, Toronto, Canada.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1908

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEN OVER SIXTY	E. B. Simmons	17
TO WHAT HEIGHT WILL HE CLIMB?	William Blokenmore	30
EDUCATION AND BUSINESS REQUIREMENTS	Garold Sidney	33
THE OUTSIDE VERSUS THE INSIDE MAN	W. A. Porter	37
DOES YOUR WORK DRIVE YOU?	Dr. Luther H. Gulick	42
THE WOOING OF THE TUTOR	Reginald Turner	44
"JUST AMONG THOSE PRESENT"	Elliott Flower	49
THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING CITIES	Herbert S. Clouston	53
HOW LONDON NEWSPAPERS CHANGE	E. T. Tandy	55
THE KING'S GRIP	Edward Ballwood	59
THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY	L.S.A.	64
KING EDWARD IS ENTIRELY OUT OF DEBT	Wycollar Hall	65
MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN THE WORLD	W. Lanston	71
A MAN WHO RISKS HIS FALL ON A THROW	A.G.G.	73
MY VOYAGE IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIRSHIP	Hon. C. S. Rolfe	75
THE STORY OF A CLOSE SHAVE	Herbert Kaufman	81
WHY SOME WOMEN NEVER MARRY	Alice Marston French	86
THE TRAGEDY OF BUSINESS	S.A.R.	89
THE IMPORTANCE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION	John Hunter, M.C.	91
FROM JET BLACK TO PURE WHITE	C. F. McTosch	93
FITTING YOUNG PEOPLE FOR LIFE'S BATTLE	G. W. Busch	96
WRECKING TO SAVE, NOT TO DESTROY	S. H. Harris	98
BUSINESS MAN IS COUNTRY'S BEST CITIZEN	Joseph F. Johnson	102
THE TURNING POINT	Daniel Lewis Hanson	104
THE CITY MAN AS A FARMER	Edgar J. Hollister	108
A FALL SHOOTING TRIP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA	R. Leckie-Ewing	113
CHARACTERISTICS THAT MAKE A SUCCESSFUL MAN	G. C. Keith	118
NO SPORT IN THE WORLD TO EQUAL MOUNTAINEERING	George D. Abraham	121
SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD AND PRACTICAL EDUCATION	C. D. Cliffe	126

The Purest Tomato Catsup

Produced in Canada or
imported from abroad is

E. D. S. BRAND

We are in a position to guarantee Purity because the tomatoes for E.D.S. Tomato Catsup are grown and ripened on our own farms, and our catsup contains only the purest ingredients.

From the vine to the sealed bottle our watchword is PURITY.

Ask your Grocer for
**E. D. S. BRAND
TOMATO
CATSUP**

This trade mark is on
every bottle



E. D. Smith's Fruit Farms

WINONA, - ONTARIO



The Busy Man's Magazine

Issued Monthly by THE MacLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN

TORONTO

President

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG

LONDON, ENG.

Cable Address: **MACPUBCO, Toronto.**

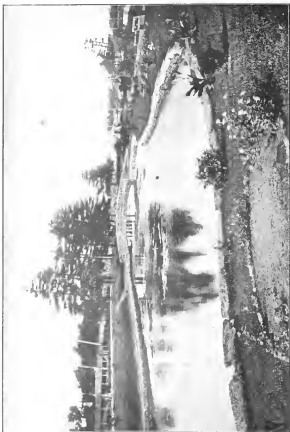
ATAREK, London

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Entered as second-class matter March 26th, 1906 at the Post Office at Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1908

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES	13
BEAUTIFYING THE CAPITAL CITY OF CANADA	
G. B. Van Blaricom	17
WHAT GOOD ROADS MEAN TO THE BUSINESS MAN	25
C.M.R.	
THE OLDEST WORKING JOURNALIST IN THE DOMINION	
G. W. Brock	28
JUST AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT	33
Elliot Flower	
WHAT THE POSTAL SERVICE MEANS TO BUSINESS	
Ira Stratton	39
THE YOUNG MAN AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL LIFE	
John Hunter, M.C.	41
THE EXISTENCE OF NATIONAL SENSITIVENESS	44
Will Scarlett	
FOREIGN PARASITES AND THEIR PREY	46
Vance Thompson	
NEW THOUGHT CREATES NEW LIFE	50
Orison Swett Marden	
THE SUPREMACY OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS	55
W. P. Archibald	
STOVER, THE STRATEGIST	59
Archie P. McKinnon	
THE DISCOVERY OF MRS. DUGAN	64
Ellis Parker Butler	
VIVID IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT WEST	65
C. C. Keith	
HOW MR. TAFT SPENDS HIS HOLIDAYS IN CANADA	
A. S. Warner	70
A MAN WHO STANDS BY HIS CONVICTIONS	75
C. D. Cliffe	
STUDY THE ART OF COMPLIMENT	81
Alec Jenkins	
HOW SHE ANSWERED THE CALL OF HOME	83
Carl Williams	
WHAT CITIES ARE DOING FOR THEIR CHILDREN	
George Ethelbert Walsh	85
THE FAILURE OF THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN	
Mary O'Connor Newell	89
THE THIRTEENTH MOVE	98
Alberta Hancock	
A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE NEW BRYAN	109
Willis J. Abbott	
A THOROUGH BELIEVER IN THE DEMOCRACY	
M. J. Hutchinson	113
A MOOSE HUNTING JAUNT IN NEW ONTARIO	116
C. C. Hocking	
HAS TWICE WELCOMED ROYALTY TO ANCIENT CAPITAL	
E. T. D. Chambers	120
HOW GEORGE H. HAM DISPENSES SUNSHINE	122
Robert J. Carran	
HOW INSECT ENEMIES DESTROY BOOKS	127
W.T.C.R.	
WHERE QUALITY COUNTS MORE THAN QUANTITY	
A.C. Gillan	130
CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES	134
THE BUSY MAN'S BOOKSHELF	142
HUMOR IN THE MAGAZINES	145
IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES	148



Relax Canal Delivers, near the Exhibition Grounds, Ottawa.

Vol. XVI.

No. 6

The Busy Man's Magazine

Issued Monthly by THE MacLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN

President

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

LONDON, ENG.

Cable Address:

MACFUBCO, Toronto.

ATAREK, London.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 10 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Registered as second class matter March 28th, 1906, at the Post Office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

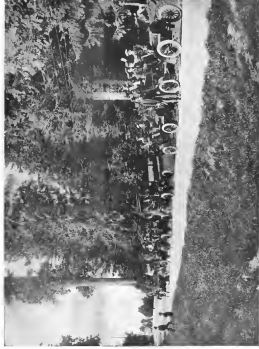
CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1908

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES	13
THE OLDER HE GROWS THE MORE ACTIVE HE IS	
<i>S. A. Greenacre</i>	17
WHERE WOMEN HAVE TO CAST THEIR VOTES	<i>Roy Fry</i> 21
A MAN WHO HAS HELPED MANY A YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS	
<i>C. D. Cliffe</i>	28
A CORNER IN THE PRICE OF DRINKING WATER	
<i>Albert F. Bonney</i>	33
A PROBLEM FOR TWO	<i>Elliott Flower</i> 38
THE EXECUTIVE'S BUFFER	<i>Kendall Banning</i> 45
MASTERSON'S "BARGAIN" MOTOR BOAT	<i>George Allan England</i> 49
A COMMONPLACE BUSINESS CAREER	<i>Fernald Crissey</i> 57
A BANK ENTIRELY FREE FROM PRIVATE INTERESTS	62
WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GROUCH	<i>Herbert J. Haggood</i> 64
THE LITTLEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD	<i>Arthur Brisbane</i> 65
WHERE PROGRESS AND EDUCATION JOIN HANDS	
<i>Albert Fitzpatrick</i>	69
DANCING IS ONLY AN EXPRESSION OF LIFE	78
DECLARATION	<i>Elbert Hubbard</i> 80
MRS. CARSTAIRS' LAST BET	<i>Margaret Strickland</i> 81
A BUSINESS OF MILLIONS MANAGED BY A WOMAN	
<i>Mark H. Salt</i>	90
HOW WE ELECTED THE OLD MAN	<i>Edward Salisbury Field</i> 95
THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS BAND IN AMERICA	<i>Emily McArthur</i> 101
THE STORY OF "THE COWARD"	<i>D. G. Beardsley</i> 107
VISITING BOB'S PEOPLE	<i>Jacquette Hunter Eaton</i> 112
THE TIMBER SUPPLY OF THE FUTURE	<i>James Oliver Carwood</i> 113
THE OUTWITTING OF MR. BEARBY	<i>Archie P. McKislinie</i> 120
WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE LEADERSHIP?	<i>John Hunter, M.D.</i> 125
HOW MR. DERBYSHIRE BECAME CHEESE KING OF CANADA	
<i>G. C. Keith</i>	127
CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION BREAKS MANY RECORDS	129
THE NEW OCCUPANTS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE	137
CONTENTS OF OCTOBER MAGAZINES	138
THE BUSY MAN'S BOOKSHELF	145
HUMOR IN THE MAGAZINES	148
IMPROVEMENTS IN OFFICE DEVICES	150



Exterior of the Offices of Lord Southam in London

Located in York Street, looking North East. The office of Lord Southam is located by the Southam House, which is in the High Street. The office of the Lord Southam is located by the Southam House, which is in the High Street. The office of the Lord Southam is located by the Southam House, which is in the High Street.



Automobile, Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. ~~XX~~ 16

MAY 1908

No. 71



RIGHT HON. HERBERT H. ASQUITH.

The new Prime Minister of Great Britain who is said to be the Coldest Mannered Man in Public Life To-day.

The new driver of the coach of State in Great Britain is the Right Honourable Herbert H. Asquith, who recently succeeded for Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith, who relinquished the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a step higher, is followed in the latter position by Hon. David Lloyd-George, a smiling young Welshman, with the art of clearing away impending obstacles by an abundance of tact and good temper.

1. Prime Minister Asquith is regarded as a man who is thoroughly safe, and sure in all his methods. Cold and reserved in manner, he possesses no personal magnetism. He has no gift to sway men by the charm of his oratory at the height of his presence. In every way, he is entirely lacking. Wanting in sentiment and emotion as he apparently is, never acting up to the impulse of the moment in the heat of the occasion, he, nevertheless, possesses a warm heart, is admirably clever, has a solid, substantial make-up and is a thorough master of any matter at hand. He has a deep, abiding conviction on all important subjects, is a close student, a shrewd business and a man of personal ability. His wife is his direct attribute in temperance and general characteristics. She is vivacious, witty, brilliant and suggestive.

Mr. Asquith is said to be utterly indifferent to the matter of personal appearance, notwithstanding the constant efforts of his wife to keep him strictly presentable in a Parliamentary sense. A cold-blooded man, his career has, indeed, been a decidedly interesting one.

The New Chairman of the Railway Commission

The Appointment of Mr. Justice Mabey Affords a Notable Instance of Where the Position Sought the Man—He will Prove a Worthy Successor to His Illustrious Predecessors as the Head of Canada's Most Important Judicial Body.

A JUMP from practicing at the Bar in one of the smaller Canadian cities to the exalted position of Chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada, within a period of four years, may be deemed somewhat sudden, but it must be remembered that we are living in an appreciative age, a period when recognition of worth and merit is swift.

It is not many years ago that men of ability and genius frequently had to wait for dead men's shoes in order to receive well deserved promotion, and, did this conception of things still prevail, Mr. Justice Mabey might yet be a bustling, industrious lawyer in Stratford, Ont., instead of head of the most important judicial body in the Dominion. His recent appointment is a distinct instance of where the office sought the man, rather than the man the office, as too many times is the case in public positions of grave responsibility and importance. Mr. Mabey's unanimous selection by the Federal Government to the Chairmanship, came as a decided surprise to him, although not to his many admirers, who have watched with ever increasing interest and satisfaction

his career since his elevation to the Bench some three years ago.

A close observer of the new Chairman, could not fail to note that he has a distinct individuality—a striking personality that sooner or later was destined to bring him to the forefront in any sphere of life. In his youth Mr. Justice Mabey was devoted to athletics, and his interest in legitimate sport has never waned. He is a man of splendid physique; every move is alert, indicating firmness, poise and balance. A physiognomist might say, first of all, that his face denoted determination and positiveness, and, if asked to describe it further, would attribute to him qualities of the studious type. His eye is clear and steady, his speech full and decisive, yet both bear evidence of no small sense of humor. His walk, quick and firm, bears out the general characteristics of the man and seems to be a part of his personality.

Mr. Justice Mabey was a bright ornament in the legal profession in Stratford, and some four years ago removed to Toronto, where he became identified with a leading firm, being engaged almost entirely in coun-



MR. JUSTICE MABEE.

sel work. Shortly afterwards he was elevated to the High Court Bench, and, within a comparatively short time, attracted wide attention by the marked fairness of his interpretation of the law. He brought to bear on his work, a mind well balanced and an experience which, though somewhat varied in character, was nevertheless an invaluable adjunct in the discharge of his judicial duties. While in the Classic City, Mr. Mabey's services as a lawyer were in wide demand, fully half of his large prac-

tice consisting in conducting cases outside of Perth County. At the last Dominion election he was the Liberal candidate in North Perth, but was defeated by Mr. A. F. MacLaren, the Canadian Cheese King. One cause, that no doubt contributed to his defeat, was, that having been engaged in nearly every action of importance in the riding for many years, and in thwarting the claims of numerous residents, he had been instrumental in arousing in them a feeling of unpleasantness which upon occasion

could manifest itself into one of hostility or resentment. It was freely prophesied that if elected, Mr. Mabey would not be long in receiving Cabinet honors.

A rather strange coincidence is that two barristers who a few years ago were opponents in most important suits tried in Stratford, should be raised to the Bench within a comparatively short time of each other. Mr. John Idington and Mr. James P. Mabey were lively disputants in many a legal bout. Mr. Idington was elevated to a seat in the High Court, and later to the Supreme Court of Canada, and Mr. Mabey was made a judge of the High Court of Ontario. Undoubtedly they were two of the ablest lawyers in Canada. It was a rare treat to listen to their conduct of a case, which invariably resulted in a battle royal of argumentative power and splendid acumen. If Mr. Mabey could be said to excel in any one respect more than in another it was in his plea before a jury. Usually he adopted the conversational rather than the oratorical style, seeming to take the jurors into his confidence, by discussing the point at issue as man to man. When he wished, however, he could rise to the occasion and at such times his forensic eloquence was of a type to be long remembered.

Another characteristic of Judge Mabey is that he always appears to have a great deal of force in reserve—in fact, this seems to be an evidence in all really great men. Judge Mabey has held several offices, being President of the Canadian Section of the International Waterways Commission some years ago. He is an admirer of the trotting horse, and for eight or ten years held the office of President of the Stratford Turf Association. Finding much pleasure in the company of his friends he is a delightful companion and most agreeable associate.

That his selection as Chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada will give general satisfaction is a foregone conclusion. He possesses the necessary qualities to follow well and worthily in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors, the late Mr. Justice Killam and the late Hon. A. G. Blair. Under his guidance and direction the public, as well as railway, telephone and telegraph companies can have every assurance that their respective interests, which may appear widely divergent at times, will be accorded firm, fair and careful treatment, that each decision will be based strictly on the merits of the case and judgment rendered in every instance without delay, partiality or prejudice.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

The Biggest Lieutenant-Governor in Canada

Hon. D. C. Fraser, of Nova Scotia, Although Occupying an Honorary Position is a Democrat to the Hilt — A Man not Only Large in Stature but in Voice, in Intellect and in Administrative Ability.

IF it ever requires physical force to uphold vested authority in Nova Scotia, the Lieutenant-Governor of that province, Hon. Duncan Cameron Fraser, is particularly well quali-

fied for the post. A veritable Hercules in brawn and build, he is typical Acadian. Had he lived in the eighteenth century in the days when "Dean Swift" wrote his religious sa-

ture, "Gulliver's Travels," he would have been styled a brobdingnagian.

Not alone in a structural sense is His Honor a big man. He is big in voice, in intellect, in executive ability and in administrative capacity. The little province down by the sea has given to Canada many men, eminent in various lines of usefulness and endeavor. One has only to mention such names as Howe, Haliburton, Tupper, Grant, Gordon, Rand, Tory, Falconer, Borden, Fielding, and a host of others who have shed lustre on the pages of history, or are to-day making for themselves ever widening spheres of activity and accomplishment. Nova Scotia has been aptly styled "the mother of statesmen and university presidents."

The present occupant of the gubernatorial chair sat for several terms as a representative in the House of Commons and was familiarly known as the "Giant of Guysboro." He bulked large, not only from an avoirdupois viewpoint, but in the councils of his party. His utterances on the floor of the Chamber always attracted attention, as Mr. Fraser is a fluent speaker with a fine command of language and a mind well stored with political lore and historical data. He was an ardent Liberal, and previous to entering the Federal arena, in 1891, he served with fidelity and acceptance in several lesser roles. He was twice Mayor of his native town, New Glasgow, and later was a member of both the Legislative and Executive Councils, being

the leader of the government in the former body. A barrister by profession, and a distinguished graduate of Dalhousie University, he has always taken great concern in the cause of education, having been Commissioner of Public Schools for Pictou County, and President of the Alumni Association of his Alma Mater. A most approachable man, thoroughly democratic in dress and manner, and a genial companion, he can tell a good story and enjoys hearing one told.

A thoroughly representative Blue-nose is the Governor of Nova Scotia. It is said, after his appointment to that position a few years ago, a sense of extreme loneliness came over the late Thomas Mackie, the widely-known lumberman and former representative of North Renfrew in the Commons. The late Mr. Mackie and Mr. Fraser were warm personal friends, and the former was almost as large in limb and long in body as the latter. They were conspicuous and commanding custodians of the public interest, certainly surpassing fellow members in girth, altitude and outlook.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia is an admirable executive officer. He evinces a deep interest in the affairs of his native land, and is one of her most honored sons. That he may live to enjoy many more years of public life is the sincere wish of his numerous friends, not only away down east, but in all sections of the broad Dominion.



HON. D. C. FRASER.

A man's worst enemy is his selfishness. It narrows and poisons his existence and transforms him into a slave of himself. Love is the free, vast horizon where the soul can spread its wings.

—Charles Wagner.

A Close Student of Canadian Labor Problems

Professor Adam Shortt's Services are Frequently Called into Requisition in Adjusting Industrial Troubles—An Eminent Practical Man who has Created a Decidedly Favorable Impression in the Great World of Labor.

IN Canada to-day no man is looked upon as a fairer and truer friend of both capital and labor, with their frequently conflicting and clashing interests, than Professor Adam

Shortt. Under the provisions of the Lemieux Act, and at the request of the government or large corporations, he has on several occasions been called upon to act in the capacity of arbi-

trator in the adjustment of industrial differences.

His success in investigating labor troubles and settling strikes has made his name widely known, not only at home, but in the land of the South. Professor Shortt has certainly become an important factor and authority on Canadian labor problems. Of a modest, and somewhat retiring disposition, he, nevertheless, impresses all those who meet him as a man of action, strong will power and assertive character.

Professor Shortt, while thoroughly competent to conduct investigations, is also a master of detail—a rare combination in many men of a scientific or philosophic turn of mind. The impartiality, candor and wisdom of his decisions and his broad-minded, public-spirited services have placed many under a debt of gratitude to the man who has not infrequently been described as "Canada's leading political economist." Professor Shortt is a born peacemaker; he has made economic and industrial problems a life study. He is no amateur theorist, apostle of empty visions or exponent of mere abstract ideas. Eminently practical in all things he possesses clear judgment, shrewd sense and ripe experience.

For fifteen years he has been Professor of Political Science in Queen's

University, Kingston, of which institution he is an illustrious graduate. He is of Scotch parentage, and believes in keeping young in thought and spirit. According to his estimate of years, age is largely a matter of mental ossification, and he, who keeps up to the times, need not grow old in the commonly accepted interpretation of the term.

Professor Shortt is a thoughtful and instructive speaker, as well as a gifted and vigorous writer, having contributed many articles on social and economic subjects, in leading Canadian and American journals. He is in frequent demand, not only in the settlement of labor difficulties, but as one who is always heard with pleasure and profit when addressing Canadian clubs and other representative bodies. He has devoted much time and research to the important question of immigration and firmly believes that heredity is a strong, determining and conclusive factor in the character of the manhood and citizenship of any country.

Professor Shortt's name has frequently been mentioned as a gentleman qualified in every way—in temperament, talent, education, training and public spirit—to become a member of the Railway Commission of Canada.



PROFESSOR SHORTT.

Love

In peace, Love tames the Shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love, 'tis heaven and heaven is love.

—Scott.

A New Figure in the Galaxy of Premiers

Hon. F. L. Hazard, of Prince Edward Island, is a Gentleman who Believes that Anything Worth Doing is Worth Doing Well—A Thorough Master of Detail, He Possesses Rare Intellectual and Executive Ability—Some Problems He Will Seek to Solve.

WHEN Hon. Frederick Peters, Premier of Prince Edward Island, passed away a few weeks ago, the provincial government did not have to seek very long or look very far to find a worthy successor to the talented gentleman, who had so successfully administered the affairs of the sea girt island. The choice naturally fell on Honorable Francis Longworth Hazard, K.C., who has for many years been a leader at the Bar of his native land, and one of its most conspicuous figures in civic, professional and judicial life. He has devoted a vast amount of time and attention, not only to the calling in which he is such a commanding figure, but to agriculture, fruit grow-

ing, horticulture, stock-raising, education, transportation, the fisheries question, winter communication and equalization of revenue and expenditure.

The new Premier is a man of fine parts. From youth he has been a firm believer in the principle of doing with all his might whatever his hand finds to do. Once having taken hold of the plow, there is with him no turning back. A master of detail, he possesses an unlimited capacity for ceaseless, unremitting toil. Much will be demanded of him in his new position, but his host of friends are confident that he will meet every issue, every situation, fairly and fearlessly.

The valiant chief is a former law partner of Sir Louis H. Davies, an ex-Premier of the Island, but now one of the Canadian Supreme Court judges. From 1893 to 1900 he was Stipendiary Magistrate and Recorder of the City of Charlottetown. The latter position he still retains, but he resigned his stipendiaryship seven years ago. In 1904, Mr. Hazard was finally prevailed upon to enter political life, and was elected for the fourth district of Queen's County, which he now represents. Becoming a member of the Executive Council upon the reorganization of the government, he soon won his way to the front, his splendid oratorical abilities and keen insight into public affairs, stamping him as a leader among men. Strength of character, steadfastness of purpose and a conscientious conception of duty constitute strong attributes in the personality of the new Premier. He is regarded at

YOUNG MEN ARE OCCUPYING THE FRONT SEATS

home and abroad as one worthy of the highest trust, and thoroughly qualified to give the Province economical, progressive and prudent legislation. He possesses courage, combined with coolness, and is aggressive, though not radical in his undertakings, having due regard for the rights and privileges of all classes. Socially, Mr. Hazard is a genial

gentleman, a charming companion, who wins the friendship and esteem of men, and, moreover, retains it. The more intimately you know him, the more you prize him for his sterling honesty, his high ideals, his generous nature, and untiring zeal for the welfare and advancement of his people in civic, educational, agricultural and industrial pursuits.

Young Men are Occupying the Front Seats

Filling Important and Responsible Posts in all Walks of Life—in the Canadian Civil Service they are being Rapidly Promoted to Positions where Grey Hairs and Bewhiskered Faces were once Considered Indispensable.

ESSENTIALLY this is a young man's age. They are forging to the front in all walks of life—in politics, in law, in medicine, in the pulpit, in the great world of commerce, in the teaching profession, in literature, in art and in the administrative branches of government.

One frequently hears the maxim, "Youth for action, old age for wisdom," but the young man of to-day with an experienced hand, a trained mind and a clear head presents a sound and ready combination of both "action and wisdom." Nowhere during the past decade is youth noticed in the vanguard more than in the ranks of the Civil Service at Ottawa. It was an accepted idea—not so many years ago, either—that a man must possess a beard and have his head liberally thatched with grey before he was competent to fit into a portfolio, a deputy ministership, or chief clerkship. Of late this illusion has been rudely dispelled. In the Cabinet seats are occupied by young men who have deservedly won them, while others, by their zeal, industry and perseverance, have been created deputy ministers. It was only a few months ago that a young man from Woodstock, Mr. James Hunsar, after serving faithfully and energetically several years' apprenticeship, succeed-

ed Mr. A. Gobeil as deputy minister of Public Works. And now another young man has been honored with a promotion, in every way deserved and honestly earned. He is Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, who is a native of Chatham, Ontario. He is the new deputy minister of Trade and Commerce, succeeding Mr. W. G. Parmelee, who was recently superannuated.

Mr. O'Hara is a young man who infuses life, spirit and enterprise in



HON. F. L. HAZARD



MR. F. C. T. OHARA

anything that he undertakes. He has developed the initiative faculty to a remarkable degree. For several years after leaving school, he was engaged in banking; he then entered newspaper life, where he did some excellent work and has not a few good "scoops" chalked up to his credit. He had a number of thrilling experiences—one of which he will never forget. He was on board the United States cruiser Philadelphia during a sham fight when a big gun exploded and several seamen were killed.

Twelve years ago, when the Laurier government came into power, he relinquished journalism to take the position of private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce. He was no mere figurehead. His career had been active and aggressive, and he had ideas and theories to which he proceeded to give effect. He made the department a strong factor in the extension and development of trade. He organized the Commercial Agencies Service, and was later made superintendent of this department. Under his direction trade inquiries began to arrive from nearly every country in the world, the number last year reaching over 1,800, while the trade addresses supplied grew so rapidly that in 1907 they reached nearly 20,000. Each one represented a connection between a foreign buyer and a Canadian seller, or a foreign seller and a Canadian purchaser. Mr. O'Hara also wrote letters to the English press pointing out the advisability and urgency of Great Britain having commercial

agencies in Canada. London journals editorially endorsed the proposition, and the British Board of Trade sent Mr. Richard Grigg to Canada as an official representative. This is only a comparatively small portion of the service which Mr. O'Hara so thoughtfully inaugurated and carried out.

In his present sphere of enlarged usefulness he will be afforded even wider opportunities of devoting his talent and industry in the expansion of Canadian trade.

Mr. O'Hara is personally a very likeable young man, being genial, courteous and obliging. He is a member of several clubs in the Capital, an officer in the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and honorary secretary of Earl Grey's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition. He wields a facile pen, possesses an appetite for good literature, is an inimitable story teller and an enthusiastic sportsman. In a word—the new deputy minister of Trade and Commerce is a young man of many gifts. He has always brought to bear in the discharge of his duties as a civil servant, intelligence, originality, rare executive ability, unflinching energy, and a high purpose.

He is in his 38th year, and is a son of the late Robert O'Hara, master-in-chancery of Chatham, Ont., and a grandson of the late Col. Walter O'Hara, K.T.S.P., of Toronto, who served in the British Army throughout the Peninsula campaign, and took part in all the great battles against Napoleon, being knighted by the Portuguese government.

Many a man has been kept from a disgraceful criminal act by the very thought that somebody loved him, that somebody believed in him, that somebody trusted him.

A Man Who is too Big for His Business

G. B. Ryan Owns and Manages Three of the Best Stores in Ontario, but Still has Time to Make Money for Guelph Through the Street Railway and Waterworks System.

A DRY goods business, with stocks aggregating in value nearly \$300,000, in three of the live Western Ontario towns, and representing the best type of retail merchandizing in those three towns, is not big enough to engage the activities of G. B. Ryan, the executive head of the firm of G. B. Ryan & Co., of Guelph, Berlin and Owen Sound.

In addition to directing the management of these stores, and doing it so well that they are doing a constantly growing trade, Mr. Ryan finds time to interest himself in the affairs of his home city, Guelph. He has brought the street railway system from a losing proposition, to a revenue producer for the city, and in a year has made the profit of the waterworks more than equal the total receipts of the year before.

The application of business methods to the operation of public utilities was, Mr. Ryan believed, as essential to their success as to that of private business enterprises. They were applied, to the two branches mentioned, with the result as stated.

Starting in business 30 years ago with a cash capital of \$9,000, the man who has demonstrated the practicability of public ownership to the people of the Royal City introduced some novel ideas in retail merchandizing into his calling (one which he believes men are born to, like poets), with a degree of success which may be imagined from statements already made here.

I asked him a few days ago what he attributed his success to, and he said: "Back of all the successful business enterprises in the world are

hard work and study. No man ever reaches the struge that he knows the whole story. Honesty and the square deal in every particular is my business policy, and I consider the confidence of the public the most valuable asset I can possibly possess. A man would be a business fool who would betray it; even from the low standpoint of policy. There should be a higher motive, of course. I never fool the public."

This is what he says has made him a successful dry goods man, and no one will say that the goal can be reached by one who will not work and who is dishonest.

There are other considerations, however, and Mr. Ryan has not neglected them, for later on, he summarized his principles into a concrete sentence. To be successful, a man must be honest; he must like his business; must know it and must push it.

Few, if any, dry goods stores in Canada are as highly organized as that of G. B. Ryan & Co., and it is this organization which makes it possible for the head of the concern to give the time to his city in connection with the waterworks and street railway systems. To his store he devotes all the time that it needs.

The organization which Mr. Ryan has built up is of such a character that, as he himself put it, "the cost of each clerk for every dollar's worth of goods he or she sends out of the front door is known." Every morning at 10 o'clock a statement is laid on his desk, showing the sales in each department the day before, and a comparison with the corresponding day



MR. G. B. RYAN.

of the preceding year. By this means he is able to keep his hand on the pulse of the store, and if any one department shows an inclination to lag, he knows it at once, and a remedy is sought and applied. Weekly reports giving equally complete information concerning the progress of the branch stores are also received each week.

His day's work, however, is by no means ended when the store closes at 6 o'clock. His evenings are devoted to a study of his business; how it may be extended and made more successful.

His firm appreciates the value of publicity as a factor in the store's

business, and in this connection an interesting happening is worth recording. A few years ago a number of painted signs, with the store motto, "A Square Deal for Every Man," and the firm name, G. B. Ryan & Co., were put up in conspicuous locations in and near the city. Just at that time there was pretty keen rivalry between this firm and Macdonald Bros., the other big dry goods merchants in Guelph, and to secure some good advertising the latter firm had signs painted with the words, "And Woman, Too, Macdonald Bros.," placing them directly under the Ryan signs. The laugh was on Ryan's, but not for long. The next

day on a location where everyone entering the city would see it, and near the Macdonald Institute, containing a couple of hundred young lady students, the "Square Deal" sign was replaced by one which read, "Pants for Every Man, G. B. Ryan & Co." The one below read, "And Woman, Too, Macdonald Bros." The latter was soon removed. Fortunately, the heads of the two firms are sensible men, and are very friendly, and both enjoyed the joke.

INTERESTED IN CIVIC PROGRESS.

Mr. Ryan has long taken a deep interest in the welfare of his city. He served some years as an alderman, and while in the council was able to carry into effect a project which for some time he had in contemplation; the management of the waterworks department by a commission elected by the people and responsible to them. Twice within a year the proposal was submitted to a popular vote; the first time it was defeated, but, after an educational campaign had been carried on it was approved by a majority of over 700.

Results proved the wisdom of that decision, for, whereas in 1906 the total receipts of the department were \$19,000, in the following year, under a commission, the profits equalled that amount. Mr. Ryan was elected to the commission and was later made its chairman by his fellow-commissioners. This remarkable increase in revenue was not effected by an increase in the water rates; they were the same as in the preceding year, but an inspector who was appointed discovered some rather startling facts. He found that there were over one hundred water-takers who were not paying anything for the service; others were paying only a fraction of what they should pay. These discriminations were not allowed to continue. Every water user was put on the same basis.

The people showed their confidence in the commission by voting \$125,000, which will be used in improving the system. Now the water is taken from the Grand River, and the health de-

partment, to say the most, is not very enthusiastic over its purity. It will soon be brought from an artesian well, several miles from the city.

This branch of the civic service does not, however, claim a monopoly of Mr. Ryan's attention. He is the treasurer of the municipally owned and operated street railway. This had for years been a losing concern, the deficit one year reaching \$5,000. By the application of the same business judgment which has made a success of his private business and the waterworks system, the railway has been placed upon a paying basis, a deficit of \$5,000 having been turned into profits of \$4,800, representing a dividend of 4½ per cent. on the entire capitalization of the road. In addition to serving the city in these two public capacities, Mr. Ryan is a member of the Hospital Board.

It is a fact not without significance that these services are given the city without remuneration. The commissioners were offered a salary, but Mr. Ryan refused to accept it.

BELIEVES IN CO-OPERATION.

In Western Ontario this merchant is in demand at meetings of retailers, and frequently delivers addresses in which he advises harmonious co-operation among merchants. I asked him as to his views on this question, and he said: "Editors scrap, but they don't cut the price of space; lawyers scrap, but their bills provide for a large amount of brotherly love; bankers scrap, but raise the interest account; doctors scrap, but few ever get a reduced bill from them; merchants scrap and cut prices. This everlasting price-cutting among merchants plays havoc with profits, and should be eliminated."

In the management of his stores at Guelph and at Berlin, Mr. Ryan has the assistance of his sons, Harold being in the Guelph store with his father, while Norman has charge of the business in Berlin. In Owen Sound the store is conducted under the name of Ryan Bros., a brother of Mr. Ryan managing it.

Some Men Who Are in the Public Eye

ONE of the most pleasing, resonant and captivating speakers in the Quebec Legislature is Hon. Adélard Turgeon, Minister of Lands and Forests. He is an orator of the front rank; his utterances always enlist rapt attention. Recently, Mr. Turgeon was appointed the representative from the Quebec Government on the Royal Commission, which has in charge the ter-centenary celebration of the founding of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham. The other members of the commission are Sir George Drummond, Montreal; Lieut-Colonel George T. Denison, Toronto; Mayor J. E. Garneau, Quebec City, and Mr. Byron E. Walker, Toronto. Mr. Turgeon is a young man of pleasing presence, and for over twenty years has practiced at the Bar in his native province. He has always taken a deep interest in politics, in this respect be-

ing like most of the members of his profession in the Lower Province. He is an enthusiastic Liberal, and has long been one of the keenest debaters and ablest ministers that Quebec has ever known.

A distinguished Canadian scholar is Professor William Henry Schofield, who has brought honor to his native land, and made his name known and recognized in all the great centres of culture. He has recently returned from the University of Berlin, where he delivered during the last year fifty lectures on old English Literature. It will be remembered that last May this eminent educator and literateur was chosen to be visiting professor at the University of Berlin. For some time he has been in full charge of the new department of Comparative Literature at Harvard University. At the conclusion of his lectures abroad, Dr. Brandl, Director of the English Seminary at the University of Berlin, presented Professor Schofield with a collection of beautifully bound books in return for the professor's gift of a rare edition of Chaucer to the university. At his course of lectures, Prof. Schofield had a daily attendance of one hundred and fifty, including some of the most advanced students at the English Seminary.

Professor Schofield is on the sunny side of forty, yet he has climbed high the steps of knowledge and honor. The son of an Episcopalian clergyman, he attended the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, and the University of Toronto, from which institution he was graduated in 1889. He later pursued a post-graduate course at Harvard, and was there appointed



PROFESSOR SCHOFIELD

to a traveling Fellowship. He spent some years in Europe, studying in France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Germany, the sources and stems of our English language. Dr. Schofield was for some years Modern Language master in the Collegiate Institute, of Hamilton, Ont. Not only is he an illustrious educator, a brilliant instructor, a distinguished exponent of literature, but he is also an author of considerable note, some of his principal works being, "History of English Literature, from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer," "Articles on Harvard Studies," and various contributions to French, Danish and American reviews. A few years ago Dr. Schofield had the honor of addressing the International Congress of Arts and Sciences, in St. Louis on the "Relations of Belles-Lettres." He resides in Cambridge, Mass., and his many Canadian friends have no doubt that still higher distinction will be accorded him in the intellectual and literary world of which he is such a bright, shining factor.

If there is one man in Canada who is doing a nobler or more patriotic work in proclaiming the splendid resources and unsurpassed richness of Canada's unexplored northland than Mr. R. E. Young, Superintendent of Railway and Swamplands, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, he has not yet been located. Mr. Young is an enthusiast. He speaks with such intense earnestness and feeling that he carries conviction with every word. Of the unsurveyed and unsettled portions to the north he furnishes many startling facts. He is thoroughly in love with his work and finds his greatest pleasure in his daily duties. As he descends upon the fertility and productive power of the land in the hyperborean regions of the Dominion, one is lead to a fuller knowledge and a larger appreciation of the treasures that lie in store up yonder. A statement of importance, which he recently made before the Canadian Club in Toronto, was that as much good land remained for settlement up North as had been taken up from Manitoba west. At points some four hundred miles due north of Edmonton, splendid crops of wheat, barley, oats and peas have been regularly raised for a score of years, while potatoes and other vegetables have been satisfactorily cultivated at Fort Good Hope



HON. ADELARD TURGEON



MR. R. E. YOUNG

on the Mackenzie River, about fourteen miles from the Arctic Circle. The area of those portions of Alberta and Saskatchewan alone lying north of the Saskatchewan water shed, is about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. What vast possibilities and potentialities exist in the hinterland, which now appears on the eve of exploitation!

* *

A man of pre-eminent ability is Sir Alexander Lacoste. In judicial and political life, he has played a most important part. A former Chief Justice of Quebec, he always discharged his duties with dignity, reserve and calmness. Possessing an active mind, a massive head, and a cast of countenance that indicates great strength of will, he would be a striking figure in any assemblage. He has always been an ardent advocate of temperance, and unreservedly upholds purity in elections. Sir Alexander has the happy faculty of getting at the root of things, and, as a leader in any sphere of activity, he evidences sound judgment, abundant common sense, and excellent foresight. The ex-Chief Justice of Quebec is a staunch Con-

servative, and at present is at the head of the Conservative Executive Committee for his native province. In every way he is a strong character, a genius for healing breaches, straightening out tangles and impressing upon all the virtue and value of cohesion—in fact, as one to put a house speedily in order after there has been a bit of a racket, so to speak, Sir Alexander Lacoste is the man.

* *

Mr. Walter Cassels, who was recently made a member of the Bench, succeeding the late Judge Burbridge on the Exchequer Court of Canada, has been commissioned by the Federal government to make a complete and thorough investigation of the disclosures of dishonesty in the Marine and Fisheries Department. The Civil Service Commission, in its recent report, made serious statements and grave reflections upon this branch of the public service. It was felt that a Royal Commission was by all means the speediest and most satisfactory method of getting at the true state of affairs in Hon. L. P. Brodeur's department. The selection of Judge Cassels for such an important and responsible task is a tribute to the fair-mindedness, ability and judgment of the new appointee to the Exchequer Court and to the implicit confidence reposed in him. Previous to his recent advancement, Mr. Cassels was a leading and honored member of the legal profession in Ontario. He was called to the Bar two years after Confederation, and in 1883 was created a Q.C. No appointment to the Bench has met with happier references or met with more general approval than the elevation of Mr. Cassels, who is one of Toronto's most estimable citizens. He is a gentleman who stands deservedly high in both social and professional life, and for whom every one has a kindly appreciative word. He possesses a disposition that wins friends on all sides, and will prove an ornament and tower of strength to the Judiciary of the Dominion.



SIR ALEXANDER LACOSTE

English as She is Recognized Elsewhere

How Some of the Quaint Slang Expressions of the Present Day Originated, Terms in Daily Use, What They Mean and How They are Applied. Peculiar Words Interwoven in the National Web by Reason of Immigration.

By Agent DEAN CAMERON in the Pacific Monthly Magazine

"Phrases such as camps may teach, Sable-cuts of Saxon speech."

—Bret Harte.

THE representatives of so many different nationalities landing in America in hordes vaster than those of the barbarians who from the north crossed the Alps into Italy, have accepted the Anglo-Saxon with a celerity and avidity which makes almost a complete reversal of the confusion of tongues. And incidentally every immigrant has tended to influence the language of the country of his adoption, and peculiar strains are thus daily being interwoven with the national web.

It is not without hesitation that I have ventured to explore for only a little way this Dark Continent of the World of Words, for there are no unmistakable ear-marks which mark off and separate from respectable English the vagrant words of slang this vast and motley crowd of heterodox words and phrases. Of a verity the borderland between slang and the King's English is an ill-defined territory, a terra incognita.

In traversing the prairies "for which the speech of England has no name," one finds in the language permanent footprints of Spaniard, Mexican, Indian-Cree and French-Canadian. And they are beautiful words. The Spanish mesa is a high plain or tableland, and a mulada is a drove of mules—then happens along the irreverent American and bails the driver of the mulada as "Hi, there, you blamed-mule-skinner!"

A muskeg is Northwest for a marsh or swamp.

A coulee is a dried-up creek or ravine, in the West; in Mexico and California it is an arroyo; Hawaiians call it the perilous pali, and in Arabia it is a wady. A motte is the Texan term for a clump of trees in a prairie, really an island of trees; while to the clusters of scrub-oak in the poor soil of the prairies is given the suggestive term, oak-barrens.

A cargador is the man who has charge of a pack-team, sometimes he is the patron.

A pipe among the voyageurs means two leagues, i.e., the time to smoke one pipeful of tobacco—and this is no pipe-dream.

In urban usage a pointer is a valuable hint; in the language of the plains, the pointer is the herdsman who rides at the head of a straggling herd of cattle on the march, a sort of Cowboy John the Baptist. He has to be as pop-eyed as a lightnin' bug, keep himself well-posted and put on no curlicues.

The pointer is a proper-looking man, he can hug the pigskin for twenty-four hours and chirp-up and buck-up bright and sassy the first bar he comes to. "Wot'll you hev?" says the bar-keep. "The quick and the dead," sez he, "an' give us more of the quick and less of the dead." (Brandy and Apollinaris.) He takes one sockololager after the other and goes on a rip-roarin' time. "Bout ten o'clock he's pizen-full and spittin' fire. He's in charge of the town, Mustang-Willie. Hear him roar: 'I'm your hootin' hyena of the hills, and your

patent old he-hair licker of the periarries, I'm your rip-roarin' raccoon of the mountains, yer Sitting Bull boy with the glass-eye, and your gold-durned and double-fisted son of an Injun—I'm the high-pressure, iron-jawed, pneumatic-tired, double-back-action, twin-screw terror of the trail—you hear my horn?" When he has a bun on, Mustang don't give a whoop for any coyote on the range. He's a swift lay-out.

A lay-out be it known is the Western edition of old Lindley Murray's common noun, "the name of any person, animal, place or thing." It is also any proposed enterprise from organizing a state to digging out a prairie-dog.

Pretty Pete showed up from 'Prisco last Friday. He says, "Twas mortal hot in the cattle-car, we sweated to that degree that we laid dust." He must be pretty considerable, tolerable, passable well-beeled, for he was able to plank down the spondulix for the stagger-juice all right, all right. He see he's a payin'-guest in a Broadway boardin'-house. Wouldn't that jar your slats! Pete a payin'-guest! He's tried more grafts. Pete—he used to put in his best licks pawing ivory in a down-town dive; then he was an oyster-shocker at a Dago nash-iont, and a roper-in-down to Finnegan's faro-game. He was a plug-ugly piker of Coney Island red-hots and he's sold sea-gull tamales to the best families of Tacoma. Then Pete ran a shyster shell-game in East Portland, but had to skin out in short-meetre. That summer Pete experienced religion and was a slang-whanger in the Salvation Army for pretty-nigh two weeks. Soon he got back to the good old Seattle water-front sellin' oysters, clams and all salt-water vegetables. But he must have struck a streak in 'Prisco relief-funds all right, all right, for the sucker's sloshing round here in a slath-bellied spick-tailed coat with slathers of money. Good old Pete!

Down on the water-front an anchor is a mud-hook, and a water-dredging machine become a mud-scoop, and say, did you ever eat planked-shad?

It's fit for an epicure—food for the gods, if done to a turn; it is just shad fastened to a plank and roasted. I tell you it's a socker of a fish is planked-shad, it goes down as slick as ice, it knocks the daylight out of all yer Queen Anne spoon-victuals. But the gentle sock-eye salmon is the king fish, the top-sawyer 'in these waters, he's a bane—the Columbia River fishermen stay out in their boats all day and all night in salmon-time—they just sleep in spots. If he pulls a good haul he comes in feeling as big as what hogs dream of when they're too fat to snore. If a blamed Jap gets the wind of him and cuts his net he's cheaper than bull-beef at a cent a pound. No man who has been raised civilized wants to be cut out by a sanguinary Jap. Sometimes the sock-eyes and the Metlakatla hump-backs are as scarce as hen's teeth and then every boat in the river is thrashing round like a short-tailed bull in fly-time.

Jack-screws are very much in evidence in Seattle these days. They are no relation to Tom-cods or Jim Jams or Smart Alecks, nor even to Sam Hill or Long-Tom.

Long-Tom be it known is an apparatus used in placers for washing gold. In pay-dirt any day of the year the prospector is apt to make a ten-strike. Pay-dirt in mining phraseology is earth which makes it worth while to the prospector. Similarly we have poor-dirt, rich-dirt, top-dirt. Hence, "on top of dirt" is this side of the grave, and "below dirt" is the miner's last resting-place.

From the rural press of a Jay-town we gather that a mess of milk is the quantity obtained at a single milking, that murphies, Irish apples or whoopatoes are apt to be mighty scarce this time next year.

Jim's mighty picayunish with his pennies, and a pernickety pesky kind of critter if you come agin him slant-meendiarly. He's an authority on the peanut politics of his precinct—and jaw? Why Jim'd jaw the leg off an iron pot; he's no great shakes on his think-tank, but he's a Molly-cotton-tail to talk; he knows every plank of

the President's platform. By the way, this use of the word plank to designate one of the principles of which a political platform is constructed antedates the history of Americanism. It has no less an authority than Lord Bacon, who speaks forcefully of "the Exemplar or Platform of God."

In a town boasting so many "ladies and gentlemen" as does Seattle, it is fitting that there should be parlors enough to go round, and so we have manures' parlors and spiritualists' parlors and candy parlors and photographic parlors and shaving parlors (where they give you a free neck shave)—the only free thing I've found in Seattle, and that I couldn't take advantage of, because it wasn't transferable). Even the Chinamen rise to the standard and advertise The Palace Laundry and the High Laundry—one John rejoices in the name of One Lung, surely an incipient consumptive.

One Lung is not necessarily a one-horse Chink, though we read daily of a one-horse church or bank or town or lecture. The popularity of one-horse" led to the coinage of "team" and "whole-team" to describe anything satisfactory or magnificent. The New York Herald at the time of the first candidacy of General Grant for the Presidency said, "Let us have no one-horse candidate. General Grant is the man. He is the whole team and a horse extra and a dog under the wagon."

In the language of America "right here!" means now. "If I wanted money," says Mr. Moody, "we would say so right here, but we are after your souls."

Jennie and Rastus has rid all the way from Steilacoom; they jest had one mule-critter, so it was a case of ride-and-tie. "I'm reel glad to see ye, Rastus; reny your mouth out, Jennie, with this cup, o' root-beer. Come in to Seattle to see the elephant, did ye? Jest had a whole raft of folks in here cuttin' up disdoes, a perfic shindig—it would have done you a sight o' good to see Nathan dance a hoe-down—you know Nate, why his ma and me was raised in Olympia be-

fore the woods wuz burnt. Have some saas and riz-bread, Rastus, I made it myself. My, but you're spreadin' yourself, Jennie, with your store-teeth and store-clothes and your hair all done in that Sicke-knot so-fashions, you're puttin' on more airs than you can shake a stick at, and your ma and your ma's ma before her all shoutin' Methodists. Why Rastus, reach out, your appetite don't amount to shucks. Did you know that Hiram Hollis has been bound over for shovin' the queer? Why, yes, and Tom Petrie, who's on this beat wanted me to give evidence agin Hiram—I don't know when I was so plumb-bank disgusted with any man as I wuz with Tom. I sez to him sez I, 'Skin your own skeek, Tom Petrie, I tell you, Mary Ann Butterworth is not doin' your dirty work, no sirc, Bob!' "Well, I don't know, Aunt Mary Ann, I never took no stock in Tom Petrie now, he's as rough as the back of a hedgehog, Tom is, and as foul as Zebedee's hen that laid three rotten eggs to a good one; how they ever come to make a plectemant out 'n sech punk as that I can't see." "Wot's that you're lookin' at, Rastus?" "Why, down to the Rat's Killer they got a regular Billy-fare of fashionable drinks, they serve them by the clock, and you get a degree if ye go the whole hog. I copied down the procession—I'm going to show it to the Jimtown Agricultural Society and the Young People's Society of the Solid Citizens of the State of Washington, when I get home:

- 6 A.M.—Olympia Eye-Opener.
- 7 A.M.—Absinthe Appetizer.
- 8 A.M.—Daisy Digger.
- 9 A.M.—Seattle Zephyr.
- 10 A.M.—Sherry Possum Trot.
- 11 A.M.—Speak Easy.
- 12 Noon—Aste Lunch.
- 1 P.M.—Settler.
- 2 P.M.—Tacoma Steal Away.
- 3 P.M.—Santa Cruz Sour.
- 4 P.M.—Queen Anne Bug Juice.
- 5 P.M.—Texas Tickler.
- 6 P.M.—Solid Straight.
- 7 P.M.—White Horse Whisper.
- 8 P.M.—Fancy Smile.
- 9 P.M.—Bellingham Brandy Breeze.

10 P.M.—Stellacoom Shandy Gaff.
11 P.M.—Columbia Columbine.
12 midnight—Night Cap.

In the realm of the flower-world the slang term or folk-dore word is sweeter and infinitely to be preferred to the stiff, pedantic and coldly scientific though correct form of the botanist. And with good reason; the first is the intimate name given to a familiar flower by a child who loves it, the second is the learned term of those who analyze flowers, pull them to pieces petal by petal and stretch their dead bodies on a blotting-pad.

The botanist shows you the ghastly skeleton of the *Arisoema triphyllum*, and tells you that it is commonly known as "the Indian turnip." Indian turnip, forsooth! Ask the little chap in the back alley what it is. Give him a bunch of them in his little hot hands, and see his whole face light up. "Oh, Jack-in-the-pulpit! I didn't know they were out yet. Where did you get 'em?" If he has had a teacher who loved them, too, perhaps he will quote to you,

"Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day
Under the green trees just over the
way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow, high on
their perch
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to
church."

Long may he love them! He has found the secret that perchance the learned Latinist missed. Fill his arms with "Black-eyed Susans," and "Heart's Ease," and "Love-lies-bleeding," and the pretty little "Wake-Robin," and old-fashioned "Sweet-William." They have a message for him all their own.

The perists, conservators of English undefiled, try their best to keep out of the language of literature and polite society "the low-lived words of slang." With praiseworthy sternness they elbow back these linguistic pariahs when they come up from their native gutter or camp or mine and knock at what Mulvaney calls "the doorstep of decent folks." Yet some of these low-bred intruders are strong

enough to hold their own; here, as elsewhere, it is the survival of the fittest.

The town of Everett, Washington, last Fourth of July displayed flaming posters advertising three purely American forms of merry-making—"Great Callathumpian Parade! Monster Barbecue! Grand Glorious Clam-Bake!!!" The Callathumpian Parade was a grotesque marshaling of misshapen followers of the old Lord of Misrule. The Barbecue was an ox roasted whole in the sight of those who afterwards ate it, but the Clam-Bake was interesting in that it pointed to the custom of the aboriginal Indians. An enormous dish of clams was baked on the beach in an impromptu stove of stones, the clams being wrapped in a bedding of seaweed, while drift-wood served for fuel. That it was good is proved by the fact that the whole caboodle was eaten up; not a clam remained. It was the straight-goods, there was nothing bogus about it.

Further applications of the fertile get and go are seen in such expressions as these: "I can't get the hang of my joggany-lesson," "He's a goner," "There may be a few blunders on the go-off or the cut-loose, but leave him alone and he'll get there with both feet." "To go it bald-headed" is to act on the spur of the moment, i.e., with the impetuosity with which one would rush out without his hat.

What a world of satiric philosophy there is in "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come; go on with the procession; shine on, pale moon, don't mind me." The man who can think thus will never lose his grip.

A very forceful word is blatherskite, a boastful disputatious swaggerer. The New York Herald says: "Every blatherskite Republican spouter is filled to the brim and spouting high protection." The Independent is responsible for a word pointing to the strenuous life, "But I must close this burrygraph, which I have no time to review."

A rural school trustee speaks of the new teacher, "I'm dod-blasted if I can

read his hand-write, but I guess he can handle boys all right."

A daisy, a pippin, and a peach are interchangeable words of highest approval. They may apply equally to a dog, a drunkard or a divine, provided individually they measure up to the required standard of excellence.

"The ghost walked to-day, let me know what the damage is, and I'll pony up." This may be freely translated, "This is pay-day, let me know my indebtedness, and I'll settle." The speaker was well-heeled, if he did belong to a period of chromo-civilization: no doubt he was dressed to kill, and if he wasn't giving us guff, he had a great plenty.

A little girl aged six found no place before her at the family board and exclaimed scornfully to her mother, "You're a hot one to set a table you are." The mother apologized profusely for her neglect and got a two-bit wiggle on her quick and flashed the plate. The little girl says, "It's hard work bringing up a mother."

Boodle is a peculiarly American institution, and it dates back to the first families, being easily traced to the build or pocket of the New York Dutch; if you are not in cahoots, you are not in on it. Perhaps you are not built that way, if so you will never cut it fat and it's no use getting your Irish up.

"He belongs to the bow-and-arrow aristocracy" is the Western equivalent for he has a "touch of tar-brush"; if you don't want to be so all-fired polite, you can just call him a breed. A squaw-man defines itself as that degraded character who hangs round Indian reservations. He is the mean white of the South. An Indian doctor is a delate hias medicine man, and his ceremony of initiation is a medicine dance. A potlatch is a feast where presents are distributed, so potlatch or cultus potlatch all over the West stands for a free gift or the act of giving.

Papoose is an Indian child and pickaninny is his negro cousin to the South—papoose and pickaninny are the rouge et noir of babydom.

A Chinook wind, or briefly, a

Chinook, is a term adopted from the Indians of the Columbia, it is the wind that comes from the land of the Chinook—a balmy wind from the Kuro Suvo or Japan Current, cool in summer, warm in winter, setting the icy rivers free, and, like Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, bearing healing in its wings.

The compounded terms are all succinct. Garden-truck or market-truck is any and all kinds of vegetables which a hay-seed, a jay, or a Rube brings into town to sell. He wears a hand-me-down and has a straw-lid over his idea-pot. These are his glad rags; a green-goods man or a gold-brick man is apt to give him the glad-hand and first thing he knows he'll be up against a brace-game. It would be better for Rube to keep to the cookie-shines and bean-feasts of his own verdant village—a dish of plum-muss at home is better than a Tom-and-Jerry in the tents of the wicked; and this is no hot-air.

The woes of Rube will be related next day by a local pencil-shower, who will pile on the agony, treating poor Rube's woes as a scoop or a daisy beat. That is the way with an ink-slinger, he always looks upon Rube as a meaty person to furnish good copy. Indeed, if you cut out the Rube jokes and the patent outsides and boiler-plate insides of some of the local papers, and blue-pencil the guff of the puff-worker who writes up the down-town leg-dramas, there won't be much left.

In the meantime our friend Rube has realized that Seattle booze and dope are too rich for his blood; he has cut them both out and got back to meetin'-seed. Perhaps you don't know meetin'-seed. It is simple, seductive, first principles, caraway seed used to drive away drowsiness in church.

"She munched a spring of meetin'-seed
And read her spelling book"

While we're talking about compounds, it might be well to mention that a blue-stocking has necessarily

no connection with a black-leg. When the President went forth to kill, a mighty hunter, every paper in the land heralded that glad news that "Teddy shot a bob-cat." A buck-saw is the saw that you use with a saw-back. A cant-hook is a hook attached to a lumberman's peavy, a strong iron-bound lever of wood used to break jams in the river; a cant-hook is not a mooley-cow, as one small boy suggested. A buck-party or stag-party is the opposite to a hen-party, and either of them may be cheered by a canned song (from a graphophone).

The jumping-off place is the confines of civilization, the ever-shifting terminus of a railroad being thus for a while typically known; it is the Ultima Thule of the Ancients.

A debater in the schools is a logic-chopper, a kitchen scullion is a pot-wrestler, a woman who engages in stock speculation is a mad-hen, and a widow is a man-trap, this last evidently from the older Weller who warned Sam to "beware" of them. An interpreter is a linguist, and then there are those two fearful abortions, an old residenter and a landscapist. May someone put the everlasting ky-bosh on all such terms!

Tender inquiry for the health of a man's wife will bring forth such responses as these: "Oh, she's middlin' well, or middlin' smart, nothin' alarmin' but jest so and so, tolerable but so as to be round, not over and above well, but comin' along nicely." If she's right-down sick, why she looks like the breaking-up of hard winter or the latter end of a mispent life; or, graphically, she looks like the last of pea-pickin', i. e., passe, faded, sickly—this term is most apt when we call to mind how unsatisfactory and tired the last peas on the vine look at the end of the season.

Soak is an elastic term. If you drink too much you are an old soak, becoming hard-up you put your watch in soak, and being on the down-grade the chucker-out and everybody else soaks it to you and bally-rags you till you're all broke up. Then the jig is up and you may as well keel over,

it is the end of Old Man Smith, or Old Woman Abrams.

But we always come back for refreshment to the out-door terms; these come as a clean breath from God's all-out-doors:

A bull-whacker insidiously pokes his gad into the sad-eyed ox and tells him to "Come, now, gold-darn you, emigrate, I say." The Klondike term for it is "Mush" and the Indian says "Klatawa!" And they all mean to make yourself scarce. When you get tired of anything and back out or try to, you have got cold feet. To take a leg-stretcher is to take a drink, to walk up to the refreshment counter—this harks back to the old stage-coaching days.

Line-riding is a plainsman's term for patrolling in winter time the outlying lines or beats within which the cattle are stationed. When a cowboy is on duty or off duty he is on herd or off herd, when he makes tracks he changes his quarters with the connotation of getting away in a hurry—he doesn't mosey along for he is no narrow-gauge mule. Sometimes he takes active part in a meekie sociable, that is a Vigilance Committee's execution, or a Judge Lynch's tea-party. Pilgrims is a cattleman's term for cattle on the march, a maverick is an unbranded yearling steer which escapes from the herd, and when the whole bunch stampede it's up to your mustang or bronco or cayuse. This hardy native pony is a vital factor of Western life, sparing in diet, insured to all weathers, capable of untiring work, he is as adapted to the prairies as the camel is to the desert.

In the language of the plains a revolver or rifle becomes meat-in-the-pot, a peace-maker, a pill-bottle, a one-eyed scribe, or Mr. Speaker, against whose ruling there is no appeal.

He made a miss-lick is the Western backwoods term for a blow wide of the mark; mountain-lamb is deer killed out of season, and a moon-shiner is a maker of illicit whiskey—it is made in the middle of the night, by the struggling moonbeam's misty light and the lantern dimly burning.

A little misunderstanding about a mule is a brutally facetious explanation in the West of the sudden disappearance of a citizen from his daily walks and haunts.

Moon-glade is a silvery line of light cast by the moon's rays on water—the most rigid purist could scarcely take exception to this. And by the way, a sailor calls a large hard-tack a moon—"three moons and a hunk of sow-belly."

In the North, moose congregated in a family of from fifteen to twenty members and the encampment thus formed is called a moose-yard. The moose-bird is the Canada jay or Whiskey-jack.

An article on Americanisms would be incomplete without some reference

to the colored brethren. At a recent congress of negro societies the following fraternities were represented—the names are from the official record. I have nothing extenuated nor set down aught in malice: The First National Phoenix, The Loving Sons of Daniel, The Janissaries of Light, The First Star of Jacob, The Rising Sons of the Vineyard, The Independent National Blues, The Young Rising Sons of Ham, The Lord's Delight, The Teamsters' Benevolent Stars of the West, The United Sons of Love, The Christian Sons of Peace, The Golden Gate Dramatic Association of Annapolis, The Benevolent Society of the Young Shining Army, The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair America (bearing the dinner gong). "Geeze Pop, you'd better jump into a boiled shirt. There goes the back burner!"—Punch.

A Man of No Imagination

A Thrilling Tale of the Relentless Pursuit of Canadian Justice After a Daring Criminal.

By Owen Johnson in Everybody's Magazine.

INSPECTOR FRAWLEY, of the Canadian Secret Service, stood at attention, waiting until the scratch of a pen should cease throughout the dim, spacious office and the Honorable Secretary of Justice should acquaint him with his desires.

"Well, Inspector, you returned this morning?" said the Secretary.

"An hour ago, sir."

"A creditable bit of work, Inspector Frawley—the department is pleased."

"Thank you, indeed, sir."

"Does the case need you any more?"

"I should say not, sir—no, sir."

"You are ready to report for duty?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How soon?"

"I think I'm ready now, sir—yes, sir."

"Glad to hear it, Inspector, very glad. You're the one man I wanted." As though the civilities had been sufficiently observed, the Secretary stiffened in his chair and continued rapidly: "It's that Toronto affair; you've read the details. The government lost \$350,000. We caught four of the gang, but the ringleader got away with the money. Have you studied it? What did you make of it. Sit down."

Frawley took action stiffly, hanging his hat between his knees and considering.

"It did look like work from the States," he said thoughtfully. "I beg pardon, did you say they'd caught some of the gang?"

"Four—this morning. The telegram's just in."

The Honorable Secretary, a little

strange yet to the routine of the office, looked at Frawley with a sudden desire to test his memory.

"Do you know the work?" he asked; "could you recognize the ringleader?"

"That might not be so hard, sir," said Frawley, with a nod; "we know pretty well, of course, who's able to handle such jobs as that. Would you have a description anywhere?"

The Honorable Secretary rose, took from his desk a paper, and began to read. In his seat Inspector Frawley crossed his legs carefully, drew his fists up under his chin, and stared at the reader, but without focusing his glance on him. Once during the recital he started at some item of description, but immediately relaxed. The report finished, the Secretary let it drop into his lap and waited, impatient, despite himself, at the thought of the immense galleries of crime through which the Inspector was seeking his victim. All at once into the unseeing stare there flickered a light of understanding. Frawley returned to the room, saw the Secretary, and nodded.

"It's Bucky," he said tentatively. A moment his glance went reflectively to a far corner, then he nodded slowly, looked at the Secretary, and said with conviction: "It looks very much, sir, like Bucky Greenfield."

"It is Greenfield," replied the Secretary, without attempting to conceal his astonishment.

"I would like to observe," said Frawley thoughtfully, without noticing his surprise, "that there is a bit of an error in that description, sir. It's the left ear that's broken. Fur-

thermore, he don't see out—excepting when he does it on a purpose. So it's Bucky Greenfield I'm to bring back, sir?"

The Secretary nodded, penciling Frawley's correction on the paper. "Bucky—well, now, that is odd!" said Frawley musingly. He rose and took a step to the desk. "Very odd." Mechanically he saw the straggling papers on the top and arranged them into orderly piles. "Well, he can't say I didn't warn him!"

"What!" broke in the Secretary in quick astonishment, "you know that fellow?"

"Indeed, yes, sir," said Frawley, with a nod. "We know most of the crooks in the States. We're good friends, too—so long as they stay over the line. It's useful, you know. So I'm to go after Bucky?"

The Secretary, judging the moment had arrived to be impressive, said solemnly:

"Inspector Frawley, if you have to stick to it until he dies of old age, you're never to let up until you get Bucky Greenfield! While the British Empire holds together, no man shall rob His Majesty of a farthing and sleep in security. You understand the situation?"

"I do, sir."

The Honorable Secretary, only half satisfied, continued:

"Your credit is unlimited—there'll be no question of that. If you need to buy up a whole South American government—buy it! By the way, he will make for South America, will he not?"

"Probably—yes, sir. Chile or the Argentine—there's no extradition treaty there."

"But even then," broke in the Secretary with a nervous frown—"there are ways—other ways?"

"Oh, yes," Frawley, picking up a paper-cutter, stood by the muffled tapping his palm. "Oh, yes—there are other ways! So it's Bucky—well, I warned him!"

"Now, Inspector, to settle the matter," interrupted the Secretary, anx-

ious to return to his routine, "when can you go on the case?"

"If the papers are ready, sir—" "They are—everything. The Home Office has been cabled. To-morrow every British official throughout the world will be notified to render you assistance and honor your drafts."

Inspector Frawley heard with approval and consulted his watch.

"There's an express for New York leaves at noon," he said reflectively—then, with a glance at the clock, "thirty-five minutes; I can make that, sir."

"Good, very good."

"If I might suggest, sir—if the Inspector who has had the case in hand could go a short distance with me?"

"Inspector Keech shall join you at the station."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything further?"

The Secretary shook his head, and springing up, held out his hand enthusiastically.

"Good luck to you, Inspector—you have a big thing ahead of you, a very big thing."

"Thank you, sir."

"By the way—you're not married?"

"No, sir."

"This is pretty short notice. How long have you been on this other case?"

"A trifle over six months, sir."

"Don't you want a couple of days to rest up? I can let you have that very easily."

"It really makes no difference—I think I'll leave to-day, sir."

"Oh, a moment more, Inspector—"

Frawley halted.

"How long do you think this ought to take you?"

Frawley considered, and answered carefully:

"It'll be long, I think. You see, there are several circumstances that are unusual about the case."

"How so?"

"Well, Buck is clever—there's no gain-saying that—quite at the top of the profession. Then, he's expecting me."

"You?"

"They're a queer lot," Frawley explained with a touch of pride. "Crooks are full of little vanities. You see, Bucky knows I've never dropped a trail, and I think it's rather gotten on his nerves. I think he wasn't satisfied until he dared me. He's very odd—very odd indeed. It's a little personal. I doubt, sir, if I bring him back alive."

"Inspector Frawley," said the new Secretary, "I hope I have sufficiently impressed upon you the importance of your mission."

Frawley stared at his chief in surprise.

"I'm to stick to him until I get him," he said in wonder; "that's all, isn't it, sir?"

The Secretary, annoyed by his lack of imagination, essayed a final phrase. "Inspector, this is my last work," he said with a frown; "remember that you represent His Majesty's government—you are His Majesty's government! I have confidence in you."

"Thank you, sir."

Frawley moved slowly to the door and with his hand on the knob hesitated. The Secretary saw in the movement a reluctance to take the decisive step that must open before him the wide stretches of the world.

"After all, he must have a speck of imagination," he thought reassured.

"I beg pardon, sir."

Frawley had turned in embarrassment.

"Well, Inspector, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir," said Frawley, "I was just thinking—after all, it has been a bit of a while since I've been home—indeed, I should like it very much if I could take a good English mutton-chop and a nussy ale at old Nell's, sir. I can still get the two o'clock express."

"Granted?"

"If you'd prefer not, sir," said Frawley, surprised at the vexation in his answer.

"Not at all—take the two o'clock—good day, good day!"

Inspector Frawley, sorely puzzled,

shifted his balance, opened his mouth, then with a bob of his head answered hastily:

"A—good day, sir!"

II.

"SAM GREENFIELD, known as 'Bucky,' age about 42, height about 5 feet 10 inches, weight between 145 and 150. Hair mouse-colored, thinning out over forehead, parted in middle, showing scalp beneath; mustache would be lighter than hair—if not dyed; usually clipped to about an inch. Waxy complexion, light blue eyes a little close together, thin nose, a prominent dimple on left cheek—may wear whiskers. Laughs in low key. Left ear lobe broken. Slightly bow-legged. While in conversation strokes chin. When standing at a counter or bar goes through motions, as if jerking himself together, crowding his elbows slowly to his side for a moment, then, throwing back his head, jumps up from his heels. When dreading, attempts to bite mustache with lower lip. When he sits in a chair places himself sideways and hangs both arms over back. In walking strikes back part of heel first, and is apt to waver from time to time. Dresses neatly, carries hands in side-pockets only—plays piano constantly, composing as he goes along. During day smokes twenty to thirty cigarettes, cutting them in half for cigarette-holder and throwing them away after three or four whiffs. After dinner invariably smokes one cigar. Cut is good likeness. Cut of signature is facsimile of his original writing."

With this overwhelming indictment against the liberty of the fugitive, to escape which Greenfield would have to change his temperament as well as his physical aspect, Inspector Frawley took the first steamer from New York to the Isthmus of Panama.

He had slight doubt of Greenfield's final destination, for the flight of the criminal is a blind instinct for the barbarian as though a frantic return to barbarism. At this time Chile and the Argentine had not yet accepted the principle of extradition, and re-

mained the Mecca of the law-breakers of the world.

Yet though Frawley felt certain of Greenfield's objective, he did not at once strike for the Argentine. The Honorable Secretary of Justice had eliminated the necessity for considering time. Frawley had no need to guess, nor to risk. He had simply to become a wheel in the machinery of the law, to grind slowly, tirelessly, and inexorably. This idea suited admirably his temperament and his desires.

He arrived at Colon, took train for Panama across the laborious path where a thousand little men were scratching endlessly, and on the brink of the Pacific began his search. No one had heard of Greenfield.

At the end of a week's waiting he boarded a steamer and crawled down the western coast of South America, investigating every port, braving the yellow fever at Guayaquil, Ecuador, and facing a riot at Callao, Peru, before he found at Lima the trail of the fugitive. Greenfield had passed the day there and left for Chile. Dragging each intermediate port with the same caution, Frawley followed the trail to Valparaiso. Greenfield had stayed a week and again departed.

Frawley at once took steamer for the Argentine, passed down the tongue of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and arrived at length in the harbor of Buenos Ayres.

An hour later, as he took his place at a table in the Criterion Gardens, a hand fell on his shoulder and some one at his back said:

"Well, Bub?"

He turned. A thin man of medium height, with blue eyes and yellow complexion, was laughing in expectation of his discomfiture. Frawley laid down the menu carefully, raised his head, and answered quietly:

"Why, how d'ye do, Bucky?"

III.

"We shake, of course," said Greenfield, holding out his hand.

"Why not? Sit down."

The fugitive slid into a chair and

hung his arms over the back, asking immediately:

"What took you so long? You're after me, of course?"

"Am I?" Frawley answered, looking at him steadily. Greenfield, with a twitch of his shoulders, returned to his question:

"What took you so long? Didn't you guess I'd come direct?"

"I'm not guessing," said Frawley.

"What do you say to dining on me?" said Greenfield, with a malicious smile. "I owe you that. I clipped your vacation pretty short. Besides—guess you know it yourself—you can't touch me here. Why not talk things over frankly? Say, Bub, shall it be on me?"

"I'm willing."

A waiter rolled up and took the order that Greenfield gave without hesitation.

"You see, even the dinner was ready for you," he said with a wink; "see how you like it." With a gesture of impatience he pushed aside the menu, squared his arms on the table, and looked suddenly at his partner with the devilry of a schoolboy glistering in his eyes. "Well, Bub, I went into your all-fired Canada."

"So you did—why?"

"Well," said Greenfield, drawing lines with his knife-point on the map, "one reason was I wanted to see if His Majesty's shop has such an all-fired long arm—"

"And the other reason was I wanted you to keep over the line."

"Why, Bub, you are a bright boy!"

"It ain't me, Bucky," Frawley answered, with a shake of his head; "it's the all-fired government that's after you."

"Good—first rate—then we'll have a little excitement!"

"You'll have plenty of that, Bucky!"

"Maybe, Bub, maybe. Well, I made a neat job of it, didn't I?"

"You did," admitted Frawley with an appreciative nod. "But you were wrong—you were wrong—you should have kept off. The Canadian Government ain't like your bloomin' democracy. It don't forgive—it don't for-

get Tack that up, Bucky. It's a principle we've got at stake with you!"

"Don't I know it?" cried Greenfield, striking the table. "What else do you think I did it for?"

Frawley gazed at him, then said slowly: "I told them it was a personal matter."

"Sure it was! Do you think I could keep out after you served notice on me? D— your English pride and your English justice! I'm a good enough Yank to see if your dinky police is such an all-fired cute little bunch of wonder-workers as you say! Bub—you think you're going to get Mr. Greenfield—don't you?"

"I'm not thinking, Bucky——"

"Eh?"

"I'm simply sticking to you."

"Sticking to me!" cried Greenfield with a roar of disgust. "Why, you unimaginative, lumbering, beet-eating Canuck, you can't get me that way! Why in tarnation didn't you strike plump for here—instead of rubbin' yourself down the whole coast of South Ameriky?"

"Bucky, you don't understand the situation properly," objected Frawley, without varying the level tone of his voice. "Supposing it had been a bloomin' corporation had sent me—that's what I'd have done. But it's the government this time—His Majesty's government! Time ain't no consideration. I'd have raked down the whole continent if I'd had to, though I knew where you were."

"Well, and now what? You can't touch me, Bub," he added earnestly. "I like straight talk, man to man. Now, what's you game?"

"Business."

"All right then," said Greenfield, with a frown, "but you can't touch me—now. There's an extradition treaty coming, but then there'd have to be a retroactive clause to do you any good." He paused, studying the expression on the Inspector's face. "There's enough of the likes of me here to see that don't occur. Say, Bub?"

"Well?"

"You deal a square pack, don't you?"

"That's my reputation, Bucky."

"Give me your word you'll play me square."

Inspector Frawley, leaning forward, helped himself busily. Greenfield, with pursed lips, studied every movement.

"No kidnapping tricks?"

Without lifting his eyes Frawley sharpened his knife vigorously against his fork and fell to eating.

"Well, Bub?"

"What?"

"No fancy kidnapping?"

"I'm promising nothing, Bucky."

There was a blank moment while Greenfield considered. Suddenly he shot out his hand, saying with a nod:

"You're a white man, Bub, and I never heard a word against that." He filled a glass and shoved it toward Frawley. "We might as well clink on it. For I rather opinionate before we get through this little business—there'll be something worth talking about."

"Here's to you then, Bucky," said Frawley, nodding.

"Remember what I tell you," said Greenfield, looking over his glass, "there's going to be something to live for."

"I say, Bucky," said Frawley with a lazy interest, "would they serve you five-o'clock tea here, I wonder?"

Greenfield, drawing back, laughed a superior laugh.

"Bub, I'm sorry for you—'pon my word I am."

"How so, Bucky?"

"Why, you plodding little English lamb, you don't have the slightest suspicion what you're gettin' into!"

"What am I getting into, Bucky?"

Greenfield threw back his head with a chuckle.

"If you get me, it'll be the last job you ever pull off."

"Maybe, maybe."

"Since things are aboard—listen here," said Greenfield with sudden seriousness. "Bub, you'll not get me alive. Nothing personal, you understand, but it'll have to be your life

or mine. If it comes to the pinch, look out for yourself——"

"Oh, yes," said Frawley, with a matter-of-fact nod, "I understand."

"I ain't tried to bribe you," said Greenfield, rising. "Thank me for that—though another man might have been set up for life."

"Thanks," Frawley said with a drawl. "And you'll notice I haven't advised you to come back and face the music. Seems to me we understand each other."

"Here's my address," said Greenfield, handing him a card; "may save you some trouble. I'm here every night." He held out his hand. "Turn up and meet the profesh. They're a clever lot here. They'd appreciate meeting you, too."

"Perhaps I will."

"Ta-ta, then."

Greenfield took a few steps, halted, and lounged back with a smile full of mischief.

"By the way, Bub—how long has His Majesty's indisies given you?"

"It's a life appointment, Bucky."

"Really—bless me—then your bloomin' government has some sense after all."

The two men saluted gravely, with a parting exchange.

"Now Bub—keep fit."

"Same to you, Bucky."

IV.

The view of Greenfield sauntering lightly away among the noisy tables, bravado in his manner, devilry in his heart, was the last glimpse Inspector Frawley was destined to have of him in many months. True, Greenfield had not lied; the address was genuine, but the man was gone. For days Frawley had the city scoured without gaining a clue. No steamer had left the harbor, not even a tramp. If Greenfield was not in hiding, he must have buried himself in the interior.

It was a week before Frawley found the track. Greenfield had walked thirty miles into the country and taken the train for Rio Mendoza on the route across the Andes to Valparaiso.

Frawley followed the same day.

somewhat mystified at this sudden change of base. In the train the thermometer stood at 116 degrees. The heat made of everything a solitude. Frawley, listless, stifling, and numb, gazed himself to the air-holes with eyes fastened on the horizon, while the train sped across the naked, singing back of the plains like the well that springs to meet the fall of the lash. For two nights he watched the distended sun, exhausted by its own madness, drop back into the heated void, and the tortured stars rise over the stricken desert. At the end of thirty-six hours of agony he arrived at Rio Mendoza. Thence he reached Punta de Vacas, procured mules and a guide, and prepared for the ascent over the mountains.

At two o'clock the next morning he began the climb out of hell. The tortured plains settled below him. A divine freshness breathed upon him with a new hope of life. He left the burning conflict of summer and passed into the aroma of spring.

Then the air grew intense, a new suffocation pressed about his temples—the suffocation of too much life. In an hour he had run the gamut of the seasons. The cold of everlasting winter descended and stung his senses. Up and up and up they went—then suddenly down, with the half-breed guide and the tireless mule always at the same distance before him; and again began the insistent mechanical toiling upward. He grew listless and indifferent, acquiescent in these steep efforts that the next moment must throw away. The horror of immense distance rose about him. From time to time a stone dislodged by their passage rushed from under him, struck the brink, and spun into the void, to fall endlessly. The face of the earth grew confused and dropped in a mist from before his eyes.

Then as they tilted still upward, a gale as though sent in anger rushed down upon them, sweeping up whirlwinds of snow, raging and shrieking, dragging them to the brink, and threatening to blot them out.

Frawley clutched the saddle, then flung his arms about the neck of his

mule. His head was reeling, the indignant blood rushed to his nostrils and his ears, his lungs no longer could master the divine air. Then suddenly the mules stopped, exhausted. Through the maelstrom the guide shrieked to him not to use the spur. Frawley felt himself in danger of dying, and had no resentment.

For a day they affronted the immense wilds until they had forced themselves thousands of feet above the race of men. Then they began to descend.

Below them the clouds lapped and rolled like the elements before the creation. Still they descended, and the moist oblivion closed about them, like the curse of a world without color. The bleak mists separated and began to roll up above them, a cloud split asunder, and through the slit the earth jumped up, and the solid land spread before them as when at the dawn it obeyed the will of the Creator. They saw the hills and the mountains grow, and the rivers trickle toward the sea. The masses of brown and green began to be splashed with red and yellow as the fields became fertile and fructified; and the insect race of men began to crawl to and fro.

The half-breed, who saw the scene for the hundredth time, bent his head in awe. Frawley straightened in his saddle, stretched the stiffness out of his limbs, patted his mule solicitously, glanced at the guide, and stopped in perplexity at the mute, reverential attitude.

"What's he starin' at now?" he muttered in astonishment; then, with a glance at the watch, he added anxiously, "I say, Sammy, when do we get a bit to eat?"

V.

In Valparaiso he readily found the track of Greenfield. Up to the time of his departure, two boats had sailed: one for the north, and one by the Straits of Magellan to Buenos Ayres. Greenfield had bought a ticket for each, after effecting the withdrawal of his account at a local bank. Frawley was in perplexity: for

Greenfield to flee north was to run into the jaws of the law. The withdrawal of the account decided him. He returned to Buenos Ayres by the route he had come, arriving the day before the steamer. To his discomfort Greenfield was not on board. By ridiculously casting away his protection he had thrown the detective off the track and gained three weeks. Without more concern than he might have shown in taking a trip from Toronto to New York, Frawley a third time crossed the Andes and set himself to correcting his first error.

He traced Greenfield laboriously up the coast back to Panama and there lost the trail. At the end of two months he learned that Greenfield had shipped as a common sailor on a freighter that touched at Hawaii. From here he followed him to Yokohama, Singapore, Ceylon and Bombay.

Thence Greenfield, suddenly abandoning the water route, had proceeded by land to Bagdad, and across the Turkish Empire to Constantinople. Without a pause, Frawley traced him next into the Balkans, through Bulgaria, Roumania, amid massacre and revolution to Budapest, back to Odessa, and across the back of Russia by Moscow and Riga to Stockholm. A year had elapsed.

Several times he might have gained on the fugitive had he trusted to his instinct; but he bided his time, renouncing a stroke of genius, in order to be certain of committing no error, awaiting the moment when Greenfield would pause and he might overtake him. But the fugitive, as though stung by a gad-fly, continued to plunge madly over sea and continent. Four months, five months behind, Frawley continued the tireless pursuit.

From Stockholm the chase led to Copenhagen, to Christiansand, down the North Sea to Rotterdam. From thence Greenfield had rushed by rail to Lisbon and taken steamer to Africa, touching at Gibraltar, Portuguese and French Guinea, Sierra Leone, and proceeding thence into the Congo. For a month all traces disap-

peared in the void, until by chance, rather than by his own merits, Frawley found the trail anew in Madagascar, whither Greenfield had come after a desperate attempt to bury his trail on the immense plains of Southern Africa.

From Madagascar, Frawley followed him to Aden in Arabia, and by steamer to Melbourne. Again for weeks he sought the confused track vainly through Australia, up through Sydney, down again to Tasmania and New Zealand on a false clue, back to Queensland, where at last in Cooktown he learned anew of the passing of his man.

The third year began without appreciable gain. Greenfield still was three months in advance, never pausing, scurrying from continent to continent, as though instinctively aware of the progress of his pursuer.

In this year Frawley visited Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, stopped at Manila, jumped immediately to Korea, and hurried on to Vladivostok, where he found that Greenfield had procured passage on a sculler bound for Auckland. There he had taken the steamer by the Straits of Magellan back to Buenos Ayres.

There, within the first hour, he heard a report that his man had gone on to Rio Janeiro, caught the cholera, and died there. Undaunted by the epidemic, Frawley took the next boat and entered the stricken city by swimming ashore. For a week he searched the hospitals and the cemeteries. Greenfield had indeed been stricken, but, escaping with his life, had left for the northern part of Brazil. The delay resulted in a gain of three months for Frawley, but without heat or excitement he began anew the pursuit, passing up the coast to Para and the mouth of the Amazon, by Bogota and Panama into Mexico, on up toward the border of Texas. The months between him and Greenfield shortened to weeks, then to days without troubling his equanimity. At El Paso he arrived a few hours after Greenfield had left, going toward the Salt Basin and the Guadalupe Mountains. Frawley took horses and a guide and

followed to the edge of the desert. At three o'clock in the afternoon a horseman grew out of the horizon, a figure that remained stationary and attentive, studying his approach through a spy-glass. Suddenly, as though satisfied, the stranger took off his hat and waved it above his head in challenge, and digging his heels into his horse disappeared into the desert.

Frawley understood the challenge—the end was to be in the desert. Failing to move his guide by threat or promise, he left him clamoring frantically on the edge of the desert and rode on toward where the figure of Greenfield had disappeared on the horizon in a puff of dust.

For three days they went their way grimly into the parched sands, husbanding every particle of strength, within plain sight of each other, always at the same unvarying walk. At night they slept by fits and starts, with an ear trained for the slightest hostile sound. Then they cast aside their saddles, their rifles, and superfluous clothing, in a vain effort to save their mounts.

The horses, heaving and staggering, crawled over the yielding sands like silhouettes drawn by a thread. In the sky not a cloud appeared; below, the yellow monotony extended as flat as a dish. Above them a lary buzzard, wheeling in languid circles, followed with patient conviction.

On the fourth morning Frawley's horse stopped, shuddered, and went down in a heap. Greenfield halted and surveyed his discomfort grimly, without a sign of elation.

"That's bad, very bad," Frawley said judicially. "I ought to have sent word to the department. Still, it's not over yet—his horse won't last long. Well, I mustn't carry much."

He abandoned his revolver, a knife, \$200 in gold, and continued on foot, preserving only the water-bag with its precious mouthful. Greenfield, who had waited immovably, allowed him to approach within a quarter of a mile before putting his horse in motion.

"He's going to make sure I stay

here," said Frawley to himself, seeing that Greenfield made no attempt to increase the lead. "Well, we'll see."

Twelve hours later Greenfield's horse gave out. Frawley uttered a cry of joy, but the handicap of half a day was a serious one; he was exhausted, famished, and in the bag there remained only sufficient water to moisten his lips.

The fifth day broke with an angry sun and no sign on the horizon to relieve the eternal monotony. Only the buzzard at the same distance aloft bided his time. Hunter and hunted, united perforce by their common suffering, plodded on with the weary, hopeless straining of human beings harnessed to a plow, covering scarcely a mile an hour. From time to time, by common consent, they sat down, gaunt, exhausted figures, eying each other with the instinct of beasts, their elbows on their bony knees. Whether from a fear of losing energy, whether under the spell of the frightful stillness, neither had uttered a word.

Frawley was afire with thirst. The desert entered his body with its dry mortal heat, and ran its consuming dryness through his veins; his eyes started from his face as the sun above him hung out of the parched sky. He began to talk to himself, to sing. Under his feet the sand sifted like the soft protest of autumn leaves. He imagined himself back in the forest, marking the rustle of leafy branches and the intermittent dropping of acorns and twigs. All at once his legs refused to move. He stood still, his gaze concentrated on the figure of Greenfield a long moment, then his body crumpled under him and he sank without volition to the ground.

Greenfield stopped, sat down, and waited. After half an hour he drew himself to his feet, moved on, then stopped, returned, approached, and listened to the crooning of the delirious man. Suddenly satisfied, he flung both arms into the air in frenzied triumph, turned, staggered, and reeled away, while back over the desert came

the grotesque, hideous refrain, in maddened victory:

"Yankee Doodle Dandy oh!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

Frawley watched him go, then with a sigh of relief turned his glance to the black revolving form in the air—at least that remained to break the horror of the solitude. Then he lost consciousness.

The beat of wings across his face aroused him with a start and a cry of agony. The great bird of carrion, startled in its inspection, flew clumsily off and settled fearlessly on the ground, blinking at him.

An immense revolt, a furious anger brought with it new strength. He rose and rushed at the bird with clenched fist, cursing it as it lumbered awkwardly away. Then he began desperately to struggle on, following the tracks in the sand.

At the end of an hour specks appeared on the horizon. He looked at them in his delirium and began to laugh uneasily.

"I must be out of my head," he said to himself seriously. "It's a mirage. Well, I suppose it is the end. Who'll they put on the case now? Keech, I suppose; yes, Keech; he's a good man. Of course it's a mirage."

As he continued to stumble forward, the dots assumed the shape of trees and hills. He laughed contemptuously and began to remonstrate with himself, repeating:

"It's a mirage, or I'm out of my head." He began to be worried, saying over and over: "That's a bad sign, very bad. I mustn't lose control of myself. I must stick to him—stick to him until he dies of old age. Bucky Greenfield! Well, he won't get out of this either. If the department could only know!"

The nearer he drew to life, the more indignant he became. He arrived thus at the edge of trees and green things.

"Why don't they go?" he said angrily. "They ought to, now. Come, I think I'm keeping my head remarkably well."

All at once a magnificent idea came to him—he would walk through the mirage and end it. He advanced furiously against an imaginary tree, struck his forehead, and toppled over insensible.

VII.

Frawley returned to consciousness to find himself in the hut of a half-breed Indian, who was forcing a soup of herbs between his lips.

Two days later he regained his strength sufficiently to reach a ranch owned by Englishmen. Fitted out by them, he started at once to return to El Paso; to take up the unending search anew.

In the late afternoon, tired and thirsty, he arrived at a shanty where a handful of Mexican children were lolling in the cool of the wall. At the sound of his approach a woman came running to the door, shrieking for assistance in a Mexican gibberish. He ran hastily to the house, his hand on his pistol. The woman, without stopping her chatter, huddled in the doorway, pointing to the dim corner opposite. Frawley, following her glance, saw the figure of a man stretched on a dusty bed of leaves. He took a few quick steps and recognized Greenfield.

At the same moment the bundle shot to a sitting position with a cry: "Who's that?"

Frawley, with a quick motion, covered him with his revolver, crying: "Hands up! It's me, Bucky, and I've got you now!"

"Frawley!"
"That's it, Bucky—Hands up!"
Greenfield, without obeying, stared at him wildly.

"God, it is Frawley!" he cried, and fell back in a heap.

Inspector Frawley, advancing a step, repeated his command with no uncertain ring:

"Hands up! Quick!"
On the bed the distorted body contracted suddenly into a ball.

"Easy, Bub," Greenfield said between his teeth. "Easy; don't get excited. I'm dying."

"You?"

Frawley approached cautiously, suspiciously.

"Fact. I'm cashin' in."

"What's the matter?"

"Bug. Plain bug—the desert did the rest."

"A what?"

"Tarantula bite—don't laugh, Bub."

Frawley, at his side, needed but a glance to see that it was true. He ran his hand over Greenfield's belt and removed the pistol.

"Sorry," he said curtly, standing up.

"Quite keepest, Bub!"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"None."

Suddenly, without warning, Greenfield raised himself, glared at him, stretched out his hands, and fell into a passionate fit of weeping. Frawley's English reserve was outraged.

"What's the matter?" he said angrily. "You're not going to show the white feather now, are you?"

With an oath Greenfield sat bolt upright, silent and flushed.

"D— you, Bub—show some imagination," he said after a pause. "Do you think I mind dying—me? That's a good one. It ain't that—no—it's ending, ending like this. After all I've been through, to be put out of business by a bug—an onery little bug."

Then Frawley comprehended his mistake.

"I say, Bucky, I'll take that back," he said awkwardly.

"No imagination, no imagination," Greenfield muttered, sinking back.

"Why, man, if I'd chased you three times around the world and got you, I'd fall on you and beat you to a pulp or—I'd hug you like a long-lost brother."

"I asked your pardon," said Frawley again.

"All right, Bub—all right," Greenfield answered with a short laugh.

Then after a pause he added seriously: "So you've come—well, I'm glad it's over. Bub," he continued, raising himself excitedly on his elbow,

"here's something strange, only you won't understand it. Do you know, the whole time I knew just where you

were—I had a feeling somewhere in the back of my neck. At first you were 'way off, over the horizon; then you got to be a spot coming over the hill. Then I began to feel that spot growin' bigger and bigger—after Rio Janeiro, crawling up, creeping up, Gospel truth, I felt you sneaking up on my back. It got on my nerves. I dreamed about it, and that morning on the trail when you was just a speck on any old hoss—I knew! You—you don't understand such things, Bub, do you?"

Frawley made an effort, failed, and answered helplessly:

"No, Bucky, no, I can't say I do understand."

"Why do you think I ran you into Rio Janeiro?" said Greenfield, twisting on the leaves. "Into the choler? What do you think made me lay for this desert? Bub, you were on my back, clinging like a catamount. I was bound to shake you off. I was desperate. It had to end one way or t'other. That's why I stuck to you until I thought it was over with you."

"Why didn't you make sure of it?" said Frawley with curiosity; "you could have done for me there."

Greenfield looked at him hard and nodded.

"Keenest, Bub; quite so!"

"Why didn't you?"

"Why?" cried Greenfield, angrily. "Ain't you ever had any imagination? Did I want to shoot you down like a common ordinary pickpocket after taking you three times around the world? That was no ending! God, what a chase it was!"

"It was long, Bucky," Frawley admitted. "It was a good one!"

"Can't you understand anything?" Greenfield cried querulously.

"Where's anything bigger, more than what we've done? And to have it end like this—to have a bug—a miserable, squishy bug beat you after all!"

For a long moment there was no sound, while Greenfield lay, twisting, his head averted, buried in the leaves.

"It's not right, Bucky," said Frawley at last, with an effort at sympathy. "It oughtn't to have ended this way."

"It was worth it!" Greenfield cried. "Three years! There ain't much dirt we haven't kicked up! Asia, Africa—a regular Cook's tour through Europe, North and South America. And what seas, Bub?" His voice faltered. The drops of sweat stood thickly on his forehead; but he pulled himself together gamely. "Do you remember the Sea of Japan, with its funny little toy junks? Man, we've beaten out Columbus, Joos Verne, and the rest of them—bellow, Bub!"

"I say, what did you do it for?"

"You are a rum an," said Greenfield with a broken laugh. The words began to come shorter and with effort. "Excitement, Bub! Devilry and cussedness!"

"How do you feel, Bucky?" asked Frawley.

"Half in hell already—stewing for my sins—but it's not that—it's—"

"What, Bucky?"

"That bug! Me, Bucky Greenfield—to go down and out on account of a bug—a little squirmy bug! But I swear even he couldn't have done it if the desert hadn't put me out of business first! No, by God! I'm not downed so easy as that!"

Frawley, in a lame attempt to show his sympathy, went closer to the dying man:

"I say, Bucky,"

"Shoo away."

"Wouldn't you like to go out, standing on your feet—with your boots on?"

Greenfield laughed, a contented laugh.

"What's the matter, pal?" said Frawley, passing in surprise.

"You darned old Englishman," said Greenfield affectionately. "Say, Bub."

"Yes, Bucky."

"The dinkies are all right—but—but a Yank, a real Yank, would 'a' got me in six months."

"All right, Bucky. Shall I raise you up?"

"Hust away."

"Would you like the feeling of a gen in your hand again?" said Frawley, raising him up.

This time Greenfield did not laugh,

but his hand closed convulsively over the best, and he gave a savage sigh of delight. His limbs contracted violently, his head bore heavily on the shoulder of Frawley, who heard him whisper again:

"A bug—a little—"

Then he stopped and appeared to listen. Outside, the evening was soft and stirring. Through the door the children appeared, tumbling over one another, in grotesque attitudes.

Suddenly, as though in the breeze he had caught the sound of a step, Greenfield jerked almost free of Frawley's arms, shuddered, and fell back rigid. The pistol, flung into the air, twirled, pitched on the floor, and remained quiet.

Frawley placed the body back on the bed of leaves, listened a moment, and rose satisfied. He threw a

blanket over the face, picked up the revolver, searched a moment for his hat, and went out to arrange with the Mexican for the night. In a moment he returned and took a seat in the corner, and began carefully to jot down the details on a piece of paper. Presently he paused and looked reflectively at the bed of leaves.

"It's been a good three years," he said reflectively. He considered a moment, rapping the pencil against his teeth, and repeated: "A good three years. I think when I get home I'll ask, for a week or so to stretch myself." Then he remembered with anxiety how Greenfield had railed at his lack of imagination and pondered a moment seriously. Suddenly, as though satisfied, he said with a nod of conviction:

"Well, now, we did jog about a bit!"

THOSE WHO WORK HARD

The nervous breakdown of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman from overwork has started an inquiry by the newspapers at London as to the number of hours people of various vocations and positions find it necessary to labor.

As a result of the enquiry it was learned that the British Premier was accustomed to work fifteen hours a day. Cabinet members enjoy less leisure than any other class; physicians and newspapermen come next in the scale of industry. The average clergyman likewise has very little time to call his own.

The extensive enquiry was not necessary to show that intellectual workers are compelled to labor longer than those who work only with their hands. Eight to ten hours a day is the average for the manual laborer. It is quite common for the intellectual classes to keep at their tasks far twelve to fourteen hours daily.

The facts brought out by the papers tell their own story to all who look at prominent men everywhere, and who wonder how prominence was obtained. The poor generally envy the rich; the obscure long for the eminence of the great; the ignorant conspire against the success of the brilliant.

Those below do not always realize what struggles were made by the ones above. They do not remember that while hard work is one of the severest employers it is the most liberal of paymasters.

The prime ministers, the cabinet ministers, the presidents, managers, founders and financiers of large affairs are the ones who, though in highest positions, work long hours. The persons who fill humble roles, find the labor of from eight to ten hours so long.

The Young Man and His Problem

A Decided Difference Between Fame and Notoriety—The Youth who has a Kind Word for Everybody will Always have a Kind Word from Everybody—The Value of Honor and Uprightness and a Manly Spirit.

By James L. Gordon in Western Home Monthly Magazine

KIND men are always popular. Thoughtful men are always appreciated. Considerate men are always welcome. The man who has a kind word for everybody will always have a kind word from everybody. Even a dog knows who its friends are. We are justly afraid of the man who is cynical, snarling and sarcastic. May we all grow in sweetness as did the venerable John Wesley who once remarked to a friend: "The longer I live, the larger allowances I make for human infirmities. I exact more from myself, and less from others." There is nothing so royal as kindness.

There is a difference between fame and notoriety. Lincoln was famous. Booth, his murderer, was notorious. Any man can attract universal attention if he so desires, but he may do so and not be famous. The fiend who set on fire the Temple of Diana will be known as long as the fame of the great edifice shall endure, but he will never be spoken of as "famous." A recent writer makes the following remark concerning Michael Angelo: "When a young rival, in a moment of jealousy and anger, struck Michael Angelo in the face with such force that, as the young man himself expressed it later to Cellini, he felt bones and cartilage crush under his fist like a biscuit, Michael Angelo retorted with the statement, 'You will be remembered only as the man who broke my nose.'"

A gentleman is a gentle man; one who is gentle, kind, thoughtful and

considerate. He may not be cultured. He may not be fully informed concerning the rules of the "best society." He may not have a soft hand or a complexion milk white in purity. He may not be clad in garments "made to order," or walk in shoes whose exterior is bright enough to reflect the universe—but he knows how to be kind. He is sensitive enough to know that other people have nerves. Even great men—men great and good, sometimes forget themselves: O. W. Holmes, aged nearly eighty, after a visit to Tennyson, gently complained to a friend, "He did not realize, I think, that I am an old man, and accustomed to being treated kindly."

Don't worry! Don't worry about your health. Eat, sleep, exercise—and laugh. Don't worry about your future. Work, plan, plod, save and—believe. Don't worry about your reputation. Fear God, do right, think sweet thoughts and love everybody. Don't worry about your soul. Do right, keep straight, look up, keep tender and live an unselfish life. I quote the following from a recent publication. It is worth reading:

"Dr. R. W. Dale, the distinguished pastor of Birmingham, was very busy in civic reform, and worked happily with Christians of other churches, having special fellowship with a Roman Catholic priest. After a busy day his friend said to Dr. Dale, 'Dr. Dale, when are you going to retire from this busy work, and attend to the salvation of your soul?' 'I left that long ago,' said the Doctor, 'to

the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have no doubt He has attended to it fully.'"

Many a young man's religion is wrapped up in one word—Home. The chains which link him to purity and righteousness all centre in the home-memories of home, regard for mother, concern for his sister, respect for his father, and—ever and always—a vivid picture hanging on the walls of his imagination breathing forth tender thoughts concerning his youthful days. The boy who is true to the memories of a Christian fireside will never go far astray. Here is a word picture by Thomas Carlyle. "At midnight I rode into my native town. The clouds were thick on the horizon, but there was a star in the sky. The moonlight fell on the little kirk; hard by was the grave of my mother and my sister—and, above all, God, in His sky."

You will have your photograph "taken" to-day. When you are least thinking of it, the camera will be turned upon you. Ten years from the present time somebody will ask you the question, "Do you not remember that remark which you made one afternoon in—such a place?" You will not remember it. Of course not. The idea may seem to be entirely new. You have not the faintest recollection of ever having expressed the thought. But you did. The memory of your friend will furnish you with a perfect cylinder-record. Here is how Dr. Wayland Hoyt photographed Disraeli:

"I was passing once through the corridor of the British Houses of Parliament, that which connects the House of Lords on the one hand and the House of Commons on the other. Just as I entered, Mr. Disraeli was walking through. I had a chance for a good close look at him. I seized the chance. I can never forget what a thorough Jew he seemed. The marks of his Jewish ancestry were as plain and distinguishing as was the masterful man himself."

The most intense interest in human experience must be when the soul approaches the border line between the seen and the unseen. When the soul hangs, as if by a thread, between two worlds and with a clear brain and unclouded mind seeks to penetrate the future—this must be enough to arouse every faculty and to quicken every sense of spiritual perception. Even the man who is foolish enough, in some hour of morbid fancy, to plan his own destruction must have a keen vision of life's failure as viewed from the approaching shores of the eternal world. Flow sad and pathetic the following:

The mutilated body of a man was found a few years ago on the railway near Redhill Junction. This is the written confession he left behind:

"I have broken every law of God and man, and can only hope that my memory will not linger in the minds of those who knew me. Drink has brought me to this fearful end. I am dying—hopeless, friendless, penniless, and I am outcast; and it might have been so different!"

Charles I. needed money. The only source of supply must be through an angry and unyielding Parliament. If men could not be persuaded to pass measures satisfactory to the king they must be brought under the influence of a firm but kindly coercion. In other words, they must be "bought." So the king tried to bribe the opposing members of his parliament. For this purpose the Lord Treasurer called on Andrew Marvell, the scholar, poet and patriot. Marvell was living in a garret and the Lord Treasurer, after a friendly visit placed a check for one thousand pounds in his hands!

"Come back, my lord," exclaimed the haughty commoner. He then called his servant boy and said to him.

"Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"A shoulder of mutton, sir, that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market."

"Jack, what have I for dinner to-day?"

"You told me, sir, to lay by the blade-bone to boil for soup to-day."

"My lord," said Marvell, turning to the Lord Treasurer, "you see that my dinner is provided for. Take back your paper."

"A million dollars' worth of wedding presents"—that's what the newspapers say. Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, who was married to Count Szechenyi about three weeks ago, received more than a million dollars of wedding presents. Together they stepped aboard an ocean steamer with their pyramid of presents and their pile of yellow gold. Happy? Perhaps so. Time will tell. Money is no enemy of happiness. But happiness cannot be purchased like a mansion on Broadway. And if the angel of Happiness does not enter the home of the newly married couple, the title of "Count" may seem to be a ghastly thing by and by. Nothing can take the place of genuine affection. Disraeli in writing to his wife says: "I live in a rage of enthusiasm; even my opponents promise to vote for me next time. The fatigue is awful. Two long speeches to-day and nine hours canvass on foot in a blaze of repartee. I am quite exhausted, and can scarcely see to write. My letters are shorter than Napoleon's, but I love you more than he did Josephine." That's worth a hundred wedding presents.

Rum has blasted more homes than war. Whiskey has drowned more souls than the seas have robbed men of life. Wine has caused more misery than all the loose-pivoted tongues in the realm of hoary-headed slander. Beer has rotted more brains than the

germs and microbes of contagious diseases have slain human bodies. Rum is the arch enemy of the race. It is the one great obstacle in the pathway of human progress to-day. Under its dark shadow gambling, impurity and vice of every form seek concealment and protection. There is no man of forty years of age who has not had a friend slain by strong drink. This was what made Horace Greeley such an enemy of the liquor traffic. A friend said to him: "Mr. Greeley, why are you more eloquent on the subject of temperance than any other subject?" He replied, "I have seen so many of my best friends in journalism go down under intemperance."

Are you cut out for a hero? Can you endure in silence? Can you work without praise? Can you sing without a compliment? Can you write in spite of criticism? Can you build without encouragement? Can you preach without hoary heads nodding their approval? Can you protest against an evil in the face of society's frown? Can you stand without support? Can you walk without leaning on your neighbor's arm? Are you cut out for a hero? Senator Beveridge in his book, "The Young Man and the World," remarks:

"The wife of one of the most effective of American speakers is reported to have said to him: 'I wish you would deliver a speech which no one can possibly applaud.' Of course what she meant was that she would like to see him devote himself to getting the truth before the people without resorting to any of the tricks of oratory."

Truth for truth's sake should be the orator's motto.

A good capital to levy upon for success in life if found in a happy heart, a smiling face and a courteous manner.

Current History In Caricature



MR. BRYAN'S COURTSHIP DAYS
He feels reasonably certain he will be the choice of Miss Democracy.
—Washington Star



HOW IRLAND AMUSES ITSELF
At least that is one view obtaining in France.
—Rue (Paris)



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
First Paper discussing Mr. Asquith's licensing bill. Does he want to stop our beer?
Second Paper. "Mr. Asquith, stop the law's good" is getting the money for our salubrious pressmen?
—London Punch



A STRAIGHT TALK TO "JAWN D"
A British view of Roosevelt's varied references to Rockefeller.
—London Morning Express

The Keen Competition in Business

How Two Rival Merchants Watched Each Other with Jealous Eye and in a Malignant Spirit—The Race for Supremacy and the Way it Resulted — Both Men Lost all that They Possessed.

By Thomas H. Corry

SPRINGDALE was a small but happy village. It had no electric cars or gas lamps and cabs were but dreams. It had but one street which entered the village and switched off into the open country.

When, one day, Erastus Smith, by some strange accident or other, fell into Springdale, he liked the look of the place. There were no shops of any consequence, and that made Mr. Smith like it all the better. Business, thought Mr. Smith, would be good there if properly worked up. And possibly some day the place might be discovered by the public, and, if so, what might not come of it?

So it happened that, not many weeks later, the villagers found to their astonishment that a new store had been opened in their midst, over the door being a large sign bearing the name of Erastus Smith. To them it was a wonderful store. Everything imaginable could be bought there, providing you had the price.

Springdale found its mind and understanding dazzled by the new venture. It also found a few other things as well: for instance, that the world contained more things than it was accustomed to want, previous to Mr. Smith's arrival. It found fresh uses for its capital. The result was that Mr. Smith discovered he had done nothing foolish in wooing its economic side.

Behold, there came a day when Ezekiah Brown, by another extraordinary accident tumbled into that peaceful bower. Figuratively speaking, Mr. Brown got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and stared.

"Just what I'm looking for," said Mr. Brown. "Business enough here for two stores, and there's only one," soliloquized Mr. Brown. "I'll think the matter over." And he did.

Springdale was not used to surprises. One every few years was quite enough for it. The opening of Mr. Smith's store had taken a lot out of it, and it was now slowly recovering from the shock. But what a thrill and tremor passed over it when it beheld a brand-new store ready for business just opposite Mr. Smith's, with the name of "Ezekiah Brown" glaring down at every person from over the door. Mr. Brown had been thinking and this was the result of his thoughts.

The appearance of a rival, or competitor, on the scene was viewed by Mr. Smith in no uncertain fashion. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes, though they were a trusty pair. But when a man sees a store staring at him from across the street, and containing the self-same goods as he has in his own, he is quite sure to look upon the thing as a fact. Mr. Smith soon worked himself into wrath and perspiration over it.

Mr. Brown, however, kept cool. He made a study of Mr. Smith's customers and began to find out their particular wants. His stock was as similar to Mr. Smith's as could be. He soon felt he was making an impression. The people came to him out of mere curiosity—to see what himself and store were like. They saw that he was giving as good values as the other. Mr. Smith was aware that every customer who entered Mr.

Brown's store was a loss to him. Mr. Brown saw that every new client might possibly become, with care and attention, a regular patron. Such are the varied standpoints of merchants.

Now, Springdale was under no particular obligation to either. Both were absolutely strangers. Neither had any social or commercial connection with the neighborhood. Mr. Smith was a bachelor, but he was on the shady side of fifty. Mr. Brown was also a bachelor, a year or so removed from the half-century, and innocent of hair. Springdale was fickle. The better man would eventually win.

Erastus Smith realized that, and so did Ezekiah Brown. And from that day forward ensued a bitter and prolonged commercial warfare between the competitors!

SMITH MAKES FIRST MOVE.

Heretofore they had been nodding acquaintances. When, each morning, they stood for the first time in their respective doors they were accustomed to formally bow to each other. And one Sunday morning, when leaving church they raised hats to each other in sight of all.

But now all such diplomatic acknowledgments were a thing of the past. They spoke to each other no more. Every attention was given to business and they forgot they were human.

The first to draw blood was Mr. Smith. That is to say, he was the first to make any improvements to his store. He had the front of his store considerably enlarged and a fine plate-glass window fitted in. This looked like setting the pace. When the work was completed Springdale walked in and congratulated him. The wags of the village anticipated a great deal of fun out of the rivalry. They told Mr. Smith he was knocking fits out of Brown with his new window. Mr. Smith felt highly delighted with his master stroke. At evening prior to closing hour he would go out into the street and gaze with a great deal of pride at his glorious

new store front. He was aware that Mr. Brown was watching him from across the way and that brought him unspeakable consolation.

Mr. Brown was thunder-struck at Smith's innovation. Now his rival's window was large and handsome enough to attract any person to enter and buy. To make matters worse the wags flocked in to tell him that Smith was crowing loudly over his victory. With such innocent remarks he was goaded almost to desperation. For a few days he had to be down tamely under his defeat. But now that his blood was up he would make the people of Springdale see how fast and fierce Ezekiah Brown could force the pace, after once he set his mind to it.

The two stores as well as every dwelling in Springdale, consisted of a single storey. Soon Mr. Brown summoned skilled workmen from the city, who pounced upon his store, crept into its recesses, leaned out of its windows, and scraped and nailed, and hammered for a whole month. Smith was agog with excitement. The curiosity of Springdale was never in its history at such a dizzy height. Brown said nothing. His workmen could not be bribed into disclosing what they were about. Brown knew that Smith was eyeing him through his window and at frequent intervals he would stroll up and down in front of the dismantled dwelling, with a horribly irritating smile.

In due time the work was finished, the workmen loosed themselves from the building and returned to town. Their labors had completely revolutionized Mr. Brown's store. Now it was an elaborate and magnificent structure. The window even excelled Smith's. His name was painted in huge and striking letters of blue and caught the eye forcibly at the end of the village. Above all, the one-storey dwelling had disappeared, and in its place was a building of two storeys, which completely towered over Smith's across the way.

Springdale unanimously declared that Brown had won vengeance this time. Poor Smith felt awful when-

ever his eyes fell reluctantly on the splendid edifice across the street. It was quite evident that Brown was beginning already to do a roaring trade. The wags, too, filled up his cup of misery by narrating alleged yarns which Brown was supposed to be telling all as to what he intended to do in the near future. Smith had to resort to taking powders during these days to help his insomnia.

When he partially recovered, some friends debated with him as to what he intended doing in the face of Brown's brilliant success.

"I don't see nothin' to do," replied Mr. Smith, with a sigh, "but build another storey. That's the only way out of it."

Accordingly, Mr. Smith summoned the workmen thither, and a rapid transformation took place. Smith was somewhat more cute than he was generally reputed to be. He made no secret of his intentions, though one fact he kept very much in the dark.

"I'm simply adding another storey," he said. Before it was finished the idea was severely criticized.

"After all, what's he doing but imitating me?" remarked Brown to a knot of inquirers who had entered his store for the laudable purpose of endeavoring to foment as much disturbance as they could. "Let him add his storey," went on Brown. "Soon's it's done we'll see? Why, just that Smith is equal, not superior. He's a copying my idea—that's all."

But it was even more. When the work was complete, there, sure enough was the additional storey. Both stores now had a similar number of storeys. But Smith's second one was so high that his store was fully three feet taller than Brown's.

Poor Brown was beaten again.

BROWN'S NEXT MOVE.

Springdale was so keen on the issue that it allowed itself to be influenced by it in a practical way. The moment Smith's store was finished it sealed his triumph by turning in a body into Smith's. Brown was practically deserted. He saw everything depended on his next move.

Great was the excitement one morning when it was discovered that Brown had shut his store and gone to the city. Was he giving up the struggle? Smith walked forth in the presence of a growing crowd of the villagers and stood in front of Brown's store.

"He's cut and run for it," said Smith, dramatically. "You'll never see him here again, boys, or I'll eat my hat!"

But Smith was hopelessly in the wrong. The next day Brown was at business as usual. Those who entered his store came back with a remarkable story, which impelled others to go in and see for themselves. Brown had brought back with him a real, live assistant! He was already at work tending the customers, while Brown stood in the door, his thumbs deep in his armpits, and that aggravating smile again playing about his unlovely mouth.

Harry MacDonald was the assistant's name. A good-looking, trim, cheery young fellow, Harry was. His head was well shaped, crowned with brown curls, and a sweet moustache that was already playing havoc. Everyone was charmed with him. He was so genial and so coaxing and so bustling. He was scarcely twenty-four hours in Springdale when every girl within a radius of a mile suddenly found that she wanted something very badly at Brown's.

Smith did not fulfil his pledge about eating his hat, but soon began to witness a strange phenomenon. All his customers quickly became confined to the male sex. The girls were already raving about Harry. Naturally, of course, none of them would admit it! Oh, goodness, no. They merely wanted just what Mr. Brown happened to have. That was all. In numbers the girls went into Brown's. When they bought the article for which they alleged they came they went looking for something else to buy. They would have expended any amount to be able to stay in the store to chat with Harry.

Day by day the smile on Brown's face was expanding. Harry was

such a worker that Brown found it desirable to leave off work altogether. He understood clearly what the attraction was and did not wish to intrude himself between the attraction and the public. Furthermore, it was so delicious to loiter about the street with your pipe in your mouth, knowing that business was all the better for your absence!

In course of time when Harry got better known the men thought it pleasant to go to Brown's. Harry was always so jolly, and had such a nice wit! Again Brown kept away from the place. It was simply Smith versus Harry. And Harry was unquestionably winning at a canter.

But Smith was not yet conquered. A rattling good idea seized hold of him, and he determined to act on it.

To the city went Smith one day. The cause of his going became the raging topic. Nobody could guess. Back came Smith that very night. The moment he opened his door in the morning it was besieged with customers dying with curiosity. Smith had followed his rival's example. He, too, had a new assistant. But it was not a young man he had brought. No indeed, but a remarkably pretty young lady.

WHAT THE ASSISTANTS DID.

Mary Miles was the name of the pretty new assistant in Smith's. She was scarcely a day in the place when everybody had taken care to go and have a look at her. This meant that people who had not been in Smith's for weeks suddenly became customers again.

A charming little body Mary was unanimously voted to be. She was so pretty, and so gentle and so sweet-mannered that she won all hearts without delay. Brown was very anxious to see her. He talked to Harry MacDonald so often about her that the young man looked decidedly bored.

Mary had not been in Springdale a week before she was a favorite of the first order. Smith was not long in seeing that he had done the right thing by securing her services. Al-

ready he noticed the depleted till grow heavy once more. All the men were flocking to see Mary and left Brown and Harry severely alone.

It was Smith's turn now to be idle. He strolled up and down the single street of the village the whole day long with his briar pipe in his mouth and hands in his pockets—the very picture of happiness and ease. Mary was a first-class business girl. She was lively and quick to a degree. The youths of Springdale bought up all Smith's stock of stationery in one week to pen notes and verses to Mary.

Brown's state of mind was far from being idle. Cash receipts were falling fast; his female customers after a temporary disloyalty brought about by their desire to see Mary, thronged back again to him. But he knew well that where a woman in such a case spent a penny, a man would not stop at a sovereign. Day by day he could not help but observe that trade was fast falling. Harry's efforts were in vain. Poor Brown, by day and by night had real and fanciful nightmares.

The singular part of the whole affair was that Harry MacDonald did not appear to be the least affected by the presence of Mary in Springdale.

That was strange, seeing that her success had naturally compromised his own position. His friends asked him had he met her? Harry said no. He hardly ever saw her, indeed, he further averred. The few youths who came into Brown's were always talking about her. The girls who came in hundreds to Harry were just the same. So that in Brown's as well as in Smith's the sole topic was Mary.

So time went on for some months. Brown hardly ever went out. He was so much ashamed. There was some curiosity awakened by extensive alterations going on in a house right in the centre of the village, but, as Smith and Brown stoutly denied all knowledge of it, the curiosity abated.

One evening Smith strolled in to his tea in the height of good humor. When passing through the shop, which was empty, Mary called him.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Smith," said Mary, shyly, "but I—"

"Ah, you wish to speak to me, my dear Miss Miles," said Smith with his best smile.

"Yes, sir; I wish to—to—give you a—"

"Give me what, my dear?" interrupted Smith, gallantly endeavoring to allay her confusion.

"A—month's notice, Mr. Smith!" Mary hung her head as she spoke. Smith shook at the knees.

"W—what, Miss Miles?" he gasped with a wild look.

"A month's notice, sir," went on Mary. "I'm sorry to leave you, Mr. Smith, as you have been so kind and good to me, but—I—I am going to be married!"

"Married?" yelled Smith, perspiring freely.

"Yes, sir."

"To whom?" Smith was hardly able to stand.

"To Harry MacDonald, sir, who works for Mr. Brown."

"Heavens! To MacDonald at Browns?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary. "Harry and I are old friends."

Smith ran into the street to cool himself. He walked along a bit. Looking across, he saw Brown beckoning excitedly to him. Forgetting the past, Smith went forward, his brain in a whirl.

"Have you heard the news, Smith?" cried Brown, who was evidently feeling pretty bad himself.

"What is it, Brown?" said Smith, knowing by instinct what was coming.

"These young people of ours are gettin' spliced, that's all. An' set here Smith. Ye know that house where the alterations were a-goin' on?"

"Y—yes."

"They're a-goin' to set up shop against us two in that very house!"

"Brown!"

"Well, Smith?"

"Why didn't we leave things as they were?"

"—Lor', Smith, why didn't we?"

And Springdale agreed with them. To-day Springdale knows not Smith or Brown. Harry and Mrs. MacDonald are doing all the business.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities; it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

The Adoption of Automobiles in Business

For Long Distances and Uphill Work they are Superior to Haulage by Horses. The Auto-Truck Would Become General for Commercial Use if so Many Roads and Streets were not in a Deplorable Condition.

By G. C. Kersh

THE past year has seen the adoption of the automobile to commercial uses to a very large extent, and, no doubt, there will be a larger use of these trucks during the coming year.

The only drawback to their general adoption is the poor roads usually found in Eastern Canada, which necessitate a great deal more repairs than are usually called for in the Western districts, and this, to a large extent, makes them a little more costly than they would be under more favorable conditions, but does not in any way detract from the fact that, when used in conjunction with teams, they have proved for uphill work and long distances, much superior to the former. Their more general usage would do away with the inhuman practice of flogging horses up hills with loads that the animals can hardly draw on the level.

An enterprising concern in Paterson, N.J., run eight five-ton motor cars to New York, daily, and are doing a large trade carting supplies from New York to the Paterson mills and taking the finished product to New York. It is found for short haulage that the auto-truck is cheap and reliable. The heavy gasoline trucks are gaining in popularity and manufacturers of iron work, dealers in factory supplies, wholesale firms, millers and other handlers of merchandise, are beginning to recognize their advantages. Canadian business men are beginning to recognize the utility and economy of the auto-truck.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.,

Montreal, have a three-ton Knox of the air-cooled cylinder type, and it is found to be faster than the horse and takes the hills very easily. The horsepower in the commercial truck is not any greater than the touring car, but it is lower geared, thus giving increased power on the hills.

The speed gear runs on ball bearings, and the best makes now use ball-bearings throughout, with pressed steel frames. A five-ton car is usually equipped with a 60 h.p. motor, and roller bearings, in the wheel journals and weighs approximately 6,500 pounds. The wheels are heavier than on a touring car, and are of a good diameter and width.

The double cylinder is used for light commercial purposes up to three tons, and a double chain drive is most common. In higher powers, four cylinders are considered essential. In most American makes of auto-truck planetary transmission is used, while the European cars adopt the sliding gear transmission. American pleasure cars are also generally equipped with sliding gear transmission.

The steering gear of the trucks has the machine under complete control. The truck is controlled by the wheel for steering, and one lever which engages the high speed (or direct drive) in the forward position, and the emergency brake in the rear position so that there is no chance of a man engaging brakes when the power is on. Low speed and reverse are both engaged by foot pedals, a third pedal being used for transmission brake. The control of the motor is generally operated by spark and throttle control

levers immediately below the steering wheel or mounted on a quadrant above the wheel.

The whole construction of the truck is necessarily heavier than the pleasure auto and special attention is given the springs. While the touring car speeds up to 50 miles an hour, the commercial truck rarely exceeds 15 miles and the larger sizes seldom over ten, as it is not economical to run such heavy vehicles fast. The weight of a one-ton car is 2,400 lbs., a three-ton 4,800, and a five-ton truck 8,000 lbs.

The commercial truck effects a large saving for a machinery manufacturer. The Jones and Lamson Machine Co., Springfield, Vt., bought an auto-truck for conveying their machinery to the freight depot, and effected a saving because they could take a man out of their works to run the motor when any freight was to be

taken to the depot. Later, when erecting their new plant they used an auto-truck continuously. The Dominion Bridge Co., Montreal, use an Argyl car of 30 h.p. and 4 cylinders for moving girders and other iron work to buildings under erection.

It is now a common sight in the cities of the United States and Canada to see large auto-trucks used in the commercial interests. The electric auto was most popular for a time, but with the improvements in the gasoline motor these have gained in favor, and heavy loads are now transported on gasoline auto-trucks. These loads, which include cement, boilers, fire-brick, machine tools, etc., are handled much more easily and conveniently than with horses, and were it not for so many bad streets and roads, and severe winters in Canada, the auto-truck would in a large measure supplant haulage by horses in this country.

OH! JUST TO BE YOUNG

By HELEN A. SAXON

Oh! just to be young in the springtime—
What wealth can surpass it?
One's joy in wild blossoming things—
The flight of soft fluttering wings—
Each little new blade as it springs,
Unspoken but so sweet!

Oh, just to be happy and vagrant
When maple buds thicken!
To share in the fullness—be part
Of beauty and life as they start—
And feel the old leap of the heart
When violets quicken!

Oh, just for youth's heart in the springtime
When life overflows it
With rapture that cannot be told—
With rapture no other years hold—
Alas that one has to grow old
Or ever he knows it!

A Greater Sense of Our Responsibility

Is What from a Business Standpoint Our School System Should Teach. Duty of the Nation to Its Youth is to Awaken their Powers and Direct Their Minds into Proper Channels.

By George R. Wallace.

I HAVE come to the conclusion after some years in the teaching profession and since in business, both as employer and employee, also from some study of the matter as written upon by others and much consultation with business men and practical educators, that the admitted fault of our modern educational system from the business man's standpoint is not in the material used nor in the system employed, though here is where all reforms have begun and ended.

The fault is really something indefinable. It is seen in the results rather than in the operation of the educational system. The complaint made is that the graduates of schools cannot spell, figure or write; nor, in fact, do any practical work to satisfaction. Now the graduates of the schools prove their inability, not because they cannot spell or add, but because they do not see the necessity for absolute accuracy nor the inevitable connection between good work and good compensation—in which compensation the greatest factor is satisfaction to the worker. They can spell well enough, add accurately, and write legibly if they would only obey orders and persevere in distasteful details. Any business man could make an invaluable helper of the average school-boy if, with a mere knowledge of the rudimentary processes, he had the faculty for being trained.

The purpose of education from a business standpoint is two-fold. It should fit the educated for service to others and fit him for service to himself.

The material used should be such

rudiments as give power to find and interpret the results of the centuries of civilized thought and apply them to the problems of life, detailed and general, that arise. To expect that a child shall have done in miniature every "sum" of life and have a ready-made solution is absurd; but to expect him to have the materials with which to make a solution is quite just. (To give him ability is beyond human power.) Upon this foundation may be built such further structure as can be afforded by the individual.

The system used should imbue the pupil with a sense of the necessity for absolute accuracy, order, legibility in work, attention to the following of orders, initiative within the scope given by position or limitations (which is obedience to discipline of others), perseverance under stress of weariness or dislike to occupation (which is obedience to discipline of self.)

In its operation the system should instill principles that will guide into right channels the forces aroused, and turn the given weapon or instrument into useful channels. To teach an individual to read may place in his hands a weapon dangerous to society and to himself, unless such tendencies are developed as will insure as far as possible that the individual will use this power for good and not for evil. The material and the system should show moral character as an asset of first value in service to the public, as well as to self. The present day demands an honest measure and a just weight as first requisites for success. The system of education should teach

the pupil to compete with self and neither be jealous or disdainful of others; and herein the past and even the present system have erred most seriously; the bitterness and strife and envy of mature life too often result from grounding and instilling of these despicable characteristics in the striving for class honors in the schools. The successful teacher of the future day will punish "successful dishonesty" and be more harsh with slothful or disorderly genius than with faithful stupidity. Personal character in a teacher is already considered of great worth, because of the indelible imprint it places upon the plastic characters of those under the teacher's control; supplemented by a system that in its operation exhibits the highest type of government (namely—that which places the governed in a position to no longer require govern-

ment) it would correct all the faults of present day education.

It is not a heaping on of material nor a perfecting of systems of teaching that is needed from a business standpoint—these are really under good guidance—what is required is a thorough teaching of rudiments under a system the operation of which will arouse the practical sense of responsibility to others and to self, awake the powers and give them tools with which to work, while turning their activities into proper channels. To assist the pupils further is a work that should not be imposed on the State: it may be pursued with profit (perhaps) and pleasure by those whose time and money permit. But such education as is outlined above is the duty of the nation to every one of its youth.

GENIUS.

That power that dazzles mortal eyes
Is oft but perseverance in disguise.
Continued effort of itself implies
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.

'Twixt failure and success, the point's so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
Just when the pearl was waiting one more plunge,
How many a struggler has thrown up the sponge.

No real fall as long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man rise.
There's no defeat in truth, save from within,
Unless you're beaten there you're bound to win.

—Henry Austin.

Who Stole the Organizer's Handbag?

How an Innocent Scribe was an Object of Suspicion for Several Months During a Pierce Political Campaign and Barely Escaped the Clutches of the Law.

By F. H. Dobbs, Illustrated by W. F. Ralph

IT was that delicious half-hour after the paper had gone to press.

The news staff lounged around in easy attitudes. To-day's paper was a thing of the past and to-morrow a long way off. The knife-hacked table was littered with a debris of proofs, clippings and discarded copy which no one offered to clear away. The hump, hump of the duplex press came through the building with a subdued shudder as the cylinders took the impression. The ruck and clamor of the route and newsboys had ceased, and through the open window came the tinkling of a hammer as the tinsmith across the alley rounded up the rim of a boiler. It was good to be there, resting where the strenuous work of the day was shut out of sight and emerged in a recollection of many days similar.

The sporting man was making one more search in his private drawer for a cherished Harry K. Thaw cigar, a gift from a city friend. The sporting man had been saving it as a souvenir but some fiend, lacking soul and sentiment, had swiped it. At the recollection of such perversion of friendship and greed of opportunity the s.m. grumbled afresh, nor was he mollified when told that precedent and practice both admonished that a cigar should be smoked on the spot and not hoarded. Scoops for the paper had been noted, scoops against ignored, and as the fire of jocular recrimination ran low the voice of the city editor broke in.

"You fellows made a close squeak of it in that under suspicion article.

We'll have to be careful. Just now the law is being pulled over with the object of protecting the great public against the papers. Papers up west had to back up a cool five thousand to settle the alleged damages after the gentle defendant got free."

"But this," said the police reporter, "is a sure thing. It was taken from the blotter at the police office. The chief wrote it himself. If we are wrong, so are the police."

"That's just your innocence, sonny," was the reply. "If the police were held accountable for everything they do that is not exactly verified, then we would not have policemen, for no man would take the risks at the salary. The law protects the policeman, even if he does make a mistake, but it doesn't the paper that prints the mistake after the policeman perpetrates it. The law says we have no blamed business, until the case, whatever it may be, is proved, to print anything. Once proved we have the facts. All else is only suspicion or surmise except in some case where the offender is taken red-handed, so to speak.

"Suspicion is suspicion only and utterly useless as a foundation for an action and risky for an arrest. I was under suspicion myself for about four months and came mighty near being arrested and juggled. Only my well-known probity and general austerity and the fact that my clothes weren't too good for the walk in life to which I had been called kept the claws of the law off."

and the city editor, who was one of the most genial of men, smiled. The staff guffawed in chorus.

"Think I'll tell you of it, as an object lesson, and ever since I have been slow in jumping to conclusions. Sort of keeps the brake on a man's inclination to take things as they seem.

Along in '85 or '86, I forget which, I was doing time on a country weekly, decent paper, put up a good sheet. I had been working at the press end of the business and cultivated reporting on the side. Presently I was picked up to manage the concern in getting out the work, looking after orders and writing local stuff on off days, a fair enough contract with no time to spare. I made a lot of friends in the place and stood well with business men, though I was a Tory working on a Grit sheet. That didn't count as I had nothing to do with the political stuff for the paper or the iniquities of the blamed party. Some of the hottest Reformers always looked on me as a sort of wolf in sheep's clothing, and didn't like it.

In the fall of the year, about November, we began to get ready for an election, for the local house, if I remember right. The boss was a whale at elections and just laid into it, column after column, in great shape. As usual, in these country places, he was the lock, stock and barrel of the party gun. Little went on that he was not consulted about. His political belief seemed to him a sort of religion. That's where what happened struck him hard.

The campaign was in full swing and the paper was getting in some great licks—we referred to the opposition candidate as a respectable ironmonger, he being in the hardware business, and were dishing up pretty hot stuff, when about the end of the month (polling day was fixed for first week in December) a caucus of the faithful was held at the office and a stranger turned up and

joined the conclave. All along I'd kept as close as an oyster, minding my own business and doing no talking, though the whole printing business of that side of the campaign was going through my hands. I learned that the new comer was the organizer for the Grit party, a sort of political John the Baptist, with a dispensation and a wad. His name was Hilton, and he carried a bag, fairly big and corpulent. The conference over, he left early in the afternoon, drove to a village at the other side of the riding, where he stayed all night.

The next day was Thursday. On Thursday night we went to press, and being a weekly and wanting to get in the latest stuff, we worked to all hours before through. Just as the boss and I were going off to tea the organizer drove up to the door and said he was on his way to the station to catch the evening train for Toronto, due to go through at 6.15. The boss persuaded him to wait, to go and have supper and to stay all night, making the city next morning. So Hilton got out of the sleigh to walk home with the boss. He was reaching for the black hand bag when the boss suggested that it might as well be expressed on to the city at once, instead of lugging it about. Grabbing an office tag he addressed it to the organizer's city address, tied it to the satchel and told me to see that it went forward on the jump. I hunted up one of the boys, packed him off with the grip, went home, came back and ran off the paper, as usual.

Next day the boss got a telegram that made him sit up and take notice. "Where's my handbag. Not here," it said. As the bag had been left in my care I was expected to make good. I then learned, for the first time, that the bag held a whooping lot of political thunder, all the organizer's papers and a lot of stuff that if it fell into the hands of the enemy would be nuts for the Tories and compromise the party to which it belonged. The boy was called

WHO STOLE THE ORGANIZER'S HANDBAG?

and put through his facings. He vowed that he had taken the bag to the express office and left it on the counter. Said he saw no one at the time but thought a man was at back of the shop firing up a stove. Couldn't say who it was. That and nothing more. Clearly the boy could not help me out.

The express people filed a blank. Had no record. Never saw the blamed bag. Knew nothing of it. Scouted the idea of any responsibility. Had no entry or way bill. Good as said I was a "liar." Would have said so in fact and taken steps to prove it only it happened that the agent of the company, who did some insurance on the side, had in his hands an application which he had fished out of me, for some insurance and didn't wish to lose it.

Early in the evening along came another wire as hot as they make them. "Get that grip here. No fooling," was the song. Things getting serious. The organizer was crippled wanting his ammunition and papers, and before the telegraph office closed down we had a couple more, one of which, I afterwards learned, demanded my arrest and prosecution for larceny or theft, whichever was the worst and carried with it the heaviest penalty. A hurried meeting of the leaders of the party was called for the next morning and the thing talked over. Some of the hottest demanded for me transportation for life, only stipulating that the shipment be early and the destination as remote as possible. Others said that the thing to do was to shake me until my boots fell off and I disgorged the plunder. However, a couple of friends of mine appeared, said they felt that even if the bag had disappeared, I was not guilty. They were promptly sat on and told that they were weaker vessels and accomplices. All this I found out afterwards but had no inkling of it at the time.

The boss, to his credit, had stood my friend, but even he began to wobble. I could see that he was

slightly worried and bothered with the jangling that he was getting from his political allies. He and I talked the thing over until we were tired and ready to fight, he ready to sack me and I ready to go. But we stopped short of that. In the



"A stranger turned up."

afternoon a delegation of three came to the office. The boss went out and the triumvirate put me through the fifth degree. They begged me to own up, to call the thing a joke and to bring out the bag. By Jove! I wished I could. Of course I couldn't produce the thing,

and said so. Then they threatened, and at that I fired up and got good and mad. By George, there are some things a fellow won't stand for, and I told them there was a special Gebenna for such as they, and consigned the three to the place. I defied either to make a move to have me arrested, and I sent the office boy for a friend of mine, a Tory lawyer, and shoved him into the fuss. He affecting to be righteously indignant, gave them a coffer of a roast. Gee, it was great. First bit of satisfaction I'd had for three days. The net results of the conference was five pretty mad men, of which I was one. My lawyer friend lost his temper and said a whole raft of things about the enemy that stung and they were almost ready to lick him.

Next day the organizer came back. Wasn't he mad. He gave the boss a piece of his mind and then got ready to wire into me, but by that time I was getting used to the situation and wasn't so abjectly on the apologetic as I had been. I had my lawyer come in, before the organizer got started to flay me alive, which he evidently wished to do. The lawyer wouldn't let me say anything, which was quite to my taste, and pulling out a formidable looking document served notice on

Hilton that he had plunged himself into the delights of a suit for slander, that there were witnesses that he was barking up the wrong tree and a whole lot of hot talk, besides.

Do you know, I did not blame Hilton very much. He and his friends firmly believed that I had swiped the bag, and sent it to the city to the headquarters for the Tory party, and, when they looked into the papers each day they expected to find in print such stuff as the bag contained, and which I judged by this time must have been of some considerable importance. He stayed around the rest of the day, saw the political friends, held some conferences, but no one would

take the responsibility of going so far as to have me charged with the theft of the bag, for fear that, if the case failed of proof, I might come back on the layer of the charge for damages, and of course, the committee, not being incorporated, could not lay the charge as a whole.

Gradually the excitement simmered down, but I could see that I was the object of a thundering lot of auspicion and distrust. Gee, but I was uncomfortable. Didn't go to church, missed many a game at the curling rink, shirked lodge and was looked on as a black sheep generally. Even the Tories, while on the whole, the party might profit by the general racket, were disposed to consider me a sneak and a traducer in the house of my friends.

Polling day came, and as if in just retribution, the Tories were whaled out of their boots. This seemed as if in just return for my pusillanimous conduct, so the Grits affirmed, and that settled it. They said that such dastardly practices inherent in Tories—would do no good, and faith they had the result to blow about. Clearly my cake was dough. I felt that I would better get out—and leave the mystery—for it was so to me—unsolved and to remain one of those things no fellow can understand. The boss objected. I was useful, and he said that the only bit of business comfort he had in his business life was, while I was with him, but the whole blamed town was suspicious and about a brigade of them resentful. Even the women took a hand and made remarks that set a fellow's teeth on edge.

About the middle of the following month we had one of those congenial January thaws, culminating in heavy rain, falling at its worst just as we were shutting up shop. The boss and I lived along the same street and generally went home together. I had an umbrella, he nothing but a light overcoat. As he had

the farthest to go I offered him the parasol but he declined. I told him that on the sale in his room—the editorial room—was a waterproof that belonged to the canvasser, Gardiner, left there some time before, and that he might as well wear the garment and bring it back in the morning. The boss stepped in to get the coat, lifted it up to put it on and there in the corner, on the top of the safe, under the waterproof, was the organizer's bag, locked and all its political thunder mate and still. The boss let a yell and we both whistled. Talk of puzzles. Here was tangible evidence of a lack of housecleaning and tidiness, for the coat had lain on top of the safe, to my knowledge, for nearly six weeks. Of course, we could not surmise how the grip came there, but called in the canvasser and put him through his facings. Was the coat his? Certainly. When did he put it there? He couldn't say, prob-

Thought he did, was not sure, but didn't remember. Anyway, he was not going to be lugged into the thing, if he knew himself, and he



"The boss went out and the trimmings put on through the third degree."

thought he did. Nothing definite in all this, and the general impression was that I had brought back the bag, put it where it was found and covered it up. So help me, Jeff Davis, I had not done so.

Now, if you fellows will dig back into such minds as you have you may recollect of some transaction that failed of explanation at the time but afterwards was cleared up on a perfectly reasonable basis. I'm no Sherlock Holmes, and I haven't the gift of divination, and I didn't make heroic efforts to unravel the tangle, but it unravelled itself. Most things come to those who wait—if they wait in the right place and long enough. It was six months before the thing cleared itself, and in so simple a way that we all laughed consumedly. And here is the story:

I told you of the express office. All along I felt sure that the trouble began in that confounded shack, for there the bag was left and there it disappeared. Well, among the clerks or hands at this office was a young chap named Sanders. He'd been there for a couple of years and



"Lifted up one of the boys and peered him off with the grip."

ably some weeks ago. He left it there, knew it was there but didn't need it. Did he see the grip there when he slammed down the coat?

about the time of the concussion he made application for an express run, preferring that to office work. He got it, and he got me into trouble. Sure thing I haven't forgiven him. Not being thoroughly weaned to staying away he would drop off to run over to the house to see the folks, between trains.

On the fateful evening that he left the train, he called at the express office to pass a word with the old hands, but found no one there. Seeing the bag on the counter, and getting a glimpse of the newspaper's name on the tag, (the Toronto address was written on the blank side) he grabbed the confounded thing and, seeing from where he stood that the printing office was lit up, he walked over with the bag in his hand. Being Thursday night the front door was open. No one was there. He walked in, threw the bag in the corner on top of the safe and went off home. He passed out

of the place on the next train and was in a distant part of the country during the fuss, and in fact, did not get back until the late spring. Now look at the oddity of the situation. In comes the canvasser, getting off the 6.15 train, goes to the office to report, finds it empty, sheds his waterproof, slams it on top of the bag on top of the safe and leaves the limits. It froze up the next morning, and he did not, as he had said, require the garment, and let it stay where it was.

In justice to myself we printed a paragraph, but it wasn't received with applause. To-day there are those who firmly believe that I was a knave and a villain of rare accomplishment and that I should, at least, have been hanged, drawn and quartered.

So don't be too ready to do things on the strength of suspicion. I've had my lesson and I don't forget.

Let us go and eat.



In the corner on top of the safe, under waterproof, was the organizer's bag belted and all its thunder made still.

A Police Force That is a Credit to Canada

The Part Which the Royal North West Mounted Constables Play in Preserving Law and Order in the West. Early History, Duties and Qualifications of This Splendid Body of Trained Men.

IT is a wonderful fact that throughout the vast prairie lands of Canada and throughout the length and breadth of the unorganized Territories that stretch from the shores of Hudson's Bay to the boundary of Alaska, life and property are as safe as in any city of the realm, and law and order just as efficiently enforced. This fact is one that is universally recognized. It is a part of the good name that has grown up with the Dominion, part of a prestige of immeasurable value attaching to the country. Nobody ever thinks of associating lawlessness and crime with any district in Canada.

Sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors, explorers—none of these men ever give a second thought to the possibility of molestation when on a journey in the wilds of Canada. Settlers on the prairies, be they ever so far from town or railway, know themselves to be as safe as in any part of the civilized world. Newcomers ask all sorts of questions and make all sorts of investigations before settling down to homesteading in new and lonely districts on the prairie, and one of the most serious of all the questions that weigh with them is how far they will be from a doctor. The men so not mind. It is the women. They hate to be many miles from a doctor, and so serious a factor is this in settling, people on the land that the Canadian Pacific Railway at one time had a whole series of subsidized doctors dotted about in the homesteading regions of Western Canada.

Such points as these the majority of settlers are very particular about, but nobody ever thinks of asking: "Is it quite safe to go so far away from

the organized communities?" People regard perfect safety in these regions as a matter of course, and their confidence is never misplaced.

How is it that a good name of such magnificent moral influence attaches to Canada?

It is because throughout the immense regions of the Northwest law and order and justice are enforced for white and red man alike, by what, without exaggeration, has been described as "the finest organized mounted body devoted to police duty in existence"—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Often has the prowess of the Mounted Police been related in story and song, but not a tithe has been told of what these men have done in blazing the trail for civilization, and in inspiring fear and respect for authority in that part of the world in which they hold sway. Long ago the Indians learned, through these men, the iron power of British justice; long ago the lawless elements among whites and half-breeds learned through the same medium its relentlessness. Their scarlet tunics have become the symbol of the Empire's might; so greatly to be feared and respected that a single member of the force has been known in the early days to go into a band of bloodthirsty Indians, fresh from the warpath, or into a company of white or half-breed thieves and murderers, and place the leader of the band under arrest. And what is more, he has marched him to where two horses were standing, and ridden off with him to the nearest post of the Mounted Police, perhaps one hundred miles away, without a hand being raised in attempted rescue

or in attack upon the representative of England's King or Queen, as the case might be, for, as the saying went in those remote places: "If you shoot or stick a knife into a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, you are doing the same thing to the entire British nation and the English will follow you to the ends of the earth and punish you."

The origin of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police dates back to 1873. Three years prior to that the Province of Manitoba had been established by the Wolseley Expedition, and a garrison was then located at the spot then called Fort Garry, but now known as Winnipeg. Beyond this fort on the Red River the country was practically unknown. Over the plains roamed Indians to the number of 40,000 or 50,000, and the buffalo by the hundreds of thousands, while such white men and half-breeds as were in the country were mostly of a desperate character, and a law unto themselves. When, therefore, the Wolseley forces were withdrawn, the Dominion found itself in need of a body of regular troops to keep possession of the country acquired, and it was this need which resulted in the formation of the Mounted Police Force.

NUCLEUS OF THE FORCE.

The nucleus of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was gathered in Manitoba in the fall of 1873, under command of Lieut.-Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had shown much aptitude and done splendid work for Canada in the organization of its artillery schools, and who arrived in Canada fresh from Australia, where he had won distinction and had been retired from the Imperial Army as a major-general. The remainder of the newly-organized force was recruited in Toronto, the entire force at that time numbering only 300. The force proceeded by railway to Fargo in June, 1874, and made a march to Dufferin of 170 miles as a foretaste of their work.

Then the force immediately started on a bold expedition through the

heart of a hostile country, inhabited by Indians and many white desperadoes. With two field pieces and two mortars, and relying solely on their own transport train for supplies, they marched 800 miles westward through an unknown country, until they reached the Rocky Mountains. Here Fort Macleod was established, in the very heart of the Blackfoot country, where no white man's life was safe. Another force was sent northward to Edmonton, among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back, crossing the plains to Fort Pelly, and then to Dufferin. The thermometer, which had stood at 100 degrees in the shade, when they left Dufferin, marked 30 degrees below zero on their return. In four months to a day the force had travelled 1,959 miles.

This expedition had two great objects in view. One was to stop the sale to Indians of the liquor which kept them in a chronic state of devility. The other was to establish friendly relations with the Indians. In both of these objects the expedition was most successful. Though not entirely stopped, the sale of liquor to the Indians was greatly diminished, while the Indians became convinced that these men in scarlet coats meant what they said when they declared they were friends, and would see that other Indians and white men also gave them justice. As one Indian chief said to Col. Macleod, of the expedition: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

The Indians were given a general idea of the laws, told that these were for white man and Indian alike, and that they need fear no punishment except when they had done wrong. They were assured that their lands would not be taken from them, and that treaties would be made, which would be respected, which promises, faithfully kept, have saved Canada from many costly wars in which hundreds of white persons would have lost their lives.

For a long time the chief work of the force consisted in managing the

Indians, in acting for them as arbiters and protectors, in reconciling them to the coming of the whites, and in protecting the surveyors who had already begun to parcel out the country and to explore routes for railways.

When the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun, the duties of the force took on a wider scope. There came an influx of camp followers, gamblers, thieves, and other scum of the Western border into the country. The police were not only compelled to administer justice and keep this dangerous element in order, but also to maintain law among the thousands of laborers who were employed in the construction of the railway. Good work was also done in preventing strikes.

Then, with the rapid influx of settlers, the Police became responsible for the lives and property scattered over 375,000 square miles. Trading posts developed into towns and new centres of population came into existence, while cattlemen established themselves with their herds along the base of the mountains. The buffalo began to disappear with the coming of the white settlers, and the Indians, deprived of their chief source of food, became dissatisfied and unruly, thus adding to the cares of the police. Attacks were made by Indians on other tribes and on white men, but in each instance, the police, small though the force was, perhaps only one or two men being at some of the minor posts, did not hesitate to arrest the offender, no matter if he was in his own camp and surrounded by dozens, hundreds or thousands of his tribe, and take him away to the nearest post where a commanding officer of the police was located, for the purpose of having his guilt or innocence established, for the officers of the police sat as magistrates and dispensed justice. Many a brave policeman, or "constable," as they are usually termed, has lost his life in the performance of duty, for while he could have killed his assailant had he decided not to "take chances," yet the rules of the force requiring every effort to be exhaust-

ed before a resort to force was made stayed his hand until too late.

By 1882 such progress had been made in the settlement of the country through the entry of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that it became necessary to enlarge the force to 500. Permanent headquarters were established at Regina, substantial barracks, instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, being erected. The Riel Rebellion gave the police plenty of work, twelve men being killed and an equal number wounded in the first engagement with the rebels at Duck Lake. Immediately after the outbreak the force was increased to 1,000. A few years after it was again increased, this time to 1,100, which marks the greatest strength it has ever attained.

PRESENT STRENGTH.

At the present time the strength of the Mounted Police is about 650, of whom 376 are stationed in Alberta, 277 in Saskatchewan, 32 in the Northwest Territories, and between 90 and 100 in the Yukon Territory. There are no Mounted Police in that vast unorganized territory in Eastern Canada known as Ungava, but the question of extending the jurisdiction of the force over that region is already being seriously considered, and it is not improbable that in the near future a detachment of the force will be stationed there.

The headquarters of the force are now at Regina, and there are also large barracks in other places, notably at Calgary, where they form one of the sights of the place. Posts are scattered all over the region under jurisdiction, some of them as at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, being 700 miles from any other post, while in other cases, as on the road from White Horse to Dawson, they are not more than twenty miles apart. In some places these consist only of a couple of loghuts, from which the policeman patrols his district, visiting settlers, obtaining information of every kind that may seem to be of value to the Government, such as the condition of the crops, cattle, etc.;

news of any violation of the law, either by theft, assault, the sale of liquor without authority, etc. Where crime is committed the police never rest until they have caught the guilty party, and many a time have they followed the trail of a criminal for months. On such criminal hunts they have covered thousands of miles, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes by portage and canoe, and sometimes on snowshoes, with dog teams to carry provisions. Such excursions into the wilds have meant the greatest hardships, but whatever be the demands on their pluck and endurance, the police never dream of giving up the chase until they have the handcuffs on the guilty party.

"I might here observe," says Commissioner Perry, in a report only made a few weeks ago, "that whether in bringing relief to isolated settlers in bitter cold and over the deep snow of the open plains, carrying mail to distant Hudson's Bay posts, to the Arctic seas or to detachments interned in Northern British Columbia, or hurrying to the relief of unfortunate persons in remote parts, our men do not fail us. They undertake the work with cheerfulness, and carry it out indifferent to difficulties and hardships."

PIONEER ROAD MAKERS.

The police are, too, the pioneers in road-making, their latest work in this respect being the construction of a trail from Edmonton to Dawson, a distance of nearly 2,000 miles, through the Peace River country. This section is indescribably rough and difficult of access, it having been necessary to cut a path through the primeval forest, ford deep and swift-moving rivers, scale steep mountain sides, and make their way through heavy grass and weeds and across lakes where at times it seemed impossible to get through or across. The difficulty of constructing this trail may be understood when it is said that three years have been occupied in making it.

Its importance lies in the fact that it is the only overland route between Central Canada and the Yukon Territory. As such it is not only of immense value to trappers and traders, miners and others, but it is a great military asset inasmuch as it gives connection with Dawson without passing through United States territory.

It will thus be seen that the duties of the police are not confined to criminal matters. They take a great part in preserving game, and they often give assistance to struggling settlers in out-of-the-way places, either in the sowing of grain, the erection of a log cabin, the search for missing horses or cattle, or aiding in whatever way may be possible those who are seeking to help in the building up and general prosperity of the country.

Not long ago the duties of sailors were added to the many calls upon the police, a detachment being sent to patrol Hudson's Bay in steamboats and assert the authority of the Dominion over the whaling fleets. As a result of this new duty, a division is now quartered at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, where the men have, with their own hands, erected a comfortable post, consisting of officers' quarters, men's quarters, guard room and storehouse. The logs that were used were cut at a considerable distance from the post, part being floated down the Churchill River, in the summer, and part being hauled in by dog teams during the winter months.

In the eye of the law, the force is a purely civil body, its officers under the law being magistrates, and the non-commissioned officers and privates, constables. Its internal economy and drill, however, is that of a mounted infantry regiment, so far as circumstances will allow.

SPLENDID MEN ENGAGED.

From the very first a high prestige has attached to the force, and its success has been due in a large measure to the splendid quality of the men engaged. The standard was set by such as Major-General Sir George French, K.C.M.G., under whom the force was organized; Major Walsh, who estab-

lished a reputation for great courage and firmness in his dealings with the Indians, and more especially in his treatment of the Sioux Chief, "Sitting Bull," and Colonel S. B. Steele, C.B., who joined the force at the start and accompanied it on its march to the Rocky Mountains. To Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, who became Prime Minister of Canada in the same year, in which the nucleus of the force was gathered, and who took the keenest interest in its subsequent organization, is due no small measure of its success. His Government authorized the Mounted Police before they set out to take possession of the Northwest, to put into force a law for the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic and never was a law more abundantly justified by results than was that one.

Major-General French subsequently had a brilliant military career in England and Australia, and he retired on full pay in September, 1902. Col. Steele did distinguished service with the Mounted Police until 1899, when, as commander of Lord Strathcona's corps, he went to South Africa and served in the Boer War. He was there given command of a regiment, and subsequently the command of the "B" Division of the South African Constabulary, a force modelled on the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. He now commands the Military District No. 11 in Canada.

The affairs of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are managed by a distinct department of the Government at Ottawa, the permanent civil subordinate head being the Hon. Frederick White, whose official title is Controller of the Force, and who, as secretary of Sir John Macdonald more than thirty-five years ago, was one of the chief movers in the establishment of the force. The executive command is held by Commissioner A. B. Perry, who holds the rank of Major and whose headquarters are at Regina. To assist him there is

an assistant commissioner, ten superintendents, thirty-five inspectors, six surgeons and a veterinary surgeon.

The rank and file have to pass the most rigid examinations as to their physical and mental fitness. Recruits must be between the ages of 22 and 40, of sound constitution, and must produce a certificate of exemplary character. They must be able either to read and write the English or French language and be able to ride well. Married men are not enlisted. The minimum height for recruits is 5 feet 8 inches, the minimum chest measurement 35 inches, and the maximum weight 175 pounds. The enlistment is for five years. The punishment for violations of the rules of the force are exceedingly severe. For instance, for the infraction of any of the following rules a sentence of one month's pay as a fine and one year's imprisonment at hard labor may be imposed. For oppressive or tyrannical conduct toward any inferior; intoxication, however slight; directly or indirectly receiving any gratuity without the commissioner's sanction, or any bribe; wearing any political emblem or otherwise manifesting political partisanship; divulging anything which should be kept secret; communicating anything to the press respecting the force, either directly or indirectly, without the commissioner's permission; using any cruel, harsh or unnecessary violence to a prisoner or other person.

As pay, the Controller receives \$1,000 a year; the commissioner, \$2,400; assistant commissioner, \$1,600; superintendents and surgeons \$1,400; and inspectors, \$1,000, with quarters, rations, fuel, etc. A staff sergeant's pay is from \$1.50 to \$2 per day; corporals, \$1.10 to \$1.25 per day, and privates 60 cents per day for the first year's service, with an increase of five cents per day until the ninth year is reached.

Principle of Profit Sharing in Business

Early History of the Movement and its Development. A Skilled Formula in the New Code of Social Economy. Its Application as a Solution to Problem of Labor vs. Capital. Method of Operation

By Paul C. Lavelle

FROM time almost immemorial, the social question of Capital and Labor has been the subject of deep thought in the commercial and industrial world. Governments have attempted to pass legislation in hope of effecting its satisfactory solution. Religious authorities have also become greatly interested in the conflict and, from time to time, the pulpit and the press have offered most commendable advice.

Canada has not remained behind time in the study of this subject; and as early as in 1889 Sir J. A. Chapleau, then Secretary of State, delegated Mr. Jules Helbronner to the Paris Exhibition, with instructions to study and report the work of a royal commission then and there instituted for the purpose of investigating this social question.

In 1879, Traders and Manufacturers, in France, had organized themselves into an association. One of the main objects of this society was to study the practical workings of "Profit-sharing" between employers and employees in the commercial and industrial enterprises.

The result of this investigation (published in various of their reports) proved to be so much in favor of profit-sharing that in order to spread the knowledge of its great advantages, and extend its use, this French society undertook the immense work and went to the great expense of organizing two international conventions: in 1889, pre-

sided by Mr. Chas. Robert; and in 1900, presided by Mr. Paul Delombre, the present head of the Society.

Every three months, the French Association publishes "The Bulletin of Profit-sharing," a journal containing the names of those who have adopted the principle, the different forms of its application, and full report of their meetings.

For the purpose of development, I propose to divide this subject into five parts, viz., Origin and development of profit sharing; Its objects and purposes; contradictory opinions upon the subject; Various methods of distributing profits; Practical results and conclusions.

Profit-sharing between employer and employee is not an innovation. It is recognized that success in many cases depends upon the good will, work and judgment of employees and that in most of them they have received, directly or indirectly, a share in the gain. In a work entitled "Profit-sharing of Labor," from the pen of a well-known French economist, Mr. Chas. Robert, it is related that a writing dated 1671 and entitled "Judgment of Orleans, Usages and Customs of the Sea," by Cléveaz, "Seamen received their salary part in money and part in the profits."

Cabmen, not proprietors of their hacks, receive generally one-third of their daily earnings. Advertising agents, if I mistake not, receive also a salary and a certain percentage for their work. It is easy to

conclude that managers of large establishments as well as proprietors of same have no real opposition to profit-sharing. They are simply indifferent. To interest them, we need now but to prove through examples all its merits and advantages.

If we consider profit-sharing from an historical point of view, leaving aside farming and sea-fishing, we notice that it was founded in France in 1842, and during the following years by Edm. Jean Leclair, in Paris. He was soon followed by Edmund Laroche Joubert at Angoulême, and by François Bartholémy in the Orleans Railway. This reform appeared to take a new impetus at the time of the French Revolution, when it was established by Messrs. Laurent & Dubernay, in their type foundry, then in the General Insurance Co., in 1850, and in the Union Insurance towards 1854.

A brief biographical sketch of Jean Leclair, the originator of profit-sharing, would, no doubt, interest your readers. Born in 1801, when 17 years of age started in life as an apprentice in a paint shop. He was a master painter at 20. Two years later he began to undertake large contracts in his line of work. In 1838 he organized a benevolent and savings society amongst his workmen and brought profit-sharing into practice in 1842. A fact worthy of note is that Jean Leclair's humanist career was somewhat checked by the representatives of law and order in France. The Parisian police authorities even refused him the privilege of calling meetings of his own workmen for the purpose of discussing how the profits realized from his own enterprises should be divided between himself and his employees. The workmen themselves, misled by a journal called "L'Atelier," accused him of scheming for the purpose of lowering salaries. Mistrusting his straightforward intentions, they expressed their doubts as to the good

faith of the proposed payment of their shares of profits.

Jean Leclair overcame these difficulties in a masterly way. It was in 1842. Having finished his inventory in 1841, he got his workmen together and throwing a bag of gold upon the table he proceeded to give each one his share of profits, the total of which amounted to \$2,377. In spite of opposition from the State and even from his own workmen, Jean Leclair originated profit-sharing or industrial co-partnership. Great benevolent enterprises, like great thoughts, come from the heart of man. The Leclair House has done for profit-sharing in France, what the "Equitable Pioneers" of Rochdale did for the Consumers' Co-operative Association in England. From that time this Capital and Labor reform grew into practice, notably in the period raging from 1864 to 1870. In 1865 it was used by the Bord Piano Factory. After the events of 1870-71 a number of French industrial and commercial houses adopted it, notably, the "Chaix Printing" establishment and the "Bon Marche Store." From France, it went into Switzerland where it was inaugurated by Messrs. Billeon & Isaac. Profit-sharing next found its way in the coal mining districts of England, where it succeeded for a time and then had a sensational check in its career. In this case the failure was due to three main causes:

1. The influence brought to bear against it by trades unions.
2. The inability of workmen to understand (through lack of education, instruction and sufficient preparation) the full meaning of profit-sharing, its advantages and their own interests.
3. Some administrative measures more or less opportune or justifiable brought to bear by the Mining Co., of which Messrs. Briggs were the managers.

Mr. Leclair, more prudent than Messrs. Briggs, had always avoided great publicity. He foresaw that

if a strong wind would precipitate a conflagration, so would a breath extinguish the spark.

A few years afterwards Mr. Sedley Taylor, by his writings and by his lectures, brought about a reaction against the Briggs' failure. The great success of profit-sharing in France and Mr. Taylor's efforts brought back faith in the method. To-day industrial partnership is strong and flourishing in many English enterprises, particularly at the "Carleton Iron Works," "Blundell, Spence Co." of London, "N. Thompson & Sons," Huddersfield, "Columbo Iron Works," London, "Hepburn Co.," Colliumpton.

The writings of Sedley Taylor have carried in England and in the United States the true facts, the combinations, the regulations and the statutes of profit-sharing which have been received and used by a number of American houses. The first, "Houghton & Co.," in 1872; the second, "Peace, Dale Co.," in 1878; the third, "Rand McNally & Co.," of Chicago, and then by thirty others, among them being "Stats Zeitung," New York, "Ara Crushman Co.," Auburn, "W. E. Fette," Boston, "N. O. Nelson," St. Louis, Missouri, "Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.," Stamford.

As to its extension in other countries we have the following dates: Alsace, 1847; Mecklenburg, 1847; Prussia, 1854; Russia, 1852; Bavaria, 1866; Hesse, 1866; Switzerland, 1867; Saxony, 1869; Denmark, 1870; Belgium, 1872; Italy, 1873; Holland, 1880; Austria-Hungary, 1881; Portugal, 1888.

Profit-sharing is not a universal and infallible remedy for all evils. It is not the "opus operatum," having a miraculous or magical effect such as we often notice in "patent medicines" advertisements. It is a skillful formula in the new code of social economy. The fruitful action, very often, depends on the condition of the patient, of his good will and of the professional ability of the doctor.

The disease to be cured is the precarious situation of the modern workman, the passion which sometimes excites him into a feverish frenzy. The doctor is very often the employer, and among them we find a variety of opinions as to the value of the medicine or the opportunity of applying it.

Some of those who at first rejected profit-sharing as a useless innovation now adopt it as the only solution of the problem. Others, who gloried in having first introduced it into practice even in a small way, but who were forced to give it up through unforeseen or unavoidable circumstances, now show the cool indifference of reformers having lost their illusions.

The same condition of things exists, to some extent, amongst the patients. Some laborers listening to the ill-advice of agitators refuse to wait for the yearly dividend; then with the madness of their inflamed imagination see nothing but strikes, boycotting, rest and fight. Others not having patience enough to wait for a yearly dividend risk everything in the hope of immediate gain. Such difficulties have already occurred and will continue to take place until such a time as the laboring classes are sufficiently posted as to the full meaning of profit-sharing. Wherever this commendable reform has met with disfavor, the causes of its failure should be investigated.

Profit-sharing is meant to maintain together two principles apparently much opposed to each other. They are:

1. Suitable security for the workman's interests.
2. Proper authority in the hands of the employers.

Many captains of industry have spent nearly every day of their lives in trying to solve this difficult problem. Profit-sharing should not stand on purely philosophical grounds, but on sound, co-operative principles which would give workmen a real interest in the enterprise.

The increase of salary desired, claimed, and sometimes clamorously demanded, would naturally bring about a proportionate increase in the cost of goods which may cause a reduction in the demand, a loss of trade, and prepare the final ruin of the enterprise.

If, on the other hand, laborers could be induced not to expect the desired increase as the maximum sum required for immediate daily wants or for such savings as they propose to make, industrial and commercial enterprises would be protected against unexpected rises in the cost of goods, competition could be more easily met, and in consequence, an increase of business would fully guarantee the workman's share of profits, as the fruit of success won by their own wise conduct.

Well understood and properly applied profit-sharing could bring into play all the latent energy concentrated in the human will. Otherwise such valuable forces are to a great extent undeveloped and unused for the want of a proper stimulant. Human will, so important in manufacturing industry, is a still larger factor in agriculture where the carelessness and mistakes of one man may cause the waste of enormous quantities of natural energy. For instance, in a shop, a mechanic commanding 15,000 to 20,000 h.p., is in a position to do harm. It is evident, therefore, in such a field of labor success is only possible by the use of sound theory and vigilant practice, and by a combination of the financial interest of both capital and labor. We must not forget that all does not depend on labor, properly speaking, but also in the active good will of the workmen, prompted by sobriety, perseverance, regularity, vigilance and respect for the employer. In fact, we must rely on the full amount of activity given by each man as if the enterprise were his own.

In order to expect good results from profit-sharing the employer's

offer must be sincere, without any thoughts of retaining even a part of what he promised, through false stock-taking or tricky settlement. It is a poor policy to offer much and give very little. Such a case would be disastrous, particularly after a first labor conflict; because poor treaties of peace prepare new wars.

Instead of wasting time in trying to pay employees in premiums, with a fixed price for their personal labor, and in that way prevent them from knowing the general profits obtained either through the commercial part of the enterprise, the ability of the directors, and the good management of the capital, a share of all these advantages should be divided amongst all employees if it is expected that they should all give their individual attention to the success of the house.

On the other hand, employees should accept with carefulness all fair offers coming from their masters. If an employer should abstain from such an offer, he should be informed if his employees are prepared to receive it. All employees should strive by their own good conduct to search the good of profit-sharing. They should gradually gain the confidence and heart of the employer. Too much pressure on their part is of poor policy and may appear to him as an act of intimidation. Let us remember: "We obtain more by kindness than by violence." We can expect a great deal from mutual confidence and satisfaction; at the same time we must take it for granted that the master should know the wishes of his helps, but in principle such a reform should come from the chief who would naturally like to have to his credit the merit of such ideas. Frequent intercourse and meetings between employer and employees are most useful. They tend to destroy prejudice and prevent the gathering of clouds and storms. Profit-sharing is entering two wide fields of action. In one it will remain a permanent and most useful insti-

tution and the other, offering more difficulties and perhaps more glory, is the road leading to the temple of co-operation.

Further contributions on this interesting topic will appear in future issues of the Busy Man's Magazine,

in which the writer will discuss the subject of "Profit-sharing" from the standpoint of "Methods of Distribution," "Contradictory Arguments Against Profit-sharing," "Some of Its Practical Results," and "Arguments for and Against the System."

Common House Fly Disseminates Disease

Far Surpasses the Mosquito in Spreading Germs, and is One of the Greatest Enemies of Mankind. Amount of Danger That he Can Create is Simply Amazing.

THE common house fly is one of the greatest foes of man.

It is a solemn, scientifically ascertained fact that he is. He is one of the worst disseminators of disease known. In spreading evil he so far surpasses the mosquito as to render the needle-beaked insect a negligible quantity by comparison. He thrives where the mosquito would die of inanition. He is omnipresent, and the amount of danger that he can spread over a city absolutely staggers the imagination. With one kick of a hind leg, for instance, he can distribute among men, women, and children one hundred thousand disease-laden germs.

That these amazing facts are true is vouched for by J. Pierpont Morgan, Dr. Albert Vander Veer, Colonel John Y. Cuyler, Dr. Daniel D. Jackson, former Health Officer of the State of New York, and Edward Hatch, Jr., who, as chairman of a committee of which the other gentlemen named are members, some time ago submitted a report to Governor Hughes, in which the results of experiments conducted in relation to the house fly are fully set forth.

"We have caught him with the goods on. He is the great common carrier," said Mr. Hatch, when speaking of the fly.

It is so simple, so comprehen-

sive, so logical that the important conclusions which the committee have reached will undoubtedly raise a stir in sanitary and medical circles. This is how the fly was unmasked:

"Under the direction of Dr. Daniel D. Jackson fly traps were placed this summer on piers, under piers, one block from the river, and so on, around the water front in the various boroughs. Inspectors were detailed to gather the captive flies, which were taken to the laboratory, and the material on the body, mouth and legs of the insects examined.

"To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried was analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South Street this summer was found to be carrying 100,000 fecal bacteria, showing the affinity to dangerous germs of this active medium of dissemination."

Dr. Jackson, who made most of the experiments, declares, solemnly that the flies are responsible for 5,000 of the 7,000 deaths annually in New York from typhoid and other intestinal diseases.

The report urges the Governor to insist upon the enforcement of the laws against pollution, by which means alone the evil can be stamped out.

The Windfall of the Governess

How a Request of 500 Pounds Enabled the Lonely Recipient to Enjoy Life for One Whole Year.

By Gertrude M. Foss, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

I.

A MABEL sat with her chin on her hand, wondering if it was a dream. Only last night it had all been so different. She had sat down to her lonely tea in her usual apathetic mood; she had read the newspaper, propped up against the lamp, from cover to cover; and then her glance had fallen on the agony column; and she had read, with overwhelming surprise, "If Annabel, daughter of the late Edmond Royce, of Sachampton, will communicate with the undersigned, she may hear of something to her advantage.—Newell & York, Solicitors, Chancery Lane."

Could they mean her? And if so, who could possibly know anything to her advantage? The only living relations she knew of were an aunt and cousin who wrote to her regularly at Christmas, Easter, and on her birthday, and then in the spirit of having piously fulfilled a duty. Obviously this advertisement was not connected with them.

Being governess to the daughters of a rich man, she was unwillingly obliged to postpone her visit to the solicitors until late in the afternoon of the following day; and now she had come home bewildered by the strangeness of the news she had received. A schoolfellow of her father had died abroad, and remembering rather late in the day that the daughter of his old friend had been left practically alone in the world, had bequeathed to her five hundred pounds. A small amount, but a fortune in the eyes of Annabel.

She sat far into the night thinking out her plans. Invested, the money would bring in at the most £25 a year, an amount which would make very little difference to her; and she was resolved to have a good time for once in her life—to be young, to enjoy herself, to buy what she fancied, to treat her jaded eye to new scenes, to taste the sweetness of continual change, to surfeit herself with plays and new novels, and perhaps—too wonderful to dwell on except in passing—to go to balls! She was determined to make up, to the best of her ability, for those bleak years which lay behind her, during which, in order to keep herself alive, she had been obliged to cut herself off from all that makes it worth while to be alive. She had never yet been able to experience the joy of living, and after all she would not be losing her chances as a teacher. She had her certificates and testimonials; in a year's time she could return to her old life. She was too excited at the prospect of leaving it to imagine what the return would be like.

The next day was Saturday, and it was a strange coincidence which caused her aunt, Mrs. Pettifer, and her cousin, Muriel, to call upon her in the afternoon. It was a thing they had never done before.

As they entered it struck Annabel that her room was poky and her furniture faded: such is the effect of contrast. She also suddenly remembered that she was verging on thirty.

The age of thirty is always a bugbear to an unmarried woman. Why, has never been explained, since she should then be at the zenith of her

looks and her wisdom. But looks and wisdom don't always mature simultaneously. If they did, men would be in far more danger from feminine wiles.

"We had to come to a wedding near, so we thought we'd run in and see you, dear," explained Muriel, kissing Amabel with her eyes on the looking-glass. "The carriage could not come so far. That wretched cab has knocked me all to bits."

She proceeded to turn up her veil and rearrange her hat; after which she produced a diminutive powder-puff from her purse-bag and artistically powdered her face.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pettifer had launched into a description of the bride's dress and an account of their adventures on the way.

Amabel hardly listened to her. Everything seemed blurred and indistinct to-day. At last she managed to insert her news between two items of information relating to the exorbitance and insolence of cabmen.

"Five hundred pounds!" repeated Mrs. Pettifer, making it sound like so many halfpennies. "How very nice! Quite a little nest-egg! So comforting to know you have that to fall back upon when you are beyond work!"

The prospect did not appeal to Amabel in the least. "I am going to live on it," she faltered.

"Live on it!" repeated Mrs. Pettifer incredulously. "Whatever put such a foolish idea into your head? I never heard of such a thing! Live on it? Why, it will be gone in no time!"

"I daresay it will last a year," said Amabel, failing in her effort to speak carelessly. "I am going to enjoy myself for a year, and after that—I don't care what happens!" There was quavering defiance in her tones.

Muriel, finding that the looking-glass was placed at a very unbecoming angle, had begun to listen to the conversation, and to observe Amabel with the attention she would have bestowed on the furniture if it had been worth noticing.

"I have never had any pleasure like other girls," went on Amabel, pale,

but desperately determined. "I've had all the spirit crushed out of me by work and worry. I am going to give myself a good time with this money."

"I should not think of allowing you to throw it away in this manner," said Mrs. Pettifer. "The improvidence of poor people is shocking!"

"You can't prevent me," replied Amabel, gathering courage as she went. "You never interfered with me when I had no money, and you're not going to meddle now."

"This is gratitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettifer dramatically, waving a fan with a tempestuous movement. "Muriel will you try and instil some sense into your cousin's mind?"

But Muriel, after the manner of petted daughters, basely deserted her mother at this crisis.

"I don't see why Amabel shouldn't enjoy herself if she wants to, mother. It's her own money!" she said. "As she says, she has had a very dull time up to now. What's the good of saving up so that she can have a decent funeral?"

Muriel was a young lady who appreciated the joy of living to its fullest extent; and she had not the slightest objection to seeing other people enjoy themselves so long as they did not interfere with her.

"Don't be silly, Muriel!" said her mother. "It is not a laughing-matter."

"I was quite serious," protested Muriel. "Why can't she come and stay with us for a time? We can introduce her to heaps of people, and she can have a ripping time. She can come abroad with us, too. She pays her own expenses. Wouldn't you like to come, Amabel?" Perhaps Amabel's pinched, pale face and dowdy dress had found, and touched, a heart under Muriel's cloak of egoism; perhaps she thought it would be an interesting experiment to try the effect of happiness on this starved and stunted nature.

"I should like it very much," replied Amabel, understanding quite well that to start "on her own" without introductions would be to waste

much precious time. "If aunt doesn't mind."

"If you are determined to carry out your mad scheme," returned Mrs. Pettifer, "I have nothing more to say. Of course we shall be very pleased to have you with us. That goes without saying."

Amabel reflected swiftly that they had never asked her to stay with them before; but she only smiled.

"Isn't she weird?" laughed Muriel on the way home. "But I do feel rather sorry for the poor things. I'll do my best for her. It's just possible that we may get her married by the end of the year, and what a good thing that would be! Some middle-aged men prefer weakness even to good looks or youth."

II.

Stanbrook could not get near her, but he could look at her, and mentally compare her with what she had been a year ago.

He remembered Muriel's answer to his question on the day of their first meeting. "My cousin! Didn't I introduce you? So sorry! I want you to be kind to her. She has had a very hard time, and mother and I want to make up for it all we can."

Her words implied that they were also bearing the pecuniary burden of their kindness.

It was from Amabel herself that Stanbrook learned the truth. She was not afraid of him. His manner invited confidence. She told him the whole story. "Do you think I have been wrong?" she concluded wistfully.

He looked at her thoughtfully, and saw in her possibilities which stirred his heart. A distaste for Muriel, whom he had been courting for the last two months, grew up in his mind at the same moment. "No; I think you were quite right," he assured her. "Human nature cannot develop properly without some sunshine."

Since then he had watched her development. It was so rapid, and so surprising, that Muriel did not want to talk about it. Her thin cheeks and attenuated figure had filled out, her face had taken the delicate color of

a blossom, her eyes had grown bright. She rivalled her cousin in her capacity for enjoyment. She seemed like a girl in her teens. Muriel began to feel that she had cherished a viper. Not that Amabel would have willingly or consciously hurt her; but she had her own reasons.

It was Amabel's last dance. After to-night she must go back to dreary drudgery, for she had arrived at the end of her five hundred pounds. So different was she from the old Amabel, that she laughed and joked about it to her aunt and cousin. But as she sat, a long way from Stanbrook, and within sight of him, listening to the inane remarks of a youth who had suggested sitting out the dance, her thoughts ran thus: "To-morrow I must turn my back on brightness and joy for ever. (No, thank you; I've had four ices this evening.) Well, I must not complain. It is what I chose myself. I had no idea the contrast would be so bitter. (Yes, I always like this music.) Yet, what a lovely time I have had! Looking back, it seems a year of perfect happiness. (Were you hurt? Men are so fond of dangerous games, aren't they?) And every one has been so good to me—even Muriel. I hate myself for feeling a sort of irritability towards her. (No, I don't think women are so venturesome as men.) Perhaps it is because she is so sure of herself—even of her complexion, which can't last for ever. (More endurance certainly. They need it!) I wonder if it is because of what she said this morning—I am I jealous? (No; of course I don't hate men! What a ridiculous idea!) I can't get her words out of my head: 'When everything is settled between Mr. Stanbrook and me.' She spoke as if they were almost engaged! But of course she knew him first. He has only been kind to me. (I shouldn't mind an ice now if you were to offer me one.) Anything to get rid of that persistent cackle! And I must say good-bye to him—for ever! He's coming across to me! He mustn't guess that I—regret."

She managed to meet Stanbrook's

eyes with a smile. "Why aren't you dancing?" she asked gaily.

"Because you haven't a dance to spare," he replied.

"The next is ours," she reminded him.

"Where's Morris?" he asked.

"Gone to fetch me an ice."

"He can give it to some other girl. Come with me. I want to talk to you."

She raised some objection, but at length she gave in.

"Muriel tells me you are going away to-morrow," he said abruptly, when they were alone.

"Yes," she laughed. "My experiment has been a success. I have lived—and learned."

"You have learned to be insincere!" he said.

For a second she was confused. Then she said lightly, "It is one of the lessons one must learn."

He stared at her as if he were trying to find words.

"I have had a lovely time," she went on confusedly, "I shall never forget—nor regret it."

"Have you spent all that five hundred pounds?" he asked suddenly.

"I— Oh—why?" she faltered.

"Because I've been writing for that

—to ask you to marry me," he said, not troubling to wait for her answer, but taking the role of an accepted lover without giving her time to breathe.

"I haven't spent all," she told him demurely, when she found a chance of speaking; "I've got nineteen and fourpence left."

"Well!" exclaimed Muriel, "this is the last time I put myself out to be kind to any one! I suppose she was playing up for this all the time! As to Mr. Stanbrook, I consider he has behaved shamefully. I little thought, when I introduced them and tried to get him to take an interest in her, how I was going to be repaid."

"My dear Muriel," said her mother, "you acted against my advice from the first. Please don't forget that. And we mustn't let people suspect that you are put out about it."

"I'm not quite an imbecile!" retorted the young lady. "Of course I have told everybody that I am perfectly delighted, and that we had seen how things were going for some time. I suppose I ought not to grudge the poor girl the chance—for she must be thirty, if she's a day!"

It is because men are prone to be partial towards those they love, unjust towards those they hate, servile towards those above them, arrogant towards those below them, and either harsh or over indulgent to those in poverty and distress, that it is so difficult to find anyone capable of exercising sound judgment with respect to the qualities of others. Therefore, it is the part of wisdom to withhold judgment and immerse ourselves in our own affairs in order that others may attend to theirs.—Confucius.

Canadian Banking System is the Best in World

While that of Uncle Sam is the Worst on the Civilized Globe. American System Should be Based upon Gold Instead of Government Bonds, Which are Liable to Pinchpoints Under Exceptional Conditions.

By Andrew Carnegie

AMERICANS have many advantages upon which we may plume ourselves as being in advance of other nations, but we have at least one humiliation to lessen self-glorification. Our banking system is the worst in the civilized world.

The statesmen of 1860 did not have a clean slate to begin with. Government credit was then precarious and needed support, and the temptation to use banking for this purpose proved irresistible. Sound banking was sacrificed to sustain the National credit when it was resolved that the currency should be placed upon Government bonds, which, in the opinion of Mr. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, resulted in giving a marketable value to these twenty per cent. higher than they would have otherwise reached.

The result is that our banking capital is diverted to the extent of \$1,250,000,000 invested in Government bonds by the banks, because currency issued must be based upon an equal amount of these bonds deposited in the Treasury. A reserve of twenty-five per cent. against deposits must be kept in cash and a reserve of five per cent. against circulation kept in Washington for note redemption. Mr. Fowler, the able Chairman of the Finance Committee in the House, states that the loss caused by this reaches \$190,000,000 annually. Banking capital in France, Germany, England, Scotland, Canada, etc., escapes this loss, because their currency is based up-

on the assets of the banks. None of their capital is locked up in bonds as security for notes. Banks keep the reserves which experience proves to be necessary.

This, then, is clear—that banks in other countries start with a great advantage over ours, which are heavily handicapped.

There is another important advantage which these banks possess over ours. Currency based upon the assets of banks rests chiefly upon trade bills. In the nature of things, the bank is called upon to issue or redeem notes just as business requires; that is, as business increases or decreases, currency required is less or more. Business brisk, more notes are needed, and they remain in circulation; business dull, less notes needed, and some are promptly returned to the banks for redemption. All is elastic and automatic.

The law in European nations does not restrict the issue of currency equal to the resources of the banks, except that when the Bank of England was reorganized in 1844 the Government owed it eleven millions of pounds, and it was agreed that the Bank might issue uncovered notes to this amount, but any issued beyond this should be covered by gold. The practice in emergencies is for the Government to allow the Bank to disregard this and to issue additional currency uncovered, but the Bank must at all times redeem notes in gold upon presentation. In ordinary times the amount of notes

issued by the banks does not exceed much, if any, one-half the amount issuable. Canada's average is fifty-four per cent., Scotland's is less.

We hear the reply, "All this would be a great improvement upon our system, except that our bank notes have the bonds of the Government behind them, the best of all securities. Our people would never agree to accept bank notes without this. Other nations have not this undoubted security."

Let us look into this. Take Canada as an example, which has a proper manner of banking modeled after the Scotch system. Canadian banks issue notes based upon assets. These are secured in the following manner:

First, They are a first lien upon all the resources of the bank.

Second, Every stockholder is liable to an amount equal to the par value of his stock to meet the debts of the bank—upon this the notes have also a first lien.

Third, The Government taxed the banks five per cent. of their average circulation until a fund was obtained, the proceeds of which are ample to pay any reasonable loss upon the notes, and this fund the Government now holds. If it should ever be found insufficient, the tax is promptly to be increased. This special fund, however, has never yet been called upon for a dollar. The interest upon it is now returned to the banks as superfluous security.

No bank note in Canada or in any of the other countries possessed of proper banking has ever failed to be paid upon demand.

Compare this with the security we have for our currency from Government bonds which have been sold in gold for a shade over one-third their face value (greenbacks fell to thirty-six cents), and they may sell so again should we be drawn into a serious war. They are at a fictitious price to-day equal to twenty per cent. It is not true, therefore, that these are the best security.

The Government secures the legal

tender notes by keeping in Washington a reserve of nearly fifty per cent. in gold (150 as against 346 millions), but the only redemption fund against our currency is five per cent. in legal tender paper money, which the banks are required to maintain in Washington against their circulation.

There is only one substance in the world which cannot fall in value, because it is in itself the world's standard of value, and that is gold, which the banks of civilized nations have as their reserve.

There never was a time, and there never can be a time, as far as we can see, when a million dollars' worth of gold will not redeem a million dollars' worth of debt. Hence the currency of European nations is absolutely secure, being based on gold, while the currency of our country is not. A serious war would affect it, because our bonds would fall in value. Other nations go through wars, their bank notes never affected, because the reserves held in their own vaults are in gold. Their business world goes on much as usual. Ours would be in constant danger of collapse.

Men have rallied against gold as if it had received some adventitious advantage over other articles. Not so; gold has made itself the standard of value for the same reason that the North Star is made the North Star—it is the nearest star to the true north, around which the solar system revolves. It wanders less from, and remains nearer to, the centre than any other object. It changes its position less. To object to gold as the standard of value, therefore, is as if we were to refuse to call the star nearest of all stars to the true north, the North Star. Man found that gold possessed many advantages as a metal and was the one that fluctuated least in value; therefore its merits have made it the standard of value. That is all. If another metal appears that keeps truer to uniform value, it will displace gold and make itself

the standard, as the star Lyra, under present conditions, will finally displace the present North Star.

Some men high in authority these days seem to be haunted and affrighted by the dread specter of war, and clamor for four battle ships this year when last year the President announced to the world that no increase of our navy was required, but only one battleship per year to keep the present navy effective. Those thus afflicted should ponder upon the consequences that would befall our whole financial fabric if, under the strain of war, its basis crumbled even in a small degree compared with that which occurred during the Civil War. France, when overcome, the enemy besieging her capital, moved on in all peaceful business departments in perfect serenity. Gold commanded one per cent. premium for a few days, owing to the disorder reigning in Paris, which rendered it difficult for people to attend to business needs. With this exception all went on as before from start to finish. As a war measure, the President should not delay asking Congress before it adjourns to lay the foundation—the only possible foundation—for a safe and perfect banking system, by separating the banks from the Government and requiring them to keep reserves in gold coin as European banks do. A beginning might be made by enacting that after a certain date banks should keep increasing amounts of their reserves against deposits and circulating notes in coin; as this increased, the bonds now held for security being released. This is practically the Indianapolis plan, which has won wide acceptance. Gold coin can easily be obtained. There is twelve hundred millions of dollars of it in the country to-day with power to increase this, since our exports exceed our imports. Details should be left to the future, whether the European plan of one central bank or the Canadian plan of establishing a point of redemp-

tion in each district be adopted, or an organization of all National banks be made to co-ordinate the system and have authority in emergency to authorize an extension of note issue as central European banks have under Government authority, all our banks to be responsible pro rata for such additional issues. All these and other secondary questions are not now in order. To-day's duty is simply to make a beginning toward basing our banking system upon gold, instead of Government bonds liable to fluctuation under exceptional conditions.

To reach proper banking we need no revolution. We should make haste slowly. All our progress should be tentative, avoiding anything like shock to our present system, so fraught with danger, and rapidly assuming proportions that threaten recurrent disasters.

We only need to turn our faces and keep them in the right direction by beginning to inject more gold directly into our present system little by little, until in the fullness of time, we can establish a banking system complete in itself, such as that which the leading nations and even Canada now so happily possess.

When we at last become fully prepared for the substitution of asset for bond secured currency, this can easily be accomplished without causing even a ripple of disturbance, thus relieving the Government from all part in our banking, as other Governments are relieved under their systems which work so admirably.

Our present plan is primarily an instrument designed to strengthen public credit, and scarcely deserves to rank as a banking system at all. Public credit no longer needs this support. Let us therefore, gradually, not hastily, but slowly, very slowly, frightening neither the most ignorant nor the most timid, transform it into the instrument which the country so imperatively needs, if it is to be se-

cure, as other countries are, against financial cataclysms, either in peace or war.

Men in public life who keep before them this important task will live long in the grateful memories of their future countrymen, for our present plan is one of the greatest of mistakes, pardonable only because made under the pressing conditions surrounding the Republic after the Civil War.

We read that in the Senate recently Senator Lodge, one of its

leading members, declared that "bank circulation based upon gold reserves and a complete extinction of all government credit are at this moment counsels of perfection." This is true indeed. Senator Lodge has all the leading authorities upon banking affairs known to the writer in agreement with him. The statesmen of to-day, when dealing with the subject, will have no excuse to offer if they fail to turn the country in the direction of this perfection. There is but one right path.

The Value of Time is the Thing That Counts

THE many fail, the one succeeds," says Tennyson. Sir John Lubbock, in the "Pleasures of Life," takes an opposite view. All succeed who deserve, he says, though not perhaps as they hoped. An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses heart.

Though we may not be able to attain, that is no reason why we should not aspire. Morris says, "How far high failure overleaps the bound of low successes," and Bacon assures us that "if a man look sharp and attentively, he shall see fortune, for though she is blind she is not invisible."

To give ourselves, continues Lubbock, a reasonable prospect of success, we must realize what we hope to achieve, and then make the most of our opportunities. Of these the use of time is one of the most important. "What have we to do with time," asks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "but to fill it up with labor?"

"At the battle of Montebello," said Napoleon, "I ordered Kellerman to attack with eight hundred horses, and with these he separated

the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry.

"This cavalry was half a league off and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action. I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

These eminent authorities placed much value on time and effort. Each of them knew what he was aiming at, and when he had counted the cost and set his face to the front there was no turning back. In our day certain fundamental principles remain the same.

No youth should "set his face sternly to the front" with the intention or desire of becoming famous. He is apt to bring up with a jolt in the crowd and find himself ridiculous. He should perpetually remember the value of time, the necessity of doing all things even to the minutest detail, as absolutely perfect as they can be done, and keep pushing on regardless of trials and obstacles toward that goal he has set for himself. The reward cannot elude him.—Success Magazine.

Strive to Cultivate the Habit of Good Will

How Little we Realize When we Hurl Thunderbolts of Hate Toward Another That These Terrible Thought Shafts Always Come back and Wound the Sender — A Kindly Feeling is One of the Very Best Assets of Life.

By GRACE SWETT Menden, in Success Magazine.

THE habit of holding the good will, kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it enriches and enlarges the whole life. Wherever we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, greater interest in them if we have formed the good will habit. We feel that if we only had the opportunity of knowing them, we should like them.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interests, our own comforts, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and mar the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic, and uninteresting.

Try this year to hold the kindly, good will attitude toward everybody. If your nature is hard you will be surprised to see how it will soften under the new influence. You will become more sympathetic, more charitable toward others' weaknesses and failings, and you will grow more magnanimous and wholesouled. The good will atti-

tude will make us more lovable, interesting, and helpful. Others will look upon us in the same way in which we regard them. The cold, crabbed, unsocial, selfish person finds the same qualities reflected from others.

How much better it is to go through life with a warm heart, with kindly feelings toward everybody, radiating good will and good cheer wherever we go! Life is short at most, and what a satisfaction it is to feel that we have scattered flowers instead of thorns, that we have tried to be helpful and kind instead of selfish and harsh.

The trouble with many of us is that we think too meanly of ourselves. Our sordid aims, and material, selfish ambitions, have so lowered our standards that we think downwards instead of upwards, we grovel instead of soaring.

Our lives are materialistic, selfish, greedy, because we live in the base of our brains, down among the brute faculties. We have never explored to any great extent the upper regions of our brain, never developed our higher intelligence.

Many people cannot understand why an all-powerful Creator did not start the world with a highly developed civilization—why we could not just as well have been provided with all of the facilities and improvements which we now have, without the struggling with poverty, and the straining to overcome our ignorance, without paying all the penalties of our lack of know-

ledge. They cannot understand why an all-loving and all-powerful Creator could not have spared us all this dreary drudgery, saved us the necessity of spending the most of our lives in doing disagreeable work, in preparing to live.

But getting a living was intended to be a mere incident, instead of the principal occupation of our lives. There are numberless indications in our make-up that we were intended for a much finer, diviner, purpose than the most of us appreciate. There is every indication in our constitution that we were intended for something infinitely superior to anything which human beings have yet attained.

Our very possession of the sense of nobility, our aspiring, reaching up instinct, our unlimited capacity for everything beautiful and grand, are indications that there was a superb purpose, a divine plan in the Creator's human design.

We all know people whose particular occupation seems to be to squeeze the sour out of everything. They never see anything sweet. Everything is bitter to them.

They cannot enjoy a friend because of his faults. His mistakes and weaknesses loom up so large that they cannot appreciate the good in him. They cannot see the man God intended, perfect and immortal; they see only the deformed, diseased, crippled, handicapped man who, in their opinion, will never come to any good.

Nor do they see the world that God made. The beauty that looks out of the landscape, from the trees that rustle in the wind, that is wrapped in the flower, is lost to them. They only see the floods, the fire, the earthquakes, the lightnings, the wrecks which destroy. They are blind to beauty. It is all covered up in the ugly, the forbidding. They do not hear the infinite harmonies that entrance the ear that is in tune with the infinite. This is all lost to them in the discord of their thoughts.

These people are habitual fretters, borrowers of trouble. They have never learned to enjoy God's medicine—mirth and joy. To them, the joy of the dance is lost in the possible sin. They have never learned the joy of living, the exulting pleasure that comes from the unspeakable privilege of being. They take life too seriously. They never learn the secret of the laughter cure, or the tonic of joy.

These people seem to have a genius for anticipating evil. The weather looks bad, the season is too wet or too dry, and the crops are likely to be poor. It is going to be a bad year for business; money will be hard or tight. They can always see a storm coming on the horizon. Their imaginations are wonderfully prolific in all sorts of gloomy predictions.

People who are always seeing disaster in the future, who are afraid that their families or their friends are going to be killed in railroad wrecks, or burned up, or wrecked in steamships, who predict hard times and poor crops and poverty, never amount to much, because their pessimism strangles their possibilities. The mind becomes a magnet and attracts the realities of the very thoughts and sentiments that prevail there and dominate it.

These people do not realize what a great part hope plays in success and happiness. They do not understand that people who always see good things coming, who believe the best of everybody, who believe that there are great and good things in store for them, who think abundance and good times, are likely to realize what they expect, for they put themselves in a success and happiness attitude. Their minds look in the right direction, and thus they attract the things which they long for.

The world builds its monuments to the unselfish, the helpful, and if these monuments are not in marble or bronze, they are in the hearts

of those whom their inspirers have cheered, encouraged, and helped.

All of us, no matter how poor we may be, whether we have succeeded or failed in our vocations, can be great successes in helpfulness, in radiating good will, good cheer, and encouragement.

Everybody can be a success in the good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth and be a failure in helpfulness, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others.

The habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like giving everybody a Godspeed, ennoble and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our ability, and multiplies our mental power.

We were planned on lines of nobility; we were intended to be something grand; not mean and stingy, but large and generous; we were made in God's image that we might be God-like.

Selfishness and greed dwarf our natures and make us mere apologies of the men and women God intended us to be. The way to get back to our own, to regain our lost birthright, is to form a habit of holding the kindly, helpful, sympathetic, good will attitude toward everybody.

How little we realize when we hurl thunderbolts of hatred toward another that these terrible thought shafts always come back and wound the sender, that all the hateful, revengeful, bitter thoughts intended for another are great javelins hurled at ourselves!

How many people go through life lacerated and bleeding from these thrusts which were intended for others!

Think of what people who refuse to speak to another, because of some fancied grievance or wrong, are really doing to themselves! How this venom intended for another poisons their own minds and cripples their efficiency!

A kindly feeling, a feeling of good

will toward another, is our best protection against bitter hatred or injurious thoughts of any kind. Nothing can penetrate the love shield, the good will shield. We are unharmed behind that.

It does not matter what feelings of revenge and jealousy a person may have toward us, if we hold the love thought, the charitable thought, towards him his javelins of hate will glance from us, fly back and wound only himself.

How easily, beautifully, and sweetly some people go through life, with very little to jar them or to disturb their equanimity. They have no discord in their lives because their natures are harmonious. They seem to love everybody, and everybody loves them. They have no enemies, hence little suffering or trouble.

Others, with ugly, crabbed, cross-grained dispositions, are always in hot water. They are always misunderstood. People are constantly hurting them. They generate discord because they are discordant themselves.

The human race is still in its infancy. Up to the present moment, with a few grand exceptions, man has lived mostly an animal existence. The brute is only partially educated out of him. He has not yet evolved that superb character, that diviner man, foreshadowed in the beast.

How few people ever get anything more than a mere glimpse of the true glory of life! Few of us see any real sentiment in life or anything above the real animal existence and animal pleasures. Most of us look upon our occupation as a disagreeable necessity that somehow or other ought to have been, and might have been avoided.

Nothing has power to attract things unlike itself. Like attracts like. Everything radiates its own quality, and attracts things which are akin. If a man wants to be wealthy and happy, he must think the happy thought; he must hold

the abundance thought and not limit himself. He who has a mortal dread and fear of poverty generally gets it.

The young man who starts out with a determination to make himself comfortable, to surround himself with abundance, who builds his foundation as though he expected a large, generous superstructure, is much more likely to succeed than the man who does not prepare for much, who does not believe there is anything great in store for him.

Stop thinking trouble if you want to attract its opposite. Stop thinking poverty if you want to attract wealth. Do not have anything to do with the things you have been fearing. They are fatal enemies of your advancement. Cut them off. Expel them from your mind. Think the opposite thoughts just as persistently as you can, and you will be surprised to see how soon you will become a magnet to attract the very things you long for.

It is astonishing how a poor boy with no chance, even in the midst of an iron environment, begins to attract success to himself by constantly and persistently holding to his ambition, dreaming of the future he longs for, thinking of it, struggling toward it. He increases his power of attraction more and more by the longing and the struggling and working toward the desired goal, even when he cannot see the light.

A fatal penalty awaits those who always look on the dark side of everything, who are always predicting evil and failure, who see only the seamy, disagreeable side of life; they draw upon themselves what they see, what they look for.

The plants of prosperity and happiness will not thrive in such an atmosphere. They will never bear fruit when blighted and chilled by the winds of pessimism. The conditions must be congenial, or there will be no flowering or fruitage.

The Bible

Never forget that the Bible is an embodiment of pretty nearly all that is good in literature. In some form, directly or indirectly, all that is good and righteous can be traced to the Bible. Men have unconsciously done great things and then turned to the Bible to find their parallel. Go where you will and do what you may, there will always be found its antecedent in the great Book.

The Story of a Shattered Affinity

An Instance Wherein One, Who Rightly Lived up to What he Preached, Lost a Valuable Prize.

By Thomas L. Mason, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

"I AM going to a horrible place," she said.

Now we both belonged to that stratum of life known as the mildly rich. The mildly rich are people who have nothing much to do, and so many and so various are the places to which they may be condemned that I shudder for her at once.

"Go on," I said, holding her hand as convulsively and sympathetically as I could. "Tell me the worst. Where are you going?"

"To a winter resort."

I changed my shuddering from the retail to the wholesale plan, for it was even worse than I feared.

"Of course, darling," I replied, endeavoring by the soothing and determined way I was massaging her hand to show her that even under these trying circumstances, I still loved her, "this is all on account of dear papa and dear mama."

"Dear" papa and "dear" mama were two average people who had reached the high altitudes of life without any mental provision for the future. Papa had spent his time in making money and mamma in making friends. Consequently, they had no resources of their own. They had paid cash for everything they had received, and were therefore mentally bankrupt.

They were the kind of people who go through European art galleries and check off the names in the catalogue with a pencil for fear they might miss something.

"Yes, dear," she replied. "They enjoy it, you know, and I feel that I must go with them."

I could imagine nothing worse than

that condition where it is possible to enjoy a winter resort. But I am a firm believer in a proper reverence for parental authority. Besides, I could never forget that these two lonesome and resourceless old people were responsible for the loveliest person in the world. They were entitled to a lasting respect for that.

"You are quite right, darling," I said. "And just to show you that I truly love you"—I gazed at her with the eye of a dignified and determined martyr—"I will go there with you."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I cannot ask you to make this sacrifice! It is too much."

"Say no more about it," I replied in my grand manner. "I choose to do it."

And so it happened that a week later I followed up the broad trail they had made and registered myself among the "guests" of the hotel.

Now a winter resort is a place composed largely of pine-trees, spot cash and mediocrity. It also has a sandy soil. No winter resort could lift up its head and proudly count its victims by the hundred unless it had a genuine bona fide sandy soil.

At a winter resort the old men sit in twos and threes, smoke cigars and talk about business and stocks. The middle-aged men talk business, stocks and women. The young men smoke cigarettes and talk tennis, golf and women.

As for the ladies of a winter resort, the old ones eat, sleep, snore gently, and play bridge. The middle-aged ones eat, sleep, agitate little scandals, make affairs, and play bridge. The young ones play golf and flirt. All of

them, being American, belong more or less to the family of diamond bearers.

Papa and mamma were both delighted.

Papa said the table was "fine." Mamma said the people were "so nice." What more, indeed, could be desired?

Into this eight-dollar-a-day atmosphere I projected myself, determined to rescue her as soon as possible (and forevermore) from its clutches.

But so full was it of that curse of American life, namely, publicity, that it was not until the evening of the third day I was able to see her alone—in a shadow of the piazza. Even then she appeared to me to have a haunted look, as if she were doing something reprehensible.

"At last!" I whispered, trying to take her hand.

But she withdrew it. There were tears in her eyes. It was evident that she was possessed of a vulgar emotion.

"I know you will think it horrid of me," she said, "but—"

She paused fearfully. Now I had never pressed her into a formal engagement. I felt there was time enough for that. But there had been a sort of understanding between us.

"Go on," I said, with an unnatural calmness.

"I'm afraid it is all over between us," she blurted out. "Indeed, in fact—that is—I am going to marry that young fellow I have been playing tennis with. He told me I must tell you at once."

I remembered him very well. Not because he was unusual—for Heaven knows they are all very much alike—but because he had been with her so much.

"I congratulate you," I said dryly. Then I felt myself suddenly growing angry, an unusual proceeding with me, but natural, perhaps, under the circumstances. For the injustice of the whole affair got on my nerves.

"Of course, my dear girl," I went on, looking at her calmly, "that is a matter for you to determine. As long as you have arrived at this conclusion

it is probably best for both of us. Anything else would be a mistake. I must say, however, that I felt very differently about you. To me the average person is an impossible sort of creature, and an awful bore. To cultivate one's mind in the right sort of exclusive way is really a necessity to save us from this sort of thing."

I waved my arm about in a semi-circle to take in the hotel and all its occupants.

"It is all cheap," I said, "and tawdry. The really important beautiful things of life these people never see. All this, and more, as you know, is the way I feel. And when I met you, became alive to your charming personality, gave you my views and discovered that you agreed with me, I felt that I had indeed met my affinity. I came down here to rescue you from this frightful maelstrom of artificiality, and now—I discover you are like the rest."

"Nevertheless," I said, rising, "permit me to congratulate you."

She rose with me. It was evident that I had aroused her anger, although I had not meant to, my whole idea being solely to let her know the truth of the matter.

"Don't trouble yourself to do that," she replied. "But as long as you assume so much, I will simply say this: That since you have been here you have shown yourself in your true light, however fine you talk. For nobody likes you. You are a crank. Why, you have held yourself aloof from everyone."

"You thought them very true, once," I suggested mildly.

"Perhaps they are, in the abstract, but—"

A sudden form loomed up before us in the darkness. It was the young fellow. He tossed away his cigarette.

"Beg your pardon!" he said cheerily. "Didn't mean to interrupt you."

"Don't mention it," I replied.

"Will you excuse us for a moment?" I said to her, as I opened one of the French doors into the dancing room.

"I would like to have a word with you," I said to him.

"Certainly."

"I have a curiosity which I hope you will pardon," I said, "but I would really like to know how you did it."

"Did what?"

"Got that girl away from me. I infer she has told you all about me."

"Yes," he said, "she has."

"Is it her fault," I said, "or yours?"

"Well," he said, "I should say, judging from what I have heard of your views, peculiar as they seem to be, that you and I both agree in the main. The average human being is a bore, and a place like this is nothing but an aggregation of them. People, take them all in all, are uninteresting

and commonplace. And, between you and me"—he grabbed me by the arm and lowered his voice—"dear papa and mamma are a couple of boudiers, and the average man is in the same category. But—" and here he paused again—"the difference between us is immense. For while we both agree about these things, you practise what you preach, but I—"

"Well," I said, for the strength of his position was beginning to dawn upon me in spite of the fact that, in a certain sense, I knew I was right, "what about you?"

"I," he replied blantly, "would rather have the girl."

Youth Should be Taught Habit of Saving

How Penny Banks in Several Canadian Schools Impress upon the Young Numerous Useful Lessons. Children Learn Economy, Thrift and Contentment. Expending Money to Good Purposes is Outcome of the System.

THE Penny Bank is an institution which has come to stay.

It has safely passed the probationary period in all the schools where it has been tried. The results have demonstrated that it is a step in the right direction; a move that should be warmly supported and encouraged by parents and trustees.

The salutary effect upon the plastic mind and easily formed habits of youth is almost beyond comprehension in its power and influence for good. Children are taught one of the most beneficial of all things and that is self-reliance, along with a knowledge of how to aid themselves. They are anxious to earn money and learn that dollars do not grow on trees or by the roadside as many suppose. From the effort they put forth in acquiring dimes, quarters and larger coins, there comes a certain satisfaction, realized solely by those who earn what they get and get only what they earn. The old

saying that cash secured easily goes easily is alas too true; that which represents energy, exertion, thought and will power, is inclined to stick and, when expended, will be put to a useful purpose and spent in a careful and judicious manner.

Two great and unmistakable lessons are daily being learned and these are:

Extravagance leads to waste, want and recklessness; it breeds dissatisfaction, produces bitter disappointment and engenders socialistic and other dangerous principles.

Frugality, on the other hand, creates contentment, ensures happiness and impresses, particularly on the minds of the young, system, thrift, morality and other useful lessons.

When the Penny Savings Bank was inaugurated in Toronto public schools some years ago there were many evil forebodings. Predictions were freely made that the system would take up too much time of

the teachers; that it would tend to make the children miserly in spirit, grasping in disposition and narrow in their views; that it would arouse enmity and jealousy between the poor and the rich—in short, create the impression that money gathering—the hoarding of wealth—was the chief aim in life.

But what a different story was told. How directly opposite the picture presented at the second annual banquet recently held in Toronto under the auspices and directors of the Penny Bank.

Teachers from the various schools, some of whom had serious misgivings as to the success of the system when instituted, all bore testimony to the splendid outcome of the work, and the good results achieved. Instance after instance was furnished, showing conclusively that the Penny Bank had taught the children economy and thrift; had encouraged in them a sincere desire to earn money for good purposes, and caused them to give up many harmful habits. Numerous stories were told in illustration of the fact that a spirit of generosity rather than that of meanness had grown up in the children; that some have assisted parents who, during the recent stringency, have felt the pinch of poverty, and have used their savings in various commendable ways, such as buying clothing for themselves or helping in a practical manner those nearest and dearest to them.

Not a speaker offered any unfavorable criticism, but, on the contrary, all bore convincing evidence as to the broadening and elevating effect that the Savings Bank had fostered in the pupils, and proclaimed their admiration and enthusiasm for the system.

The bank was opened in Toronto

early in April, 1905, with \$19,208.03 on deposit; to-day this sum has increased to \$67,694.69. This is an amount larger than that in any Penny Bank in America, with the exception of New York and Pittsburgh. Toronto stands third on the list, this gratifying announcement being made by Chief Inspector, Mr. James L. Hughes. The deposits during January and February for the present year, amounted to \$5,255. The weekly savings of the children in the various Toronto schools total from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars and the number of depositors is yearly increasing.

There are several branches in Ontario and all are progressing in an encouraging manner. The Penny Bank is evidently destined to greatly expand in its ever widening sphere of usefulness and thrift.

La Patrie, an influential French journal, of Montreal, quotes with approval the success of the savings bank system introduced into the public schools in Toronto. In fact, so impressed is it with the desirability of introducing the same system in Quebec that it does not hesitate to recommend it strongly. When the plan was first broached in Toronto it was thought far-fetched, although it had proved a success in the U.S. In Toronto it has literally worked wonders. One boy bought a piece of land, another started his father in business again, a third paid for his sister's tuition at College, and a girl bought her trousseau. All these things mean the development of thrift and common sense at an early age as usually children waste as speedily as possible whatever money is given them. That the scheme is both feasible and desirable, the experiences of Toronto alone would prove, as pointed out by La Patrie.

Wealth and Power of India's Native Princes

If Britain's Strong Hand Were Withdrawn Anarchy in India Would at once ensue and the Royal Princes Would Soon Betake Themselves to Intercine War, so it is Claimed.

By Dr. A. V. W. Jackson in Munsey's Magazine

JEWELS, wealth, luxury, pomp and regal state—such is the picture we are prone to frame of India's native rulers. Yet this is not by any means a complete representation. The Indian raja who wears the gem-decked turban of sovereignty bears no light burden if he wears it conscientiously. The ancient Sanskrit law-code of Manu, which has been handed down since ages before the Christian era, has a special division dealing with the duties of kings, and drawing, for future rulers, a portrait of the ideal monarch. Fear of God and devotion to the Brahman priests are the first obligations of the sovereign, but it is also prescribed that his life must be one of unceasing toil in behalf of his faithful subjects.

The same section of this ancient code enumerates the virtues that a king should possess and cultivate, and it describes in due order the eighteen cardinal virtues which he should avoid. Even if not lived up to, then or now—adays, some of the elements in this early "Mirror of Princes," if I may so term that part of the Manava-dharma-castra, can never become antiquated, because of the high standard they established. In like manner the Hindu youth is still taught to look back upon Prince Rama, the beautiful of kings in the days of India's legendary lore, as the prototype of all that is noble and exalted; and it is from the Solar Dynasty founded by that perfect prince that the present Maharaja of Udaipur proudly traces his descent.

So much may be said, by way of introduction, with regard to the an-

cient standards and examples prescribed for the guidance of Indian potentates. Nor can it be charged that these lofty precepts have never been put into practice. The Buddhist King Asoka, in the third century B.C., and the enlightened monarch Akbar, who founded the Mogul empire in the sixteenth century A.D., were princes of the blood to whom the title "great" rightfully belongs.

THE NIZAM OF HAIDARABAD

Chief among the native rulers of to-day, with respect to the number of subjects that he governs and the extent of territory that he controls, is the Nizam of Hyderabad, in southern India. His kingdom, which is twice as large as Ohio or Kentucky, and has eleven million inhabitants, first became conspicuous two centuries ago, at the time when the Mogul Empire crumbled; and this Moslem ruler is acknowledged to-day to be the most powerful of the feudatory lords of Hindustan. Great Britain recognized his dignity by investing him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, when he came to Delhi, in 1903, to attend the durbar and swear allegiance to Edward VII., the newly-crowned Emperor of India.

Probably the most enlightened of all the rulers of the native states is the renowned Gaikwar of Baroda, the Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao. The beneficent rule of this sovereign has done more than that of any other raja of Hindustan to promote education and to further the welfare of his people. It needs but a few minutes with this progressive prince to discover



A Room in the Palace of Udaipur, with Chairs and Table of Cut Glass. Udaipur is one of the Rajputana States, and its ruler proudly claims descent from the great Buddha himself.

that one is in the presence of a remarkable man. His searching glance but kindly eye, his quick, incisive speech, his frank and open manner, his logical, clear-cut thought, the eagerness that he displays in seeking new ideas, and the wise judgment that he shows in his estimate of men and matters, are in keeping with the restless energy that springs from his high spirit.

The Gaikwar was the first native prince to introduce free and compulsory education throughout his domain, and his lead is now being followed in other states. So impatient is he to further the public good that he seems, at times, to chafe under the obstacles that impede the progress of his well-devised measures. And yet, with all his busy life, he has found time not only to govern his kingdom admirably, but also to travel in foreign countries in search of broader views. Two years ago he even visit-

ed America. Some leisure he likewise has reserved for writing scholarly essays, among which is a short critical treatise on "The Education of Indian Princes." One of his young sons is at present studying in the United States, while a brother of the Gaikwar has emulated Western examples by founding a public library in the capital city of Baroda.

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

By the side of the Gaikwar and the Nizam of Hyderabad stands the young Maharaja of Mysore, descended from a line of kings that have ruled since time immemorial in this rich province of southwestern India. Because of a rebellion in 1831, the British government deprived Mysore of its privileges as an autonomous state for fifty years; but in 1881 its rights were restored, and it is now one of the best-administered feudatory governments in the whole Indian



THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.

Ruler of a small native State in Northern India. This Prince, who is of the Pathan race, also possesses great

Empire. As a mark of his honor and dignity, the Maharaja of Mysore, like his two competitors already mentioned, is entitled to the full military salute of twenty-one guns on state occasions. The Maharajas of Gwalior, of Indore, of Jammu and Kashmir, of Kolhapur, of Udaipur, and of Travancore are among those whose approach is heralded by nineteen pieces of ordnance; while other princes are honored by corresponding salutes on

a decreasing scale down to eleven guns.

THE RULER OF KASHMIR.

Impressive among the figures at the grand durbar of 1903 was that of the Maharaja of Kashmir, in whose veins flows the blood of the Hindu Rajputs. He rules over a state almost as large as the Nizam's, the jewel of his realm being the beautiful Vale of Kashmir, whence came the

rich draperies and antique Kashmir shawls that decorated the snowy tents of his temporary encampment near Delhi. A transport of three hundred horses and a hundred wagons, together with eight elephants and as many camels, conveyed his retinue of fourteen hundred attendants from the mountains of the north to the plains around the historic city of the Mogul emperors.

The opulence and splendor of India's native royalty was also well represented by the chieftains of Rajpootana, and by the sumptuous retinue that followed in the train of the Maharaja of Gwalior, with his score of superb elephants and nearly three hundred horsemen. The garden that was laid out with fountains and palm-trees to be the centre of his royal encampment almost rivaled the beauty of the palace-courts of his own ancestral capital.

The grandeur and magnificence of the palaces of the Indian rajahs is generally on a par with their wealth. In some of the petty principalities no great ostentation is to be expected; but in the royal abodes of the greater native rulers are to be found the art and luxury of East and West, combining to lend perfection in appointments and decoration, and to recall the bygone glories of the Grand Moguls. Retinues of servants stand ready at command, and troops of richly caparisoned horses await the royal summons at any moment. On festival occasions ponderous elephants, gaily painted and laden with heavily embossed trappings that are only less resplendent than their gorgeous howdahs, march forth in solemn state. At other times, these huge creatures are pitted against one another in savage combat, to the delight of some royal gathering—a barbaric sport that was the favorite pastime of the Mogul emperor Jahangir, three hundred years ago.

A RAJA ON HIS TRAVELS.

A good example of Indian magnificence was furnished by the Raja of Jaipur when he visited England in 1902, to be present at King Edward's

coronation. The raja chartered a special steamer to convey him and his large suite of followers and attendants. The ship was especially fitted up with six different kitchens. It contained a temple paved with marble for the family idol, and carried a plentiful supply of water from the holy river Ganges, so that the Hindu prince might receive no contamination from partaking of the waters of Europe. The expense of the entire undertaking is said to have been more than thirty lakhs of rupees, or a million dollars; but the raja's prodigality was mingled as well with princely generosity, for he gave more than twenty lakhs of rupees in donations to charity as an incident of his royal journey. The Raja of Jaipur's capital city is modern, as cities go in India. Its first building was erected less than two centuries ago, and it is laid out in the checkerboard fashion of Chicago and Philadelphia. Kipling calls it "a pink city, to see and puzzle over."

THE TRAINING OF AN INDIAN PRINCE

The education of the young native prince is an important and serious problem, as will become clear from a perusal of the tractate written by the Gaikwar of Baroda, mention of which has already been made. Some of these youths are trained at home by special tutors, some are sent to England for instruction, and some are educated in the schools and colleges of India, like the institutions established at Ajmer, Rajkot, and Indore, expressly to give a fitting education to scions of the royal stock. In each of the three methods of procedure there are advantages and disadvantages, as the Gaikwar specifically states; and he does not hesitate to criticize the curriculum of the specially founded colleges as not sufficiently high in standard for the purpose they have in view, and as inadequate for the training that might best fit young princes for their future duties. But progress will be made with time.

There can be no question that education in athletic exercises and physical culture is not neglected in India. I



THE JEWELS OF AN INDIAN PRINCE.

The Maharaja of Patna, wearing a Scarlet Velvet Clank, embroidered with Pearls valued at more than a Million Dollars, besides several costly Necklaces and a Turban decorated with ropes of large diamonds.



THE NAWAB OF BAHAWALPUR

In his State Dress, which is richly decorated with Pearls and Diamonds. Bahawalpur is the largest of the native States of the Punjab, and its ruling dynasty is Mohammedan.

remember, for instance, seeing a young prince, a lad of about six years of age, going through his morning's regime at daylight, as I was on my way to Bodhi-Gaya to visit a scene made sacred by Buddha's memory. When the little prince had completed his matin devotions under the direction of the Brahman priest, who was his spiritual preceptor, he was handed

over to his gymnastic teacher, who put him through a course of vigorous exercises. It reminded me of the daily routine that formed part of the training of the youthful Prince Siddhartha—afterward the Buddha—in Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

The effect, moreover, of outdoor sports, as cultivated by young Hindu nobles, is exemplified by the renown

won by Prince Ranjit Singh, now ruler of the little state of Nawanagar, who for several years played with the Sussex county cricket team, and proved himself one of the very best batsmen in England.

A welcome opening in a somewhat kindred field of activity for the sturdier sons of chiefs and kings has in recent years been made by the creation of an Imperial Cadet Corps to serve as a bodyguard of honor for the viceroy. The establishment of this corps has met with general favor, and the fine appearance made by the princely troop, mounted on curvetting steeds, and attired in handsome uniforms of white and sky-blue, capped off by turbans crested with a rich aigret, was one of the noticeable features of the durbar of 1903.

ENGLAND AND THE NATIVE PRINCES.

In conclusion, it may be said that England's treatment of the native princes and principalities has been marked, as a rule, by wise judgment, just liberality, and diplomatic skill. Her control, which is largely exercised through example, influence, and guidance, but sometimes by restraint, has its severe critics, but the preponderating opinion is that it has been a beneficent one.

To preserve at least a partial oversight over the affairs of each feudatory state, the British government maintains a resident, or political agent, whose duty is to represent the British crown, and to exercise a gen-

eral advisory control over the course of the local authorities. In "The Naulakha," Rudyard Kipling has given a curious picture of the manner in which a native prince of the lower type chafes under the restraining hand of the resident.

Through these British functionaries, or ultimately through the viceroy, the principalities must deal with one another and with the imperial government; nor may they engage in war or conclude terms of peace, or enter into any negotiations with a foreign power, or even have a foreigner employed in their service, unless it be with the sanction of the power behind their thrones. On the other hand, and by way of return, their ancestral rights are supported by Great Britain's rule; and they enjoy the justice, safety, and protection that are guaranteed them by her dominion.

The assertion is commonly made that if Britain's strong hand were withdrawn, anarchy in India would at once ensue, and that the rival princes would soon betake themselves to internecine wars. Many of the more enlightened natives, however, strongly combat this view; and as the world knows, a vigorous movement is now afoot to secure, if not independence, at least a greater measure of self-rule for the three hundred million inhabitants of the great Asiatic subcontinent. Any discussion of the prospects and probable results of such a movement belongs to others than the student of Sanskrit.

Our daily opportunities present themselves with open door, and when we pass along looking the other way the door is shut, and that door never opens again. Other doors of opportunity may open, but that door never.—George Hodges.



Just Landing after a Long Hard Paddle on the Ottawa River.

Canadians Should Indulge in More Boating

As a Health-Giving Pastime and Exercise it Takes the Lead. Many Points Where Jaunts by Canoe or Skiff may be Enjoyed. The Scenic Charm of Stream, River, Lake and Bay Calls Loudly to All.

By H. A. Howard-Moore.

THE merry month of May has arrived. What joys its advent brings, what memories are aroused, what associations are revived! A long while in coming, it is here at last, and like every fixed celebration, anniversary or mile post in due course of time it is reached.

Navigation on Canadian lakes and rivers, bays and gulfs does not properly open until May, and when one sees steamers again plying on regular routes, thoughts of the camp fire, the canvas, the canoe, the skiff are awakened. We think of the many delightful jaunts that we will take during the coming summer, the picturesque places that we will visit and the glorious evenings that we will spend upon the bosom of the water. All these bright hopes, glowing pictures, and fond dreams will be realized if we faithfully carry out our intentions.

Canadians do not fully appreciate the splendid natural blessings bestowed upon them. They do not indulge in nearly as much boating as they should considering the unexcelled facilities and charming invitations that mother nature presents on every side. Looking over what we possess, how meagrely we value it; anything, therefore, that may tend to lead us to a more complete realization of that which lies close at hand, will assuredly be timely and helpful. Let us learn to prize the splendid gifts of nature that lie at our own door.

As a health giving exercise and pastime, boating—and when I say boating I mean canoeing as well—there is nothing superior or more beneficial. Every muscle is brought into play, whether you use the American quick stroke or the long and slow stroke of the Motherland.

The result is the same in each case, the muscles being hardened and loosened at the same time. No amount of gymnasium work can develop the sinews of the arms and back muscles of the body in the way that boating can. No matter how weary one may feel from a long row at night, he or she will rise the next day ready to take up the "ash-breeze" and sail away to scenes as refreshing as the "breeze" is fatiguing.

Many changes have taken place in the styles and makes of boats and canoes during the last half century, but nearly all have been for the better. The most comfortable boat a man can have, the one out of which he can take the most pleasure and experience that satisfaction which will give him delightful physical exercise, as well as speed, is a clipper built St. Lawrence skiff. The reason this particular make is specified, is because this model of a skiff was first built on the St. Lawrence and is now made throughout Canada, in design being more or less in accordance with the original model. The canoe is alight in quiet waters, where storms are not frequent, and where one using it is accustomed to the old Indian mode of locomotion, but for a pleasure party, a family picnic or outing, or the best results from a physical point of view, the steady skiff is the best for those whose bank account is not large. Where a long trip by a party of young men accustomed to the vigorous work of paddling hour after hour and a portage or two has to be made, the canoe is as good as the skiff, and better in the case of long portages when no wheeled conveyance is at hand.

To dilate upon the development of the skiff and the canoe would be uninteresting except from a technical standpoint, but a reference or two may not be amiss. Of the two the canoe has made greater progress in comfort and beauty. Its advancement toward perfection through the

last few years has been marvelous when we consider the graceful beautiful "works of art" which are turned out of canoe factories, and contrast them with the birch bark made by the Indian, and the dug-out, scooped out of a log, and shaped at the bow and stern to suit the maker. With the skiff the French bateau of high bow, flat bottom and narrow build, has developed into our beautiful clipper built specimens of to-day.



One of the Portages

The use of either the canoe or skiff for a holiday, along with a camping outfit, affords health as nothing else does, gives us an intimate knowledge of our beautiful Dominion as no excursion by steamer or train or any amount of reading can, and provides us with something to think over and talk about for many months. To our numerous lakes, bays and rivers, attractive and artistic as any in the world, our neighbors to the south flock by tens of thousands every

year, and admire what we have at our very doors, yet seemingly do not appreciate. Our scenic heritage is certainly a grand one; all



An Innang Spot on the St. Lawrence.

Canada is picturesque to a marked degree. Water routes, sailing routes, canoe routes, we possess in almost endless numbers. Many scenes are unsurpassed in their splendid and fascinating landscape effects; no amount of artificial aid can improve them. American millionaires have tried time and again to add to the natural beauty of their holdings among the Canadian Thousand Islands and Ontario's chain of lakes, but they have signally failed. They only mar, instead of adding to the handiwork of the Creator.

Canadians are somewhat dilatory as a rule in taking advantage of the healthful pastime of boating, with so many paradises of hill and dale, woodland and open stretch, cosy nook and inviting stream, sparkling brook and illimitable sea, on all sides. There is not a province in the Dominion that does not abound in many pretty lakes and rivers, and

no section but is liberally dowered with many gracious gifts from the Divine gardener. Full of innumerable beauty spots are the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario. All these are so favorably known and have been so widely advertised by navigation and railway companies that a detailed reference would only tire the reader and add nothing to what we are already familiar with. In the great West if a few attractions are mentioned a very brief description will be pardoned as, in the newer portions of this fertile land, the enchantments of nature are not as extensively known as in the older parts. The scenery in the region around Winnipeg, among the many lakes of Manitoba, will well repay a good long holiday trip in the "silent steed of many waters." Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, and in North-western Ontario, the Lake-of-the-Woods, form what one writer has described as "a string of lakelets and lacustrine rivers, that extend vast distances to the West." The Lake-of-the-Woods has been long



A Camp Scene Incident to a Canoe Trip Down the Kabeton River.

famed for its beauty. It is so filled with islands, that, to the canoeist, it appears a wonderfully beautiful river. Land and forest are near and

around him all the time. Gliding over the unruddled waters, the eye gets fairly cloyed with picture after picture of a somewhat monotonous type of sylvan beauty. Part of the way down the Winnipeg River portages have to be made, but a trip down with an Indian guide will reveal scenes of inconceivable loveliness.

Anyone desiring a long trip, can be delighted with a voyage up through Lake Winnipeg into Cedar Lake and on into the Saskatchewan River and as far west almost as the Rockies, or by the Southern branch of the Saskatchewan to near the boundary line.

In British Columbia, most of the rivers are deep and swift, and are

confined in a gorge, rather than a valley. The pleasures of boating and canoeing are not so much enjoyed in the Pacific Coast Province as it is in the east. In 1876 Lord Dufferin described a trip by steamer in these words, "Day after day for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded an untermittable labyrinth of watery lakes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories and peninsulas, for thousands of miles unruddled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn, an ever shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountain of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."

Things Worth Crying About

By Mary Hen in Lippincott's Magazine

WHY do we so dread a book or a play "that ends badly"? Are we really so genuinely sensitive that we cannot bear a touch of sadness? Are our feelings so tremendous that we are afraid of them?

A hundred years ago, seventy-five, fifty even, nobody felt in the least ashamed to cry over a fine book, even if some one was looking! A great man like Lord Macaulay wept freely over "Clarissa Harlowe," and did not care who knew it. But then he remembered a truth which we are in danger of forgetting: it is that noble, big things often have a very sad side. Consequently, in letting ourselves be scared, in protecting our imaginations from all possible contact with unhappiness, we too often lose the inspiring effect of contact with real vibrations of heroism and nobility.

Hedging ourselves about from those feelings—painful and pleasant—which give birth to generous emotion, to enthusiasm, to the impulse towards noble, disinterested action, we run a great risk of doing ourselves permanent damage. In every-day ex-

istence the deeper feelings may only be brought out now and then in the course of a whole lifetime, and, like every other faculty, the capacity for emotion will wither and dry up with disuse.

A typical American was lately reading aloud those wise, beautiful words of an American patriot, the letters of the young soldier Charles Russell Lowell to his betrothed.

Suddenly the impending tragedy grew too much for the reader (thirteen horses were shot under him before his heroic end). She threw down the book with "I can't go on! In a minute I shall be crying."

In a minute, however, she thought better of it. "After all," she said, "some things are worth crying about."

And that is the point. If the book and the play are trashy, cheap, untrue to nature, our emotions will be untouched; but if there be reality and fitness enough to move us—whether in fiction or in an Associated Press despatch—why should we grudge a few tears as the price of keeping alive our imaginations, our sympathies?

How Those Who Fall Are Given Another Chance

The Good Results Brought About by the Parole System in Canada. Very Small Percentage of Prisoners, Released Before Expiration of their Sentence, go back to Life of Crime.

OF 1,643 prisoners in Canadian penal institutions, who have been released in the past eight years under the parole system, only thirty-three have gone back to a life of crime.

This is, indeed, a very small percentage and has proved most conclusively the wisdom of instituting such a system. It is a convincing argument in favor of the gospel of another chance.

The success or failure of the parole system must be judged by its results. These have certainly demonstrated that many a fallen or sorely tempted one, who is not a criminal at heart, but has yielded to too strong an impulse or stepped just over the border line of right and wrong under the strain or stress of certain circumstances, is willing, yea, anxious to reform if only a favorable opportunity is presented. The parole system has been tried and has not been found wanting. It gives the person who has been convicted a chance to begin life over again and has resulted in the reformation and reclamation of hundreds, who are now good, useful citizens, leading upright, industrious lives. Few, if any, abuses have crept into its administration.

At the last federal census the prisoners in Canadian penal institutions numbered only 1,433 and there has, according to Mr. W. P. Archibald, of Ottawa, Dominion Parole Officer, been no alarming increase in the inmates of our jails and penitentiaries during the past five or six years. Proportionate to popula-

tion these figures, when compared with those of other countries, are most encouraging, and speak volumes for the morality, sobriety and honesty of the Canadian people.

The parole system in Canada has been in operation eight years. After a person has served a portion of his or her sentence, usually between one-half and two-thirds of it, he or she can write to the Department of Justice and request to be let out on parole. Each case is then carefully investigated. The convicting magistrate or judge is written to and his opinion secured as well as that of the sheriff or warden of the prison. The parole officer then goes into the matter very fully and if he finds the conditions warrant it he will release the person who has made application, first making every arrangement to see that the prisoner is not left to the world's mercy when he leaves the prison. Friends are looked up, a situation secured and everything done to help the released one lead an honorable and industrious life. The person on parole has to report to the police at certain periods and if his or her conduct is good the person is allowed freedom. If the prisoner on parole does not report the matter is investigated, and no valid reason existing for him or her not reporting, the person is sent back to serve out the remainder of the sentence. Of late years in the matter of prison improvements many progressive changes have been carried into effect.

Mr. Archibald refutes the theory that a criminal can be picked out

by his or her looks. There is no shape of head or lines in the face that indicate criminality or can be taken as guide. There are thousands outside the prisons with similarly shaped heads and similarly shaped lines on their faces as those behind the bars. There are, of course, some persons who seem predestined to become malefactors, no matter how much consideration is shown them, how leniently they are treated, or how many opportunities to reform are presented. Happily, such a class is very small. In Mr. Archibald's opinion, there is not much use trying to do anything with such people except to keep them in prison. They seem determined to lead a life of crime and it is an almost utter impossibility to cure them. Mr. Archibald thinks it is too bad that they have to be released from prison when their sentences expire. He says there is another undesirable class in the professional beggars—the person who will not work and whose aim is ever extended in search of alms. Frequently they are not deserving, and promiscuous charity often does more harm than real good. Mr. Archibald does not believe any child is born a criminal, but rather that it is the lack of parental control, the environment of early years, the neglect of moral teaching that causes many juveniles to follow the path of evil. Thus the germs of criminality are frequently implanted in children, and youthful influences for bad are decidedly difficult to counteract.

"Our country," declares Mr. Archibald, "should be known not for its gold, its great agricultural wealth, its rich mines, its busy manufacturing industries and its unlimited possibilities for development, so much as for its men and its women, who are the grandest assets that any land can command or possess."

Instead of merely punishing those convicted, every effort is made to correct and prepare them for an-



W. P. ARCHIBALD
Dominion Parole Officer.

other start in the world. The best instructors in the various trades are secured to teach those committed to prison. If a young man comes to the prison without a trade he is taught one, so that he will be prepared, when liberated, to take up the battle of life. Labor has a beneficial effect upon the prisoner. There is some hope for the inmate who goes about the daily task set before him with diligence.

"Work is the law of all human existence," says the Dominion Parole Officer. "Man is known by what he does; there is no shame in honest toil. Let us give credit to the man who carries the hod, cleans the street or digs in the sewer. They all honor their manhood and their Creator by being busy. No man should ever be a criminal in Canada with all its opportunities; no one should fall when there is so much to live for, such splendid possibilities and such excellent chances presented to everyone who is willing to labor."

How Silver Bullet Brought Death to Mad Wolf

Exciting Chase after Vicious Brute which Aroused the Superstitious Residents and Killed Many Domestic Animals. Terrified People Uttered Weird Incantations and Drew Mystic Circles Around Their Cattle Pens.

By Maude Benson

FOR months during the year 1870 the people of the Long Reach Settlement in Prince Edward County had been harassed by the ravages of a vicious wolf. Sheep, cattle and even dogs fell the prey of its rapacity. Some called it mad, and mad it must have been, for everything bitten by it, that succeeded in escaping with life, was seized with a sort of hydrophobia.

But the older people shook their heads and whispered ominously. When before had a wolf ever been known to leave the pack and venture out alone in daylight? Besides it

was summer now, instead of winter, and the wolves could find their prey in the great forest surrounding the tiny settlement. Then they talked, in an undertone of witches and wizards entering into the bodies of animals, and what animal more likely to be chosen than a wolf? Who had not heard of a wehr-wolf? And was not this one? They hinted darkly of the doings of old Sal Murphy, the witch, of her meetings with the devil on the brow of the high hill, overlooking Grassy Point. They made mystic circles around their cattle pens. They mumbled charms and intoned weird incantations, for they were all superstitious, and who can wonder that such was the case? Buried alive, one might say, in the depth of a dense forest, with no schools, and possessing few books, their minds craved mental food, and sought in a blind way for gratification. The human mind bewildered is ever superstitious, and so these poor exiles listened to the voices of Nature and attempted to interpret them. They studied the flights of birds. To them the white blur in a candle or the ticking of an innocent spider in a wall, were messages of warning from the great beyond, that enwraps the visible universe. Belief in ghosts, spooks, and witches was general, and in the Long Reach Settlement many were the stories told in awed voices, around blazing fires of the "devilry" of old Sal Murphy, a poor, wizened old creature who lived on the outskirts of the clearance. Hence, when the



Home of Benjamin Leavens, Hallowell Township, Prince Edward County, Erected 44 Years Ago and Still Occupied.

wolf appeared on the scene speculation was rife, but notwithstanding all their charms the ravages continued. The younger men banded themselves together and scoured the woods, but the beast seemed to bear a charmed life, and their efforts were in vain. No bullets touched it and finally the best shots in the settlement were obliged to acknowledge themselves baffled. Then the murmurs against Sal Murphy grew louder and more vehement.

"She'd ought to have her cursed old neck wrung," said Nathan Walters, the carpenter of the Long Reach, as he charged his musket.

"Be careful, Nathe, or she'll 'witch you," laughed Tom Norton, the cobbler. "Peggy Harper saw her looking at little Gyp t'other day, and last night the poor little thing was carried off. Peggy's sure it's Sal. I tell her I don't believe it, but it seems mighty strange we can't shoot the thing."

"Shoot it!" exclaimed John Walters, the pioneer, as he entered the workshop. "I've told you boys time

and ag'in, you can't kill a witch with lead, you've got to have a silver bullet."

Nathan put his hand in his pocket. "Silver it is then. The thing's got to die," he said. "I haven't much money but here's a few shillings. Take 'em and melt 'em up." Joyfully John went to work, but the shillings proved as stubborn as old King George himself, whose impress they bore. The long June day dragged on. Slowly it crept toward evening but still John bent over his task. Presently, however, he called the boys in from their work and proudly turned out of his bullet mould for their inspection a shining silver sphere.

The young men turned the ball over in their hands like connoisseurs and commented on its smoothness and perfect shape.

"Haven't cast a better bullet in years," said John gleefully, as he handed it to his son.

Nathan was the "crack shot" in the Settlement and if a silver bullet was the one thing needed, the wolf



The Wood Which Afforded a Safe Hiding Place for the Rapacious Wolf.

would do well to seek another field for its nefarious business.

Nathan slid the bullet down the muzzle of his musket. "Guess that'll pay Sal's way to the place where she belongs," he laughed.

Tom's face straightened.

"Nathie, do you believe old Sal's in that wolf?" he asked.

"Why, yes. Course I do."

"Well, then, won't it seem like murder, your killin' it?"

Nathan laughed.

"Why, I dunno, I never thought of that," he said.

Meanwhile John Walters was making curious passes through the air with his hands, and muttering to himself.

"What you doin' father?" exclaimed Nathan, now laughing heartily.

"Why it's a charm I learned from the old Dutch doctor. It'll bring the wolf out in short order."

"What fools we are," said Nathan.

But by strange coincidence, as he spoke a ferocious howl sounded near

the workshop. "The wehr-wolf!" "The wolf," cried the boys, their hunters' blood instantly rising to boiling point, as seizing their muskets they started on a run.

Jane Walters stood in the door with her hands clasped together.

"If they only had the horses!" she cried. "Land o' livin'! They're headin' down the shore! They'll meet the girls! Oh! they'll meet the girls!"

The Walters' girls had rode on horseback that afternoon to visit a neighbor, and as they had promised to return home before sunset, Jane was anxiously watching for them.

"That silver bullet'll do its work before the girls show up. Look look, mother, how those boys run! Land sakes it makes me feel young again to see 'em."

John shaded his eyes with his hand and watched them eagerly. His face was shining when he turned to Jane the second time.

"Mother, I could beat 'em, I believe, when I was young," he cried

enthusiastically. "They run well but Lord, how they ran when we charged the Yankee rebels at Brandywine. Just look at them go! See that, now."

But Jane was wringing her hands together and moaning, "Oh! dear heaven, the girls! And the wolf so far ahead!"

The boys flew along like the wind. They vaulted over stump fences; they dashed through underbrush and clearings; they stooped; they dodged fallen branches; they cleared fallen trees at a bound; they laughed; they shouted; they panted; they beat all previous records made on General Training Day; but ever ahead bounded the gaunt, grey beast. Its eyes flashed fire, its tongue lolled from its hot, red mouth and greenish-yellow foam flecked its ugly jaws and lay in great blotches over its body. Tom Norton's eyes danced.

"Run, Sal, run!" he shouted.

"See her leg it for home! The old vixen!" called out Nathan.

At each shout from her pursuers the wolf turned her head toward them, and her sharp fangs gleamed like polished ivory in the sunshine; but still she sped on, and still they followed after. She ran through a cleared field and they gained on her. She cut through to the blazed road and they gained still more. Nearer, nearer, they strained every muscle to its utmost.

The chase was getting more exciting each moment. On, on they went, every instant gaining ground. Once they forged near enough that Tom Norton, who was a few paces ahead of Nathan, raised his musket and fired. The ball struck the bounding, grey side, a tiny red stream colored the foam about the ugly jaws, but that was all.

Tom stood still an instant, looking after Nathan and the wolf, still skimming along over the rough road. He rubbed his brow in a dazed way, then with a joyful shout of "The silver bullet, Nathie! The silver bullet is the only thing that will

fix her, but be mighty careful," he set out on a run again.

Nathan was gauging now, with straining muscles he swept along. He saw not the road he was traveling. His feet instinctively seemed to find the right places in which to tread, for his eyes were ever on the wolf, watching a chance at a vital spot. He had but one silver bullet and no risks were to be taken.

The long, level rays of the setting sun gilded the sparkling waters of the Long Reach, and touched with loving fingers the mighty woods on the low-lying shore across the strip of water. Softly the evening breeze stirred the tender leaves of June above the heads of the struggling young men, but only one bounding, grey foam-flecked body was seen by them. The whole universe for that one instant was centered in that one object; the next instant all was changed.

"My God! the girls!"

Nathan had been hushbanding his breath, but the words came from him in a sharp, agonizing cry. Sure enough a short distance ahead they were coming, cantering along, and guiding their steeds with that grace and horsemanship, for which our early settlers' daughters have ever since been famous. They heard the cry and looked up.

Just a few rods ahead of them bounded the ugly brute.

"Shoot, Nathie, shoot and save the horses!" shouted Tom. "They're done for if she bites 'em."

The horses stopped stock still with braced feet and snorts of terror.

The girls sat frozen with horror. Nathan raised his musket. His face was grey and expressionless. His bronzed hands gleamed white over the knuckles, so tense was his grip on the musket.

Such a moment comes but once in a life-time—the supreme test of our self-control.

Nathan never flinched. Bang! The silver bullet hissed through the air. The wolf leaped madly. Its front paws clawed and



Colonel McDougal's House at Prager, Prince Edward County, built in 1784.

beat wildly about. A horrible, gurgling, unearthly growl issued from its hot throat. A moment—and it rolled over at the feet of the horses.

Nathan sat down on a log and wiped his brow with his sleeve. He was shaking now like the leaves above his head. His nerves tingled like hot wires.

Tom Norton clapped him on the shoulder. "Well done, old boy! Well done!" he cried, his eyes glistening.

"Not bad," said Nathan, dryly. A few seconds after he arose and walked to the dead beast, while Tom reassured the girls.

"Pretty lean for all its carried off

so much," said Nathan, as he turned the wolf over with his foot. "I s'pose Sal's run it most to death though," he added meditatively.

He stood looking at it for some time, then raising his head: "Lyd, jump off your horse. Tom, you take the beast home, it's worth the bounty, anyhow. I'm goin' down to Murphy's to tell old Jim what I've done."

Ruth Walters looked up, and her sweet lips quivered as she said: "There's no need, brother, go home and make a coffin. Poor old Sal died early this morning. Jim told me, and he is broken-hearted. Ah! she was no more witch than I am."

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I."
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the steady coat.
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undigested contempt surge through you when
You see you shrink, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whatever
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unrolled to what you loathe—
To some that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

A Merchant Prince of the Canadian Metropolis

One of the Foremost Figures in the Commercial Life of the Dominion is Mr. Robert McEighen, of Montreal—A Man of Strong Personality, who Believes in Canada First, Last and All the Time—Some Starring Incidents in his Career.

By C. D. CARR.

"THE master is the man who has worked wisely and intelligently and through habit has come to believe in himself." The two cardinal requisites of the master in business success are ability and opportunity. "Village Hampdens" and "Mute, inglorious Miltons" are thick as leaves in Vallambrosa's Wood. Some men of rare ability fail because of lack of opportunity. Once placed supreme ability in the calcium light of publicity and another chapter is written in "Biographies of Great Men." A new Industrial King ascends the

throne. Capital comes, cap in hand, to beg for a chance to enlist under your commercial banner.

This, then, is to introduce one of Montreal's merchant princes and able business men, Mr. Robert McEighen, whose success in combining ability and opportunity, has been great. He was intimately associated with the illustrious Lord Mount Stephen, his brother-in-law, who, with Lord Strathcona and others, constructed Canada's great railway, the C.P.R.

Mr. McEighen has risen from the obscurity of small beginnings as a mer-



THE HOME OF MR. ROBERT MCEIGHEN, MONTREAL.

[This is one of the few Canadian residences on which the Royal Standard has floated. The occasion was when the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Albany were the guests of Lord Mount Stephen, brother-in-law of Mr. McEighen.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

chaut in a country town, to the distinction of being president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world; a director of one of Canada's leading and soundest banks; also of many other financial institutions; president of the New Brunswick Railway Company, and one of Montreal's foremost and honored citizens. He is immensely wealthy, and was distinguished, socially, by marrying the sister of Lord Mount Stephen. Yet all these honors have not turned his head one degree.

Mr. Meighen is an Irishman, being born near Londonderry at Donevan, Ireland, and possesses much of the native wit of his race. His father died when he was very young and the family came to Canada, settling at Perth, Ont., where the children were educated. It was there the Meighen boys established themselves in business as wholesale and retail general merchants. The firm of Arthur Meighen & Bros. became widely known for its probity and enterprise, in fact, one of the largest doing business in the old Bathurst District. In 1882 greater things were looming up

for Mr. Robert Meighen, and he removed to Montreal, where he became associated in business with Sir George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, and whom he afterwards succeeded as president of the New Brunswick Railway Company, which now forms part of the Canadian Pacific Eastern Lines. This position Mr. Meighen still holds.

Sir George Stephen, himself a master mind, saw in his brother-in-law that rarest of gifts, common sense, coupled with sound judgment, poise, thrift and unparalleled honesty of purpose. It was a natural sequence that their efforts should centre in the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Meighen had previously invested in the Portage Milling Company, at Portage La Prairie. There, was formed the nucleus of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., which to-day is shipping flour to the four corners of the globe. The immense growth of this company since its inception has been due in no small degree to the foresight and judgment exercised by Mr. Meighen, not only in his own personal efforts, but in securing heads of departments capable of carrying on this extensive business with marked success. It is nearly twenty years since he was chosen president of the company.

Mr. Meighen is a man of strong personality. His methods are his own. He is known for his peculiarities from the Atlantic to the Pacific; in fact, in many parts of the Old World. In Montreal his familiar presence "on 'Change' is looked for every day. When exciting and critical corners turn up in the grain and flour markets the brokers stand around and frequently exclaim, "Where is Meighen? Let's hear what he has got to say." The cause for such remarks are twofold. First, Mr. Meighen is keen and thoroughly posted on the probabilities of the market. He makes it his business to be well informed always, and his anticipations of changes are based upon a judgment ripened in the severe school of hard earned experience. Second, he has a faculty of seeing through any scheme like a searchlight, and the

slightest attempt at "rigging" the market will be scented by him in a trice. The grain brokers know well that they need never try to "put up a job" on Mr. Meighen. Sometimes his fondness for some particular policy, political or commercial upon which he has very definite opinions, causes him to be argumentative. It is usually the custom for those who know him to jokingly gloss over any excited words with the remark, "You have studied that subject too much for me, Mr. Meighen." These arguments sometimes hinge on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, sometimes on politics, sometimes on grain prices. Whatever it may be, Mr. Meighen is usually very positive about his information, and the man who measures swords with him must be sure of his facts or he will be floored in the first round.

It is now many years since Mr. Meighen advocated the policy of Imperial Preference of Trade. His confident belief in it has been instrumental in educating Canadians in many parts upon this question. His clear-cut, original expressions, his quick decisions in business, and with all pleasant aggressiveness at all times, make him a business man easy to remember. He has stamped his character on the extensive business of which he is the head, and his individuality runs through all the important ramifications. His original expressions are notable; for instance, he is reported to have said when asked about purity in politics: "Don't paint the pump if you want clear water; clean out the well." He is a lover of reading and his model of a newspaper is thoroughly ideal. He is intimate with one or two newspaper writers in Montreal and they are favored with his keen judgment on many difficult questions. His magnificent library is never idle and he believes that books are valuable only as they corroborate what you know, reading being self-revelation. Some further test of the man's idealism may be gathered from his belief that the problem facing the press of Canada to-day (given very privately to a

newspaper friend), is to be a newspaper without being a purveyor of the moral garbage of diseased society, and to be a leader of public opinion, without yielding to the pressure of the capitalists or corporations on the one hand, or to the clamor of the stampeded crowd on the other. Optimistic Mr. Meighen! What a fine creed for any newspaper! This shows his pure motives for public good. His private office is adorned with handsome oil paintings. Glancing at the names of the artists with curious insistence one is sure to find those of some clever local workers in whom Mr. Meighen believed, and whom he wished to help, so he bought the pictures, even though his palatial home at 140 Drummond Street, Montreal, is massed with masterpieces of art from the Old and New World. His home is his hobby and those who are his guests are fortunate, indeed.

Mr. and Mrs. Meighen are both types of that all too rare old school of home lovers and home builders.



LIEUT-COL. FRANK MEIGHEN

Son of Mr. Robert Meighen, and Commanding officer of one battalion of the 6th Royal Scots, Montreal.



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN
Brother-in-law of Mr. Meighen

Their gardens of flowers and other rare products are said to be unsurpassed in the whole Dominion, and are among the sights of Montreal, being kept, however, as privately as an Old Country castle. Their homestead was formerly the Canadian residence of Lord Mount Stephen. This distinguished peer of the realm made a unique distribution of his many millions of money in the form of a will while he is still living. All his relatives have been apportioned their respective shares and are enabled to enjoy life in common with himself while the donor lives to rejoice in the superlative happiness of giving.

To know Mr. Meighen, would be a first-class guarantee for investing money in the business over which he had control. In the natural course of events he has been chosen to fill important positions in the world of finance. He is a director of the Bank of Toronto (one of the strongest financial institutions in Canada), the Northwest Land Co., the Dominion Transport Co., and many others. As a member of the Montreal Board of Trade and the Corn Exchange Asso-

ciation, he is always active and progressive and was a delegate to the Fifth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire.

In his public utterances Mr. Meighen is famous for his common sense—one of the rarest of gifts. He can translate moods and manners of merchants, intricate financial problems, and complexities of all kinds, into the simplest and plainest of English, which all tells in an incisive, convincing manner exactly what he is getting at. It was such a speech as this that he made at that Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire. That vast audience, comprising the master commercial minds of the British Empire, listened appreciatively to the hard sense of his expression. So attractive was that public address that it was afterward published in pamphlet form and widely circulated.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of calls upon him in business he has found time to become the author of another pamphlet on the fiscal question which he had especially addressed to the farmers of Canada. A strong principle in Mr. Meighen's creed is that he believes in Canada, first, last and all the time. He has great belief in the young men of the country and his open-handed generosity to the energetic and capable young men in different walks of life is known only to the donor himself and those whom he helps. He and Mrs. Meighen are devoted to charity and organized hospital work. They belong to one of the most wealthy congregations in Montreal, St. Paul's Presbyterian, of which church Mr. Meighen is trustee.

His clubs are the Mt. Royal, St. James and Canadian, as well as several in Great Britain and the Continent. Mr. Meighen has achieved his personal success, aside from any of the wealth of his family, by his adherence to the principles of prudence, hard work and the neglect of nothing. He has frequently been asked to take part in public life, but he believes that his duties run in the lines of business more than in the ac-

tive arena of publicity. He has two sons who are in business in Montreal, and they are models of dignified behavior and capability. Lieut.-Col. Meighen, the eldest son, commands one battalion of the 5th Royal Scots, Montreal's crack Scottish Regiment; and he is also one of the best known polo players in the East. Mr. Meighen has one daughter, who is the wife of Mr. R. W. Reford, son of Mr. Robert Reford, the head of Reford Shipping Co., of Montreal.

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.

A brother-in-law and former partner of Mr. Robert Meighen is Lord Mount Stephen, one of the founders of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In company with others, he undertook in 1880 a stupendous task, in which he

never lost faith or faltered, that of building a line of steel across the continent. In recognition of his eminent services, he was in 1886 created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and five years later Her Majesty Queen Victoria was further pleased to raise him to the peerage with the title of Lord Mount Stephen, he being so named from a high peak in the Rocky Mountains on the route of the C.P.R., which peak was called after him (Mr. George Stephen), as president of the company. His Lordship retired from the presidency of the road in 1888, and for the last twenty years has made his home in England. He is a Scotchman by birth, and came to Canada in 1850. He is in the 79th year of his age.

What Financial Prosperity Costs

The Bohemian Magazine.

ONCE upon a time a young man and a girl loved each other fondly. He was poor, but bright, energetic and persevering. She was pretty, cheerful and amiable. They married. Their friends thought they might have waited until their prospects were better, but they laughed prudence to scorn, and this is what happened.

Two years after the marriage the wife met one of her friends.

"How are you getting along?" asked the friend.

"Very nicely," said the wife beaming. "My husband is so good and I have such a lovely baby. And, just think, we have a thousand dollars in the bank and we don't owe a cent to anybody!"

Five years later the friend met her again.

"I hear you are doing very well," she said. "Some one told me your husband had ten thousand dollars invested in real estate."

"Why, yes," said the wife, "but it's such a worry. There are repairs and taxes and interest on mortgages and one of the tenants has just moved out

owing us a whole month's rent. Isn't it a shame?"

Five years later. Another meeting. "From what I hear your husband will soon be a millionaire."

"Oh, I don't know," said the wife. "He hasn't more than half a million yet. And it is so tied up in all sorts of investments—one never knows how they will turn out. I just wish we had enough to put the money in government bonds, so that we wouldn't have to worry. But, of course, the income from half a million in government bonds wouldn't be enough to make both ends meet. And yet, do you know, some people have such absurd notions about the amount of money we have? One crank has even sent a letter to my husband threatening to shoot him just because he is rich. I declare, sometimes I'm so worried I don't know what to do."

It would be pleasant to give this story a happy ending, but that isn't the kind it had. This lady's wealth continued to increase as long as she lived and she never ceased to be uneasy except in those brief intervals when she forgot all about it.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Who Will Pay His Second Visit to Canada in July Next, to Participate in the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration.

In 1492, when the intrepid French explorer and navigator, Samuel de Champlain, founded at Quebec the first permanent settlement in Canada. Yet three hundredth anniversary of this historic episode, which will be observed in July next, will be equally honored by the presence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Nearly seven years ago, the Prince, then the Duke of Cornwall and York, in company with the Princess, paid a visit to the Dominion, traversing from coast to coast this broad, fertile portion of the great American continent. Everywhere the Royal guests were accorded a spontaneous and most enthusiastic reception. On the occasion of his second visit, the Prince will not be accompanied by any member of the Royal family. The Ancestral Capital will be his only point where he will spend his time while in Canada, although pressing invitations have been forwarded to have him extend his tour to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and other cities. His stay will be limited to one week.

Prince George, as he is popularly known, is in the forty-second year of his age, being born on June 2nd, 1864. When twenty-eight years old, he was married to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck. He is the father of six happy children, the eldest being Prince Edward Albert, a bright lad of fourteen summers. The programme of the Quebec Tercentenary is as brief as follows:—The Prince will arrive on the morning of July 2nd, and will be received by the Governor-General and greeted with an address of welcome from the Dominion Parliament. On July 3rd, the anniversary of the landing of Champlain will be commemorated; each, dedication of the battlefield of Plains of Abraham, followed by military and naval review, with review of the mounted forces; with special thanksgiving services; with, naval display at sea, followed by bandstandment of Queen's music, children's day, etc. Prince leaves the port on return trip home.

The World's Greatest Plow Manufacturer

Mr. James Oliver, Who Recently Passed Away in Indiana, Was a Scotchman by Birth, and Rose From Dire Poverty to be One of North America's Foremost Captains of Industry—Brief History of Man Whose Career Reads More Like a Dream Than a Stern Life Struggle

By G. W. Brock

"Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

AT his palatial home in South Bend, Indiana, there recently passed away the greatest manufacturer of plows that the world has ever known. His name was James Oliver, and he had reached the advanced age of 84 years.

With no advantages in his youth, in the face of vicissitudes almost innumerable and difficulties which to another of weaker will and determination, would have proved insuperable, he rose to be one of the greatest captains of industry on the North American continent.

A Scotchman by birth he was the rugged product of his native soil. His nature found its component parts in the rock ribbed highlands of his beloved Scotland. It was built of native granite, strong, enduring and immovable, but the sunshine that bathed the hillsides of the land of his birth warmed the solid substance into the glowing colors of affection and sentiment. Beneath the rugged exterior pulsed a strong and fervent soul, intense in its purposes, responsive to the touch of love, of sympathy, of friendship and the ills of his fellow men.

He was the son of a shepherd, like he who said: "On Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," and while he tended the sheep he learned to love the hills and vales, the brooks and trees, the birds and flowers, and above all the truth was implanted in his heart that

"What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that?

Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

His parent's home was in Roxburghshire, Scotland. There James Oliver was born August 28th, 1823. When he came to America with other members of the family he was twelve years old. He was a bright, stout lad with not a lazy bone in his body. In New York State, near Geneva, he secured employment on a farm at 50 cents a week and board, and that he saved his money is shown by the statement that in 11 weeks he had accumulated five dollars, but about that time one of his brothers was taken sick and his little hoard was quickly dissipated. The year after their arrival in America, in 1836, the family moved west, locating in LaGrange County, Indiana, where they lived for a short time on a farm before moving to Mishawaka. A small log house served as their habitation in Mishawaka, and while occupying it the father died in 1837. James found employment on a farm at better wages than he had received in the east. He was paid 86 a month and his board, and to the emigrant boy this really seemed like getting on in the world. From farm work he drifted into manual labor of all kinds, whatever he could find to do that would pay the heat, and eventually found himself working in a grist mill for Lee Brothers. That was in 1840, when he was 17 years old, and to show his thrift it may be stated that while thus engaged he purchased and paid for a house and lot costing \$775, on which he made an advance payment of \$75. This left an indebtedness of \$700, which he eventually worked out and thereby laid the foundation for the fortune he leaves to his children. Another thing that contributed to his prosperity was his marriage in 1844 to Susan Doty, a young woman of such good com-

mon sense and great helpfulness that she proved an invaluable helpmeet during the 58 years of hardships, trials, success, prosperity and always happiness that elapsed before she was called away. This foundation of Mr. Oliver's fortune was laid, not in the small property he had gained, but in his demonstrated ability to work, manage and accumulate. After his marriage he learned the molder's trade. He was steady, reliable and industrious, in every respect a model employee, but he was not content with working for wages. He had aspirations beyond the wage plane of endeavor, and confidence, as well as ambition, in his ability to rise above it. He took to himself the advice given by his much loved poet and countryman, Robert Burns, to a young friend, who he enjoined to

business steadily grew until he was obliged to devote all of his time to the work of the shop and office and entrust the selling of the plows to agents. Then the need of more capital for the purpose of extending the field of operations presented itself and a stock company was organized under the name of the South Bend Iron Works. Subsequently the company was reincorporated under the name of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, and thus the enterprise expanded from the strivings of one young man, poor and unaided, until it became the largest industry of its kind in the world, with branch houses in many of the large cities of the United States and agencies in nearly every country in the civilized world.

EVOLUTION OF THE CHILLED PLOW.

On returning from a trip to the Southern and Southwestern States, the late Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, in a speech delivered in his home city, Terre Haute, Ind., referred to the Oliver chilled plow as an "agent of civilization." He had witnessed with wonder and patriotic pleasure the marvelous development of the section he had visited, and in it he recognized the potent influence of the plow. Again, in a case before the United States Senate Committee on Patents in which the Birdsall Manufacturing Company was defending its clover huller patents, it developed from the evidence that the Oliver chilled plow had saved the farmers of the country \$30,000,000 a year in facility and economy of operation. The chilled plow is a product of evolution, the result of years of study and experiment, and by the highest authorities it is recognized that James Oliver gave it to the world. The invention and perfection of this plow is classified by the Encyclopedia Americana as one of the great mechanical inventions of the age, ranking with the sewing machine and the cotton gin, and even more widely important than the latter.

The principle had been experimented with for a long time before Mr. Oliver began to give it any attention, but it was not until he perfected his chilled mold board that the principle was sufficiently developed to make it available. This was accom-

plished between the years 1867 and 1871, after many failures and disappointments. This discovery practically revolutionized the plow trade of the world. Here is what it meant. Up to the time the chilled mold board was perfected the farmer had to use either a plow made of ordinary cast iron that would neither scour nor wear well, or a steel plow that was high priced and unsuitable for certain kinds of soil. Chilling the mold board means hardening it to a degree that causes it to scour well in almost any soil and resist the wear. The surface of a chilled plow is almost impervious to a drill and yet not easily broken. With this accomplished the remainder of Mr. Oliver's life was devoted to improving the quality and broadening the usefulness of his plow.

WORKED EARLY AND LATE.

It was Mr. Oliver's habit to be at the factory by 7 o'clock in the morning or earlier and this practice was continued until within the past few months. He was utterly devoted to the business. His whole life was bound up in it, and every day when not ill or out of the city he visited every part of the great establishment. He gave no attention to the office business, leaving that entirely to his son, and he never endangered his chosen business by engaging in outside investments. After he accumulated a surplus over and above the amount of capital needed for the conduct of the business he invested money in other ways. These investments were also managed by his son. There was nothing speculative in his nature. He preferred to pursue the even tenor of his way and was satisfied with the results.

Mr. Oliver was an advocate of the simple life and practiced what he preached. He did not abhor society, but he preferred to be at home with his family, to retire and rise early, to eat plain food. He was fond of the good old Scotch dish on which he was bred, oat meal porridge, as he called it, and he believed in fresh air and lots of it. Every night, whether stormy or fair, the window



THE LATE JAMES OLIVER

of his chamber was open. With his own employees he was on the most intimate terms. He mingled freely with the men in the various departments of the works and even in late years when the number had grown to be a thousand or two knew many of them by name and was acquainted with their personal history. His attitude toward all was always kindly and considerate. He was approachable and thoughtful of their comfort and welfare, and all of them held him in the highest respect. The older employees frequently consulted him regarding their personal affairs. Mr. Oliver was always disposed to pay good wages, believing that a man should receive every cent he earned. Mr. Oliver leaves two children—Joseph D., who became the financial manager of the business, and a daughter, the wife of ex-Congressman George Ford, of the 13th Indiana district. The late Mr. Oliver was the wealthiest man in Indiana and a widely known public benefactor. His vast fortune amounted to \$63,000,000 and the will has just been filed for probate.

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

So, having accumulated a little money he decided to engage in the manufacture of plows. He was still close to the soil. The needs of the farmers appealed to him directly and strongly, for he knew that a good plow was the most important implement on the farm. He had studied these needs along this special line and believed he could make as good if not a better plow than was then on the market. But nothing good comes except through sacrifice. In the very outset of his career as a plow manufacturer he met with misfortune that swept away much of his savings and seriously hampered his business, and then, as misfortunes never come singly, the dam in the river washed out and his foundry was flooded. Hindered, delayed and crippled, but not defeated or discouraged, he began again in a smaller way and laboring under many difficulties. After making a few plows he would go out among the farmers and sell them, and this he repeated, making gains all the time. He began business in South Bend, Indiana, in 1855, with a small foundry equipment and a cash capital of \$100, in a little shop. The



DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

The Eminent French-Canadian Poet and Author who is thoroughly conversant with the folk lore of his people.

A man who helps us to a better understanding of our fellowmen, is certainly worthy of honor. He is rarely equalled in a place in our affection for his performing a noble work. Dr. Louis Frechette is a talented Canadian, who has taught us that there is much worth copying in the simple, honest, warm-hearted life, quiet ways, and historical customs of the French-Canadian habitant.

In both prose and poetic productions, he has given us a pleasant, wholesome glimpse, a trust, vivid picture, and a wider grasp of the inhabitants of Lower Canada. He has brought prominently to the front the trust, honor, hospitality, faith, devotion, and deeply religious nature of French-Canadian life. With French-Canadian life, Dr. Frechette is thoroughly conversant; his works are full of interest and incident, the writer drawing upon his wealth of knowledge for their healthful and hopeful tone.

"The Bard of French Canada," as Dr. Frechette has been termed, is a native of Quebec City. He is in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and during his literary career has had many hard-earned spurs. In 1865 two of his books of poetry were crowned with the French Academy of Paris and he himself was elected an officer of the Academy, and a Knight of the Legion of Honor. A quarter of a century ago the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by several leading universities, and in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, 1901, he was created a C.M.G. by Her Majesty. Dr. Frechette is a past president of the Royal Society of Canada, a member of the Imperial Institute of London, and other well-known organizations.

The late President Grant styled him as "our greatest poet," while another eminent critic remarks, "He has made the history of the France beyond the seas live again in poetry."

Where Beauty Spots Flourish

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company Which has Been for Many Years the All Red Route Between the Mother Country and Australia and the British Possessions in the Far East is Making a Flower Path of its Road Across the Continent, Thus in a Double Sense Making it Pre-eminent as an All Red Route.

By M. O. K.

THE average railway station is not the most picturesque spot in the world. Beauty and business are seldom side partners, and a network of rails, long trains of freight cars, piles of lumber and coal, with unsightly sheds and not too aesthetically designed water tanks, combine to make a predominant air of something or other which is not exactly akin to culture and the love of the beautiful.

But that is the dingy picture that could be drawn of many a railway station in Canada and the United States to-day. It may not always be so. In fact, at several hundred stations along the lines of the Canadian Pacific already is shown a perceptible change from the ugliness of old. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company—while not indulging altogether in the sentimental, and still attending strictly to business—is paying a great deal of attention to beautifying the stations along its lines. It has a floral department, completely established, and extending its sphere of usefulness with each succeeding season. It spends several thousand dollars yearly in the good work, and it is reaping the reward of its exertions by the improved surroundings of its buildings and in the pleasure that the fragrance and the beauty of its well kept gardens give. There are those who highly appreciate the desire of the company to make its line a veritable "Road of Roses"—a singularly appropriate name for this All Red Route. The broadcast sowing of carnations, petunias, poppies, verbenas,

asters, zinnias, nasturtiums, godetias, and the floral emblems of Old England will further establish the company's right to a well-won title which others are attempting to appropriate.

Of this department many kind words have been said in letters from employes and in the press. For instance, a New Brunswick paper, the St. Andrew's Beacon, says:

"A big corporation like the C.P.R. that can spare time from its pursuit of wealth to cultivate a love for the beautiful in nature on the part of



MR. N. S. DUNLOP

Who Superintends the General Work of Beautifying the Surroundings of the Various C.P.R. Stations.



A picturesque spot adjoining the C. P. R. Station at Miramonte, Man.

those in its employ, or those who come within its sphere of influence, can scarcely be termed a "soulless corporation." Somewhere about it there is a soul and heart as well as a great big brain, otherwise it would not have created a department especially for the development of the aesthetic sense. The floral department of the C.P.R. is unique. Its primary objects were to brighten up the station grounds

along its system between the Atlantic and the Pacific; to make the waste places blossom; to give a touch of color to monotonous environments; to furnish station agents in remote places with a pleasant diversion, and, incidentally, to supply a restful change for the eye of the traveler on the road.

Packages of flowers of different varieties are yearly sent to those employees—agents, foremen, section men and others—who express a wish for them, with instructions as to their planting. This spring two thousand parcels were sent out, each containing twenty-nine smaller packages, or an aggregate of 58,000 packages, which, with the bulbs distributed last fall, should brighten many a garden spot in the long stretch between St. John and Vancouver.

At the head of the department is Mr. N. S. Dunlop, who, notwithstanding his other duties as tax and insurance commissioner and claims adjuster, finds plenty of time to manage the details. Great satisfaction has been the outcome of his self-imposed task in the splendid results

which have followed the inception of this most laudable scheme. With him it is a labor of love; with the agents, the workmen, their wives and daughters, it is a work of pleasure.

The scheme, although it has been in operation for eleven years, is as yet in its infancy, but already its influence is appreciable, and there is the promise of even more gratifying results in the years to come. Flower culture is evidently contagious, for the example set by the employees of the Canadian Pacific is being followed by others living in the vicinity of its gardens, and whole neighborhoods

look the better for it. And so it may be that another generation or two will know not of the dull, dreary and ill-conditioned surroundings of the railway station that in places now exist, but will then see, in the radiance and glorious brightness with which God's own flowers adorn and enrich the humblest of spots, a vast change from the things that once were.

The Canadian Pacific is teaching a useful lesson in blending its business with the embellishment of its grounds and teaching the world that when properly planned, Beauty and Business may advantageously go hand in hand.

How I Sassed the Boss

By Walter Hovens in the Chicago Tribune

THE snatches of conversation that one hears in the highways and byways would seem to indicate that the workers of the city, particularly the young ones, are more interested in what they didn't do than in what they did do. For instance, one frequently hears choice bits like this: "Yes, the boss he comes in to me and says: 'Perkins, you enter up the cash items to-day, please.' And I says, says I: 'Not on your life. I wasn't hired to do that work. I don't do anything like that.'"

Then his callow friend admiringly answers: "You bet. That's right. Don't let 'em trample on you. That's the only thing to do."

Whether Perkins really made any such answer is doubtful. Probably in answer to the boss' request he said: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." But in any case it shows the wrong spirit in Perkins to boast of his impudence and unwillingness to undertake extra work.

Sometimes one hears a worker telling a story wherein he hides behind the rules of a union.

"No, sir," says I to the boss. "I don't work overtime, even if you will lose money by my not doing it. What

do I care about your contract? That's up to you. As for me—I'm a good union man. The union tells me how long I shall work and I work them hours—no more. See?"

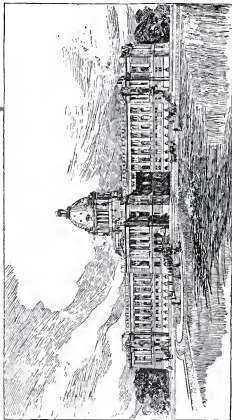
One sometimes hears a fresh youth grumbling about the extra work he has to do, what he would like to tell the boss, and what he will tell him when he quits, but such a worker is not the hero in the eyes of his friend that the imprudent worker is.

"Yes, that old grouch, Jenkins, tells me to finish up the job if it takes me all night, and do you know, I had to work until 11 o'clock, and me with a date to take Pearl to the vaudeville. Why, I felt like telling him where to back in at. Yes, of course, I should have been up on my work, but what difference did that make? Next day would have done just as well. But I'll get even with that old skinflint. Just wait until I quit; I'll tell him things he never heard before."

One hears many such snatches of talk; in fact, many are much worse, but one rarely hears any worker telling in a respectful way how he had cheerfully attended to his own work and helped other fellow workers or even helped his boss at a pinch.



An Attractive Flower Garden in front of the C. P. R. Station at Tuxedo, B.C.



SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

Which will be erected this summer at Regina. It is expected the business structure will cost about \$400,000 before completion. The exterior is a fine adaptation of English Renaissance work. The stately edifice will be of red brick and part half stone which lends particularly well.

Some Deductions on the Average Man

How an Authority Sizes Him up in the Matter of Whiskers, Hockey, Golf and General Citizenship—Statistics, That Reduced to Concrete Form Create Amusement and Cause Consternation.

By "One Who Knows"—Illustrated by Gladys Rezan.

RECENTLY a distinguished linguist made the statement that the average man could transact business or carry on the details of his occupation on a vocabulary of about five hundred words; that on an average the reasonably well informed man did not make use of more than thirteen hundred words and only those who ascended to the higher flights of eloquence and expression required so many as three thousand. And he was careful to state that he was taking men and their requirements on an average.

It is a queer thing how recklessly we make us of this word, average. It is a lazy man's definition. It saves the expression, in concrete form of an idea. We speak of the average man, the average citizen, average householder and other miscellaneous averages. And we think we know that which we mean to convey and we suppose the other fellow knows equally well, when in fact, he does not. Of the average citizen, for instance, we have a rather vague idea. We conceive of a personality answering to our thoughts, but the average man, in fact, form and feature in attribute and address is as unlike as possible to the creature we conjure up.

For instance: Take a batch of fifty men, selected from the community at large. Stand them up in a row and strike an average and the line of demarcation will not be in the middle of the line but about two-thirds of the way down. For

men do not average as well as we would expect, for there are not citizens enough above the average to bring the general result to the fifty per cent. line. Could we shake our corps of fifty up in a bag, tumble out the contents, divide it into fifty equal parts the result would be a surprise. Take the matter of whisk-



"Just an average man after all."

ers. Shreds and patches would sound because there would not be enough to go decently around. Nearly all would be more or less bald, for hair on the heads would be at a premium, except in the case of the commercial article. Like a composite picture all individuality would be lost and merged in a dead level of mediocrity.

Following this line of thought into material issues we find that the law of averages will work out into some queer relations. The wages of a workman may be high per week, and low on an average. The fees of the professional man, those we hear of as being paid for valuable services, come in lumps but scale down when we consider the days

petuation of the industry and work up results for an average, and give the benefit of this average to our fifty years' veteran and see how he ranks on the roll of honor, to say nothing of how near he is to insolvency and a cripple for life. Here we have a tangible average, an array of emoluments, successes, and mishaps. The gifts of the rolling years have handed him the following:

Broke 3 of his arms; had the grip, 19 times; scrapped, 47 times; got the best of the scrap, 18 times; sent to the fence, 2,280 times; stayed on the fence, 3 times; ruled off the ice, 79 times; went off the ice, 23 times; licked the umpire, 14 times; was licked, 5 times. Resigned from the

in a hurry may play at golf and achieve such successes as the sport affords. So let us use the records of the Whack-em-up Club for five seasons, as recorded by the genial secretary and making an average among players and happenings we deduce the following, premising that our exponent of the sport became infatuated at the age of twenty and kept at it until sixty-five years of age. Forty-five seasons of clubs and bankers. Here for the averages:

Met 478 eminent people; asked to take something 478 times; took something 465 times. (Clearly a waste of opportunity 13 times); won out 117 times; lost 874 times. Personal expenses, \$1,650. Club expenses, \$584. Results: Gained in weight, 84 pounds; acquired 17 sets of clubs. Lost 311 balls. Struck with rheumatism, 21 times; played in 991 games; won 13 medals, 11 pairs of skates, 9 boquets and attended 43 luncheons and 7 banquets.

Turning from the arena of such joyous effort we may consider the case of the average citizen, who

should be heard. And rightly so because there is such a thundering lot of him. Take the public records, for instance, and divide the schedules up allotting to the average citizen his share and we have funny results. Strike an average of personal expense and one wonders where the money comes from for it goes flying up the spout. So we strike an average on behalf of our fellow man, and tell him that he is to do his duty in that state of life to which his father left him. The results run into decimals. Here is the score, based on a span of life of sixty-five years:

Licked, twice; in police court, 7-13 times; average fine, 14 3-5 cents; promised to marry, 4 1-7 girls; married, one; had 3 4-5 children; paid for dog tags, \$19.28; value of dogs, \$2.15; spent on plug tobacco, \$29.35; smoked cigars to the tune of \$472.18; burned out, 14-22 times; joined 2 1-5 churches; joined 3 1-10 societies; voted, 156 times; lost his vote, 152 times; salary raised, 4 times; shovelled snow, 167 times.

And so endeth the second lesson.



"He was ruled off the ice seventy-nine times."

of non-professional success. And, while these reflections are all right as a matter of speculation, let us follow a theory to a practical conclusion, by selecting some condition that will supply an average not to be sneezed at. The national game of hockey will do as well as any other to fit our theory on and pick of the fruits of contemplation.

Suppose an average boy began to play hockey persistently, fervently, if you like, at the age of fifteen and devoted the seasons as they successively came around to an earnest exposition of the game until he reached the age of sixty-five years. Fifty years of hockey. Fifty seasons of sport, fifty winters of joyous activity and scrapping. Let us take the successes and failures of a local team, devoted to the per-

team twice each season. Resignations never accepted. Received 17 votes of thanks and 32 complimentary resolutions, shared in 24 banquets, gained 13 gold rings, 9 sets of sleeve buttons and a large china dog. Also gained one gentleman's companion. The companion stayed with him through life.

Having set out to prove our case to make assurance sure more evidence is needed. Investigation and results in one form of sport will not convince the incredulous. Pile up a few more, and nail down the lid. Golf is a popular pastime. Its devotees whack the elusive sphere all over the arable land of the province and hunt for lost balls in the suburban vegetable gardens. Clearly a gentleman's game, a sport of the sunny hours and daylight. No man



"He meets many eminent people on the golf links who ask him 'to take something'."



THE CANADIAN COLLEGE IN ROME

The First Steam Heated Building in Rome

Was the Canadian College, the Twentieth Anniversary of Which Will be Observed This Year—The School is a Splendid Structure and was Inaugurated for the Education of Young Priests—Some Precious Relics in the Institution.

By Monsignor Saffetto, in the Canadian Banner

THIS year, a most interesting anniversary for Canadian Catholics, will be celebrated, that of the foundation of the Canadian College in Rome, which is the most important institution of the Dominion, indeed, the only one, in the Eternal City, and of which there is no member of the clergy at home who has not very pleasant recollections, either as student or visitor. Canada is the last corner of the world to be represented in Rome with a College for the education of young priests.

In the British world England occupies the first place, as her College boasts of being a continuation of the School and Hostel for the English people visiting Rome, which legend says, was founded by Ina, King of Wessex, in 727. St. Thomas of Canterbury, is supposed to have resided there, under Henry VIII.

Several Englishmen took refuge there, and when the Catholic Bishops were driven from their Seats, at the accession of Elizabeth, Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, was also given hospitality. By 1647 the English College could count among those who had been educated there, 20 priests who had suffered martyrdom in England, giving occasion to St. Philip Neri to salute the students with the words, "Salvete flores martyrum!" (Hail, ye flowers of the martyrs!).

The Scotch also possess in Rome a Church and a Hostel of the time of Henry VIII., which Mary Stuart put on a sound footing, but the Scotch College, as it now stands, was founded by Clement VIII. in 1600. In 1616 it was made over, by Paul V., (Borghese) to the Jesuits, who had the management of it down to their suppression in 1773. Pius

VII. revived it in 1820, and placed it under the charge of a Scotch secular priest, as Rector. Gregory XIII., who, as we saw, was practically the founder of the English College, intended to have one also for the Irish, but as at that time they were persecuted he thought it better to devote the money to assisting them. The College was, instead founded by his nephew, Cardinal Ludovisio, in 1628, with the celebrated Irish Franciscan historian, Father Luke Wadding, as first rector, the College starting with six students, and a donation of fifty dollars per month. This College also remained under the Jesuits until their suppression. Leo XII. restored it in 1826, and Cardinal Cappelari, afterwards Gregory XVI., conceived a singular affection for this Irish community and loaded it with favors. In 1836 he paid a formal visit to the College while Paul Cullen afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, was Rector, and in the same year he gave the College the Church and Sant' Agata dei Goti (St. Agatha of the Goths), which has now a great interest for the Irish people, as it contains the heart of the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, who left it to them as a legacy, and is enclosed in a monument to him.

Canada, which was known to Rome only through her pilgrims, and her Zouaves, who fought bravely whenever called upon, owes to the Sulpicians, and more especially to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal, the foundation of her College, which is the most comfortable and the handsomest in Rome.

The negotiations for this new institution began in 1885, and on the 24th August of that year Lord Salisbury, then British Premier, and Minister of Foreign Affairs, telegraphed to Lord Lumley, Ambassador in Rome, entrusting to his good offices the erection of the Canadian College in the Eternal City. The corner stone of the building was laid on February 25, 1887, in the presence of Father Icard, Superior General

of St. Sulpice, while Cardinal Howard, Protector of the new institution, conducted the ceremony, assisted by Cardinals Taschereau and Gibbons, who were both in Rome to take their red hats, having been raised to the purple by Leo XIII. shortly before, in the same Consistory. Another prelate, present at that interesting function, was Monsignor John J. Keane, then Bishop of Richmond, and now Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa.

The inauguration of the College took place on November 11, 1888, with magnificent weather, one of those golden Roman days, in which sun, sky and air, seem to combine for the delight of man. The ceremony was conducted by Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar of Rome, who was then supposed to be the most probable successor to Leo XIII., but who instead died several years before that great Pope. A glance at the notabilities present makes, at 20 years distance, curious and interesting reading. The Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal, had sent its Superior, Father Colin, who had done so much towards the erection of the new College, and the diocese was represented by the Archbishop, Monsignor Fabre, who died eight years later. He had brought with him, as his secretary, a young Abbe, Father Bruchesi, who was to succeed him in his high position. Of those who meanwhile have died I will recall the good Monsignor Morreau, Bishop of St. Hvacinth, who passed away a little over two years later. Other prelates, instead, still occupy the same position as then, such as Monsignor Duhamel, the venerable Archbishop of Ottawa, Mgr Riordon, Archbishop of San Francisco, and Mgr. Maes, Bishop of Covington, Ky. The Canadian Bishops present assisted Cardinal Parocchi in the blessing of the College, which was performed in the presence also of Mr. Kennedy, British Charge d'Affaires, representing the English Government.

Three days later Cardinal Sime-

oni, Prefect of Propaganda, presented to Leo XIII, the staff of the College, and all the Canadian Bishops and prelates who were in Rome for the occasion. The audience took place in the Hall of the Throne, and the Archbishop of Montreal, speaking in the name of Canada, said that the College was a gift of the Dominion for the Papal Jubilee of that year. The Pontiff answered that he considered it was the handsomest and most useful present which could be offered to him, and expressed the hope of seeing the new College march along the same way as the other Institution of St. Sulpice. Father Colin, whom the Pope especially complimented, said "Holy Father, this Canadian College is the Benjamin of the family, and desires to receive the benediction of the Patriarch." "I bless it with all my heart," replied the Pope. "How many students have you got to begin with?" "Twelve, as in the Apostolic College of the Apostles." "Well they must become 20, 25, 30 . . ." ended the Pope, and this prophecy has been realized, as there are 30 students this year. As is known they are already priests or clerics, who, having finished their elementary theological studies, desire to take academic degrees, and therefore come to Rome to frequent the schools of Propaganda for philosophy and theology, and those of the Apollinare for other branches. Each student pays \$150 a year while at the College, and wears in the ordinary ecclesiastical black gown, with black sash, which is most dignified and serious, while, for instance, their fellow students at the German College, in their scarlet robes, are so conspicuous as to be one of the "sights."

The first Rector of the College was Abbe Palin d'Aboville, the second, Father L. W. Leclaire, and the third and present one, Father Georges Camille Clapin, of St. Hyacinthe, who has occupied this post for eight years, and whose abil-

ity, tact, and learning, has won him an enviable position at the Vatican, he being one of the most influential ecclesiastics there. It may be well to add here that the Rector receives no payment for his services.

The inauguration of the Canadian College marked an epoch in Rome, not, however, a religious one, but an epoch of comfort, as it was the first building here in which steam heating, or central heating as they call it here, was applied. Any one who was in Rome 15 years or so ago will remember the awful chill of the big palaces and institutions, full of suites of immense rooms, with no visible means of heating them. No fire-places, nothing but a brass brazier filled with charcoal ashes, very picturesque and delightful to read about, but fearful to have to do with. Even the huge Vatican, with its 11,000 rooms, had no other heating, until in the last years of Leo XIII's pontificate, his doctor insisted on steam heating, so that he might always be in an atmosphere of equal temperature. The Pontiff fought hard, saying that he did live in an equal temperature of cold, but the doctor had his way, and Pius X. is reaping the benefit also, although in the beginning he disliked it somewhat, but not wholly, as he had been accustomed to great porcelain stoves in Venice.

The Patron Saint of the College, is St. Joseph, who is kept fresh in the minds of the students by a magnificent bas-relief over the great door, a work of art, by the well-known sculptor, Bartolini. It represents St. Joseph at work in his shop, with the Divine Infant, a delicious interior, which teaches that work is the least of the sacrifices.

The building itself is most graceful, the architect, Signor Corinnini, having been inspired by Bramante, indeed, the College recalls the celebrated palace of the Cancellaria.

Nor is this typical Canadian institution entirely without precious relics. On January 21, 1891, Leo XIII sent a silver reliquary, handsomely

worked, containing some bones of the seven Saints who founded the order of the Servites, and who were Canonized by him during his great Jubilee year, as a present to the College, and in the same year and month, a noble family of Rome of-

ficed to sell a reliquary, containing an authentic bit of the True Cross, to the Rector. The price seemed beyond his means, when the Princess de Broglie came forward, bought it, and gave it to the College as an offering to St. Joseph.

Declares Men Are Worse Gossips Than Women

By Beatrice Fabian.

MEN are gossips.

Did you know that?

Half the scandals we hear of are hatched in men's clubs.

When you pass a men's club and see half a dozen men gazing out of the windows and talking together, the chances are that they are talking about the scandalous manner in which Jones flirts with Smith's wife, or some equally choice morsel of gossip.

Of course they have a right to express their opinions; but to hear the average man talk, one would think that he was a perfect miracle of discretion and that woman was responsible for all the gossip going.

Neither is man so wonderful at keeping a secret as he would have you believe.

This may all sound rather abusive, but think of the endless criticism of this kind that man has aimed at woman! Ever since time began he has accused her of gossiping and being unable to hold her tongue.

Man, perhaps, does not indulge in so much little tittle-tattle as woman does, but in the big things he gossips quite as eagerly as any woman.

His gossip is more dangerous than woman's, for the reason that hers is generally taken with a grain of salt, while his is believed implicitly.

He has established the reputation of being above such things as gossip, but to poor woman it is supposed to come as naturally as breathing.

There is yet another deficiency we might touch on, and that is man's density.

Have you ever tried to shut a man up by giving him a gentle push or kick when you saw he was putting his foot in it, only to have him turn to you blandly and say, "What are you kicking me for?"

Isn't it maddening?

He has no more intuition than a baby, and the pathetic part of it is that he considers himself past master in the art of diplomacy and farsightedness.

And now I think we have said enough about man and his failings.

There is not one woman in the world who does not find some one man very lovable, in spite of his deficiencies.

Thank goodness, very few men have all the bad qualities we have discussed. Things would be pretty bad if that were so, wouldn't they, girls? The world would be full of old maids and divorced wives.

As it is, in spite of all his faults man is on the whole a very satisfactory person.

Contents of the May Magazines

Army and Navy.

- THE AMERICAN FLEET AT BREMENSTON. B. Dale—Westward Ho!
- THE SAGAUNT OF THE SHIPS. D. S. Jordan.—Scribble Monthly.
- THE BATTLE OF DOCKING. Maj.-Gen. T. M. Anderson.—Pacific Monthly.
- IF WAR SHOULD COME. Capt. H. P. Hobson.—Cosmopolitan.
- THE GREAT NAVAL CRUISE OF MODERN TIMES. W. L. Morley.—Atlantic Review of Reviews.
- THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MERCHANT SERVICE.—Chambers's Journal.
- THE KRAL AMY AND THE SHAH.—Saturday Review (March 2).
- REDEMPTION V. SAFETY.—Sci. Rev. (March 7).
- EDUCATION FROM A MILITARY VIEW-POINT. Col. C. W. Larned.—North Am. Rev.
- GERMAN'S NAVAL EXPANSION.—Living Age (April 11).
- THE GLASS OF MODERN WARFARE. Geo. Gregory.—Metropolitan.
- THE CARDWELL SYSTEM. Cecil.—Footlights Rev.
- ARM SCIENCE ACROSS THE WAR? Col. F. N. Morda.—Cont. Rev.
- ARMY COMMISSAR OR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF?—Sci. Rev. (April 4).
- AMERICAN SOLDIERS WILL FLY. R. C. Black.—Continental World.
- OUR NAVY'S NEW STORM-MASTERS. J. W. Medford.—Continental World.
- THE NATIONAL NOTE IN AMERICAN ART. Boston.—Putnam's.

Architecture and the Arts.

- The Art Season in New York. E. Knapp.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
- Religion in Art. M. Lloyd.—Pittsburgh's Mag.
- The Art of Sir John Peck. F. V. Conolly.—English Illustrated.
- Notes in Sculpture. W. G. Fike-Gerald.—Smith's.
- On Some Modern Music. A. Symon.—Sci. Rev. (March 7).
- The Decline and Fall of Wagner. R. de Koven.—North Am. Rev.
- The Art of Horatio Walker. M. Wentrop.—Cushman.
- The Revivification as a Theme for Painters. R. Beverfield.—Western Home Monthly.
- The Note in Art.—Leve Hand.
- George de Forest Brink. M. C. Smith.—Int. Studio.

- Norwegian Present Architecture. W. Fetsen.—Int. Studio.
- Pictures of Old Prague by Modern Artists. M. Glaser.—Int. Studio.
- Spanish Medieval and Renaissance Ironwork. A. Valdes.—Int. Studio.
- Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.—Int. Studio.

Business and Industry.

- The Coal Fields of the West. W. H. Baker.—Westward Ho!
- The Edison Tumbler. Louis E. Van Norman.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
- To Pump America's Swamps. G. E. Mitchell.—Am. Rev. of Rev's.
- The Politics of Canada.—Can. Geogr. (March 20).
- The Cottonseed Issue. Will Payne.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- Domestic Industries Among the Indians.—Canada (March 14).
- Utilization of Waste Products. F. F. Gilman.—Cosmos.
- The Holy Darg Canal. Jas. C. Mills.—Canadian.
- Copper in Electrical Industry. R. M. Roberts.—Canadian.
- The Head Lock Seed. Alfred B. Tozer.—Canadian Geogr. (April 2).
- Evolution Towards Cash System.—Hardware and Metal (March 21).
- Canada's Red for Paper Manufacturers.—Am. Business Man.
- The Ratio of Expenses in Retail Embroidery.—Am. Business Man.
- Profit and Pleasure in the Florist's Shop. Ed. J. Hickm.—Am. Business Man.
- Waste Paper and Its Business Utilization. G. Adams.—Am. Business Man.
- The Nile Business. Joe Mappelbeck.—Sci. Rev. Post (April 4).
- The Golden Rule in Business. H. G. Allen.—Sci. Rev. Post (April 4).
- Revenue Engineer of Good Building Construction. F. W. Fitzpatrick.—Book-Keeper.
- Steam: Its Profitable Utilization. Geo. H. Gibson.—Book-Keeper.
- Variety Making and a Governmentship. Geo. P. Brown.—Book-Keeper.
- Paying Publicity.—Book-Keeper.
- Time Keeping and Distribution of Cost Systems.—Book-Keeper.
- Some Factors for Bookkeepers.—Book-Keeper.
- A Single Form for Following up Collections. L. Thibault.—Book-Keeper.
- The Floor Record. H. Vanderhoof.—Metropolitan.

- The Sales Manager of To-day.—Office Appliances.
- The Typewriter as Applied to System and Billing Work. E. C. Lott.—Office Appliances.
- Is People Didn't Advertise.—Office Appliances.
- Indication of Suggestion in Salesmanship.—Office Appliances.
- Trials of a Salesman.—Office Appliances.
- "Shaking" a "Trust." W. Knight.—Modern Methods.
- House Loans by Meddling. H. Solov.—Modern Methods.
- Manufacturers' Protection. L. F. Andrews.—Modern Methods.
- A Combination. Modified System. R. A. Thomas.—Modern Methods.
- How They Make Ends Meet in New York. W. Payne.—Sci. Rev. Post (April 1).
- Right and Wrong in Railway Work. Jas. H. Collins.—Sci. Rev. Post (April 1).
- Expanding a National Highway. R. Steele.—Sunset.
- Domestic Service. B. Tracy.—Love Head.
- Gold Stamping. R. D.—Love Head.
- Prep. Foreman in Industry. W. E. Mehan.—Technical World.
- To Cut One-Third from the World's Fuel Bill. R. Franklin.—Technical World.

Children.

- Grandchildren of the State.—Saturday Review (March 23).
- The American Baby.—Ladies' Home Journal.
- Little Children of the Rich. M. K. Wernick.—Sci. Rev. Post (April 1).
- The Child's Right to the Bible.—Apollon's.
- Next Year Child Lay? G. S. Hall.—Apollon's.

Education and School Affairs.

- The Problems of Higher Education in India. S. G. Wainman.—Aesthetic Quarterly Rev.
- Education and the Underserved.—Speculator (Mar 23).
- The Aim of the High School Course in Composition. A. D. Mansford.—Education.
- The College Entrance Examination in English. L. T. Dunson.—Education.
- College Education and the Moral Idea. A. Muelhbach.—Education.
- Progress and Prejudice in Educational Motives. Chas. E. Dennis, Jr.—Education.
- The Cultural Motive in the School. I. B. Rogers.—Education.
- The Vocational Motive in the School. Victor France.—Education.
- Progress and Prejudice in Educational Motives. Chas. E. Dennis, Jr.—Education.
- The Cultural Motive in the School. I. B. Rogers.—Education.
- The Vocational Motive in the School. Victor France.—Education.
- Education from a Military View-Point. Col. C. W. Larned.—North Am. Rev.
- Estimating Our Boys. Joe. M. Rogers.—Lippincott's.
- Educating Rich Kids. J. E. G. H. Westmoreland.—Cont. Rev.
- The Public Schools Athletic League. O. W. Wiegate.—Outing.

Fiction.

- (Complete Stories)
- The Breaking Out of Clay Peters. H. Peck.—The Strand.
- The King's Grip. E. Beldwood.—Mystery's

- The Moment of Victory. G. Henry.—Mystery's.
- Barry Peters. Detective. C. Muckle.—Mystery's.
- The Best Shot. L. McL. Gode.—Westward Ho!
- The Trials of These. G. M. Russell. M. D.—Westward Ho!
- The Second Child. B. Glynn.—Westward Ho!
- The Road to Romance. Howard K. Martin.—Cosmopolitan.
- The Moment Was that Near Lived. B. Leasing.—Cosmopolitan.
- The Sealing of the Golden Rule. A. H. Lewis.—Cosmopolitan.
- Joe Betty.—Cosmopolitan.
- The Man on the Stairs. M. Hastings.—Cosmopolitan.
- Laughing Ryan.—March. Modern. Will Lewis.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- Young Lord Strathguth. Robt. Ross.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- The Pasture. Stewart E. White.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- The Simplest Lesson of Science. Jocelyn Furlife.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- Boys Who Were. W. E. K. Taylor.—Sci. Rev. Post (March 21).
- Neglected Americans.—Harper's. G. Morris.—Collier's (March 21).
- Katherine Crandall, Servant. Richard W. Child.—Collier's (March 21).
- The Princess of the Evening Check. E. Flower.—Uncle Remus's Map.
- Change for a Crown. M. Convery.—English Illustrated.
- Hop-Frog. Edgar Allan Poe.—English Illustrated.
- A State Room Secret. J. L. Hamalbrook.—English Illustrated.
- Cross and Crescent. F. Bunfield. M. A.—English Illustrated.
- The Viking's Conquest. J. Langhorne.—English Illustrated.
- In a Far Country. A. Knapp.—Smith's.
- For Conscience Told. Holmes F. Day.—Smith's.
- An April Wedding. Helen Palmer.—Smith's.
- The Cash in Kansas. Elliott Flower.—Collier's (April 4).
- Chaperon by Knapp. M. L. Richardson.—Pearson's (Eng.).
- Her Confidential Friend. A. D. Grange.—Pearson's (Eng.).
- The Life Story of a Gentle. S. L. Roseman.—Pearson's (Eng.).
- The Experimentalist. Barry Pain.—Pearson's (Eng.).
- The Club of Arms. Ellis Pearson.—Pearson's (Eng.).
- Reader Date Center. H. W. Pearson.—Overland Monthly.
- The Family of Padre Juan Barrios. Geo. W. Ruel, Jr.—Overland Monthly.
- The Leading Range. A. J. Deemer.—Overland Monthly.
- The Love White Road. Robt. Fosse.—Overland Monthly.
- A Change of Feeling. Frank H. Shaw.—Chambers's Jour.
- A Walk Amongst Brigades.—Chambers's Jour.
- Sergeant Major at Roccadella. W. D. Gray.—Chambers's Jour.

An Inexpensive Garden for Any Place F. Duns-
 on. Ladies' Home Jour.
 The Three Thousand Dollar Bangalow H. L.
 Gresh. Ladies' Home Jour.
 Making Room in the Back Yard for a Place
 —Ladies' Home Jour.
 Practical Plans for the Home Builders Duns-
 on. Overland Monthly
 Will, Water, and Rock Gardens M. Woodward
 Forester's Magazine
 Three Months of Iris Blossom A. Courth-
 ouse Life.
 Choosing Pictures for the Home F. H. Allen.
 Suburban Life.
 Twelve to Six for the Home Garden F. O. Schley.
 Suburban Life.
 Vines for Ornamental Purposes G. Tabor. Sub-
 urban Life.
 Bowling on the Lawn. C. Q. Turner. Suburban
 Life.
 A Community Flower Garden. T. C. Cummings.
 Suburban Life.
 How to Make a Tennis Court. N. Newman.
 Suburban Life.
 Two Vegetables That Can be Had the Year
 Round. J. M. Angell. Suburban Life.
 A Garden Living Room. L. H. Waldron. Sub-
 urban Life.
 Will Strawberry be a Garden. F. L. Martin.
 Suburban Life.
 Short Cuts in the Vegetable Garden. H. H.
 Henry. Suburban Life.
 Can I Afford an Automobile? H. W. Perry.
 Recreation.
 The Good, Rough Shack. E. R. Planted Re-
 creation.
 Two New English Bangalows M. H. North-
 and. Am. Homes and Gardens.
 Gardens to Grow for the Bangalow. Am. Homes
 and Gardens.
 The Summer Camp at Arden. H. T. Pringleman.
 Am. Homes and Gardens.
 Plumbing and Drainage Problems of the Banga-
 low. Am. Homes and Gardens.
 How I Built My Leg Garden. E. Fraser. Am.
 Homes and Gardens.
 A Bangalow Made From Railway Ties. M. Tru-
 man. Am. Homes and Gardens.
 A Garden Room. C. Colby. Am. Homes and
 Gardens.
 The Hygiene of Our Homes Geo. H. R. Dolan.
 M. D. Young Man.
 The New Spirit of the Farm. A. C. Leart. Out-
 ing.
 What to Do With the Garden in May. K. A.
 Hamilton. Woman's Home Companion.
 The Garden's Patron Saint, the Tread F. Dun-
 son. Country Life.
 A Garden That Changes Both Night and Day.
 T. McAdams. Country Life.
 Windows and Doors L. H. French. Pittman's

Immigration and Emigration

The Hindu in America. G. Makrop. M.S. Over-
land Monthly.
The West and the Hindu Invasions. A. F. Eu-
clidian. Overland Monthly.
The Spirit and Letter of Exclusion. O. S.
Strauss. North Am. Rev.
Hindus in British Columbia. Collier's (Apr. 18).

Investments, Speculation and Finance

Business is Improving and Securities Advancing.
F. A. Munsey, Munsey's.
There isn't Money Enough in the World to do
the World's Work. F. A. Munsey, Munsey's.
The Recovery from the Recent Panic. A. D.
Noyes, The Forum.
What Insurance a Man Should Buy, World's
Work.

Labor Problems

Supreme Court Gives Death Blow to Boycott.
Jas. A. Masters, Am. Business Men.
Unemployment and Its Cure. W. H. Beveridge.
Court. Rev.
Government to Find Work for All. Rene Feabe.
Technical World.
Out of a Job. A. Hohl. Collier's (Apr. 30).

Life Stories and Character Sketches

Great Men Whose Centennaries Will be Celebrated
Next Year. L. Orr, Manager's.
Uncle Sam's Birthday Party. F. Canfield, Correspondent.
The Kaiser and His Relatives. A. Topinka, Manager's.
Gustave Charpentier, Composer of "Louise." A. F. Sorenson, Manager's.
The Fall of Hummel. A. Trane, Correspondent.
Wm. Albert Stoughton Field? C. E. Hewell, Human Life.
The Rise of David Wardlaw. D. Reissner, Human Life.
Joseph Gurney Cannon—Presidential Candidate. A. E. Lewis, Human Life.
Finn Prince Demons at Home. H. Robt, Human Life.

John Jaynes of New York. Am. Rev. of
Revs.
C. E. RYAN, of Guelph, Ont. Dry Goods Rev.
Editor of the Graphic. Sat. Eve. Post (Mar.
21).
Memories of Authors. Wm. Winter. Sat. Eve.
Post (Mar. 28).
Puffin in England. H. N. Dickinson. Cassette.
Misses Madras. Pk. P. Tielens. Dutch Rev.
REV.
Was Francis Madoxon or Unsuccessful General?
M. L. Mow. Forum
The Authors of Scott's Annals. Hibbert Jyul.
The Duke of Devonshire. Sat. Rev. (Mar. 28)
The Late Duke of Devonshire. Spectator (Mar.
24).
Twenty Years of a Brave Life. K. Roche. Irish

House of York: Dyke in His Princely Home. B.
 L. Thomas. Soberhan Life.
 A. Friend of Queen Victoria. Corahill.
 Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, 1859. C. R. L. F.
 Corahill.
 The Letters of John Carrae. J. C. Collins.
 Corahill.
 An Eighteenth Century Gentleman.—Sat. Rev.
 (Mar. 3).
 Frederick Van Eiden. W. I. MacDonald. Corahill.
 Fiction. Nightingale's Heroism in the Crimea.
 S. Tooley. London.
 Walt. Whitman: Trailmaker. E. De Casseres.
 Recreation.

Zach as a Presidential Candidate. F. H. Hitch-
 cock. Metropolitan.
 Zeas Rains. Hosa. Mrs. A. Litchton. For-
 eignly Res.
 Swine Sixteenth Century Men about Town. L.
 Merrill. Foreignly Res.
 The Conquerors of the Antony and of His Col-
 onies. Foreignly Res.
 The Ht. Hon. James Wm. Lusk. A. E. T.
 Watson. Badminton
 Mr. Arthur Henderson. M.P. Mrs. P. Saunders.
 Young Man.
 J. and C. H. Wesley. Young Man.
 The Pioneer Preacher-Stories. (W. H. Judd).
 R. B. Broadfield. Young Man.
 A Naturalist in the Far North. Canada (Apr.
 6).
 My Yewdays. Edith W. Mathison. Bohemi-
 an.
 General Grant's Last Days. Gen. F. Brady.
 Country.

Seminars of Lady Rosalind Churchill. Con-
 vention.
 Edwin Austin Abbey. H. Saint Gaudens.
 World's Work.
 Thomas Bailey Aldrich. F. Cornsack. Scrib-
 ner.
 Claude Monet. A. Alexandre. Est. Studio.
 Herman Johnson. S. Hartmann. Est. Studio.
 Gertrude Parrish. E. M. Buckham. Putnam's.
 John A. Johnson. J. P. Fyle. Putnam's.
 Rudin S. Longman. Jas. P. Dickerson. World
 Today.
 Winthrop Murray Crane. G. H. Brown. World
 Today.

Municipal and Local Government.

The Trimmings ("Commaire") Andit—*Fortnightly*
 Rev. May 29.
 Some Principles of the Poor Law, Mrs. H. O.
 Baynes—*Fortnightly*
 The Taxation of Bread—*Spectator* (March 7).
 The Licensing Bill and Commaire—*Spectator*
 (March 7).
 Bread and Gas—*Sat. Rev.* (March 7).
 The Education Bill, The Secular Solution, J.
 H. Macdonald—*Fortnightly Rev.*
 Our Civil Service From Within An Ex-Civil
 Servant—*Empire, Rev.*
 The Licensing Bill, J. Grelton—*Fortnightly*
Rev.
 The Measure of Crowded Cities, C. H. Miller—
World's Work.

Nature and Outdoor Life

How Birds Fly. Wm. L. Fisher—Pacific Monthly.
Isaac Hurry of the Monterey Pines. H. W.
Kingsford—Devoted Monthly.
Killing Wild Geese. W. Evans—Sci. Rev.
Lost April Six. H. W. Evans—Sci. Rev.
Old Nesting Sites of Birds. B. S. Woodward—
Suburban Life.
Feeding the Secrets of the Sea. H. W. Evans—
Sci. Rev.
Some New Lights on the London Zoo. F. C.
Mills—London.
The Boat With a Glass Bottom. C. H. Brown—
Redirection.

Wild Ducks and Their Flight. R. Deane-Bodmolen.
The Mountain Pony. A True-Colling.
English Pleasants for Canada-Road and Gun.
The True Forestry Methods. E. Tinley-Road and Gun.
Birds and on a Country Estate. H. H. Seebo.
Some Parts About Broiler Raising. R. B. Seebo.
Some-Country Life.
The Great Duck. S. L. De Fakery-Country Life.
The Garden's Palace Saint. The Food. F. Duncan-Country Life.
The Dangerous House Fly-Country Life.
The Warden of Our Bird Life. F. G. Pearson-Worth's Work.
The Rulers of the Philippine Forests. R. Greenhall-Worth's Work.

Political and Commercial

International Good Will. Baron Rogers Taka-
rishi—Pacific Monthly.
Insidious Treason of Campaign Contributions.
W. Clark—Herald Life.
An Improved Netherlandism System. A. W.
Coyne—Am. Rev. of Revs.
The Franco-Canadian Treaty—Canada (March
7).
Island Waterways in U. S.—Cassier's
William H. Taft with the Field Against Him
H. L. West—Forum
Congress Cannot Prevent Interstate Liquor Traf-
fic. J. M. Schofield—Am. Business Man.
Senate Undesirable. C. F. Connelley—Callier's
(April 6).
The Story of Delaware. C. H. Foster-Lissey
—Scraps.
THE GOVERNMENT and the Chinese Coast—Nat.
Rev. (April 4).
The U. S. Section—Spectator (March 25).
The Internal Situation in France—Spectator
(March 25).
Mr. Anagnost—Spectator (March 25).
Turf Reform and Indian Quarterly Reform. F.
J. Kingsley—Atlantic Quarterly Rev.
Everett Bonds to International Petalheads—
Spectator (March 25).
Proposed Abolition of the Indian Cotton Duties.
See Roger Lambbridge—Atlantic Quarterly Re-
view.
Popular Government Among Mussulman Peoples.
Mort C. F. H. Tyrnall—Atlantic Quarterly
Rev.
Some Lessons from History on Indian Adminis-
tration. C. W. Shish—Atlantic Quarterly
Rev.
The Anglo-Russian Convention. H. F. B.
Lush—Atlantic Quarterly Rev.
British Interests in Morocco—Atlantic Quarterly
Rev.
Versano's Mischance. Edwin May—Forum.
Vital Defects in Proposed Sherman Law Amend-
ments. Joo. J. Bush—Am. Business Man.
Socialism and Capital—Chambers's Journal
A. J. Spots—Nat. Rev. (March 25).
Provincial Politics—Nat. Rev. (March 25).
The Post Master's Manuscripts—Nat. Rev.
(March 25).
A Century Party—Spectator (March 25).

Irish Railway-Spectator (March 7).
French **Duhamelle** in Morocco-Spectator (March 11).
King Leopold's Surrender-Sat. Rev. (March 7).
An Open Bottle-Sat. Rev. (March 7).
The New Ireland, St. Paul's-North Am. Rev.
Yeaman's and the American Claims-North Am. Rev.
Federal Government as Teacher, Guide and Protector of the People A. Blaisdell-Catholic
A British Policy for Macedonia-Living Age (March 20).
Has the Democratic Party a Future? T. M. Osburn-Atlantic Monthly
Prohibition in the South. F. Pocock-Atlantic Monthly
Hon. John Deane and Irish University Bill-Spectator (April 10).
The Real Face of Free Trade-Spectator (April 4).
The Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill-Spectator (April 4).
Macedonia and Sir Edward Grey-Spectator (April 4).
The Southern Slave-Spectator (April 4).
Liberalism and the Coming Debate. Calhoun-Fortnightly Rev.
The Will of the People. W. S. Lilly-Fortnightly Rev.
From the Old Rural System to the New. J. A. Spence-Fortnightly Rev.
Consular Relations Between Great Britain and Russia. James A. Heyking-Fortnightly Rev.
The British Empire. Late Duke of Devonshire-Empire Rev.
The Loss of British South Africa-Rapport Rev.
England, America and Japan. Capt. M. Kirkland-Smith-Empire Rev.
Individualism and Socialism. Sir Wm. Chesser-Empire Rev.
The American Senate as a Second Chamber. Prof. A. Johnson-Court. Rev.
Lord Chamber and Government by Journalism. W. W. Stead-Court. Rev.
Irish Votes and Variables-Sat. Rev. (Apr. 4).
Extensive ex Machina-Sat. Rev. (April 4).
The Prisoner of the Power of the Air. R. C. Stebbins-Courtier.
Mr. Roosevelt's Representation. J. Greenman-Peacock (Am.).
The Burden of the Caucasus. H. W. Seymour-Harpur's.
The Assembly Really to be Feared-World To-Day.
Hawaii: Our Forgetful Key to the Pacific Queen. W. French-World To-Day.
Anarchists and Anarchists in America. E. T. Bennett-World To-Day.
Philadelphia's Commercial Museum. P. T. Chertington-World To-Day.
A National Emulation. S. E. Moffet-Columbia's (April 18).

Poetry

To George Meredith. R. S. Tyle-Living Age (April 4).
Looking Eastward. Joe. Fisher-Living Age (April 4).
 16

I'm Won't You! Jean. F. L. Stanton-Dedic Remin's.
The Church-Congreg. P. L. Stanton-Dedic Remin's.
Remin's Vision. E. C. Donnelly-Irish Monthly.
To My Soul's Friend. M. E. L. Rutledge-Irish Monthly.
The Pilgrim. J. L. French-Overland Monthly.
The Ship of Poets. St. John Lane-Living Age (March 20).
The Knight and His Lady. C. N. Palmer-Living Age (March 20).
Worm's Way. C. A. M. Palmer-People's.
A Victim of Crime. M. Adams-People's.
The Bold Children. C. Tracy-People's.
A Spring Crawl. A. L. Harris-Royal.
Friendship. S. W. Mitchell-Kewpie's.
John's Dreading Place. A. M. Huntington-Everyday's.
Song of a Shepherd. G. H. Conkling-Alexander's Remin's.
The Whippoorwill. J. Kreling-Atlantic Monthly.
Behind of the Younger Sea. W. W. Burdett-Smith-Living Age (Apr. 11).
A Royalist in Spring Time. W. J. Cassano-Living Age (Apr. 11).
Attainment. M. Shepard-Sunset.
The Poets. H. Ashmun-Sunset.
'Maudie' Again. R. H. Nye-Peacockian.
At the Gate of the East. C. Scudder-Examiner.
In Bloom-time. B. W. Kaufman-Baltimore.
The Garden. K. Hudson-St. Nicholas.
The Admiral's Last Voyage. M. R. Roberts-St. Nicholas.
A Tragedy. D. Webb-St. Nicholas.
As to Poets and Poets. J. W. Merrill-St. Nicholas.
Profound. E. C. Lacey-Foxcroft's (Am.).
Hold Them My Hands. J. T. White-Appleton's.
Love in Autumn. S. Vandale-Harpur's.
The Soul of the House. R. Johnson-Harpur's.
In the Garden. R. H. Dean-Harpur's.

Railroads and Transportation

Why Trains are Lagging in Railway Development. R. F. Truham-Am. Business Man.
A Long Look Forward in Transportation. H. Quist-Peacock's.

Religion and the Church

Religious Transients and Hidden Awakening in America. A. G. Lowrey-Hibbert Journal.
Knowledge and Faith. G. L. Dickinson-Hibbert Journal.
The Catholic Church: What is it? Right Rev. Monseigneur George Vaughan-Hibbert Jour.
The Immortality of the Soul. Sir G. Lodge-Hibbert Jour.
An Agnostic's Catechism-Hibbert Jour.
Was Jesus a "Ridge Man" and Nothing More? Rev. Richard Morris-Hibbert Jour.
Christian Experience. Rev. Fritz F. T. Forsyth-Hibbert Jour.
Dogmatic Authority of the Papacy. Archbishop Ireland-North Am. Rev.
The Religious Situation. Goldwin Smith-North Am. Rev.

The Love of Liberty and Truth. P. T. Forsyth-Living Age (March 20).
The Dream Emulation. G. F. MacManis-Living Age (March 20).
Modern Attacks on Christian Ethics. J. K. Marley-Court. Rev.
The Reading of Lessons. Prof. H. M. Gwatkin-Court. Rev.

Science and Invention.

The New Philosopher's Stone. C. P. Barnes-Cosmogonia.
The Old and the New Way is Power Plant Machinery. S. H. Russell-Cosmos.
Recent Developments in the Gas Turbine. A. Barbett-Cosmos.
Polypoid Gearing for Automobiles. T. A. Barwick-Cosmos.
Modern Hydraulic Machinery. C. Wigtel-Cosmos.
Harvesting the Air to do Man's Work. W. G. Dantley-Am. Business Man.
Can Sideline Abolish War? Col. F. N. Macdonald-Court. Rev.
Mechanism and Life. Prof. M. Harting-Court. Rev.
The Canals and Canal of Mars. F. Lowell-Cosmos.
The Relevance of Transmission. G. F. Stratton-Technical World.
Gun That Makes no Noise. F. H. Middleton-Technical World.
American Soldiers Will Fly. R. C. Mack-Technical World.
Boat to Beat the Landknight. P. Type-Technical World.
Over the Alps by Water. H. G. Hunting-Technical World.
Naval French Air-Ship. Dr. A. Gradstein-Technical World.
Lamp of 1,000,000 Candle Power. E. Waldman-Technical World.
Throing to Thirty-Five at Once-Technical World.
Recent Progress in Photography. L. A. Lamb-World To-Day.

Sports and Pastimes

How to Make a Success of Deer-Hunting-Canada (March 20).
Amateurism for the Power Seal. H. Grooms-Power Seal.
The Selection of a Power Boat. H. F. Johnson-Power Seal.
The Boat Race-Spectator (March 20).
The New York to Paris Race-Around the World-Overland Monthly.
The Peking to Paris Motor Race. Chas. Lorrimer-Overland Monthly.
The University Crews. R. F. P. Rowe-Sat. Rev. (March 20).
Reflexions at Bridge. Wm. Dalton-Sat. Rev. (March 20).
The Olympic Games-Spectator (March 7).
Photographing Young Birds. Chas. Reid-Royal.
Tonnoy of Tennessee. P. R. Goodwin-Recreation.
Fishing in the Mississippi Delta. W. J. Saxon-Recreation.

A Pack and Trip in Kentucky. C. E. Hopkins-Recreation.
How to Use an Artificial Fly. C. G. Elliott-Recreation.
Improved Woods Shelters. W. B. Carpenter-Recreation.
A Summer of Houghing It in Montana. A. M. Simpson-Recreation.
Porting Motor Power in the Boat. H. W. Stanton-Recreation.
The Olympic Games-Living Age (Apr. 12).
Fighting "The Silver King." L. Rhoad-Metropolitan.
The Angler's Spring. A. T. Johnson-Life.
Horus on White I Have Not Was a Grand National. A. Nightingall-Baltimore.
Leaves From an African Game Book. Capt. A. H. Wilson-Baltimore.
Setting. "Rapid."-Baltimore.
Goat Hunting in the Selkirk. R. W. Felling-Baltimore.
The Coming Chukles Season. Sir. E. Gordon-Baltimore.
Prospects of Polo. A. W. Cowan-Baltimore.
Along a Brook-Town Stream in Vermont. A. E. Hart-Gutting.
The Royal and Ancient Game in Canada-Canada (April 6).
Our Moose Hunt on the Upper Kennebec. N. B. G. E. Marchbanks-Red and Gun.
A Good Shooting Expedition Out West. S. A. Red and Gun.
A Moose Hunt in the Temagami Forest Reserve. H. Waller-Red and Gun.
A Prime Edward Island Fox Hunt. J. D. Jenkins-Red and Gun.
A Moose Hunt in Northwestern Ontario. S. A. Red and Gun.
A Successful Hunt in Northern Ontario. F. N. Clarke-Red and Gun.
Game Notes for Uninitiated Gamesters. J. E. Klotz-Red and Gun.
Reminiscences of Massachusetts Fishing. W. H. Klotz-Red and Gun.
Ontario Guides and the Game Laws-Red and Gun.
The Society of Partridge. J. E. Temple-Red and Gun.
When the Herring Run in the Riders. J. A. Mearns-Red and Gun.
New York News for Fishers-Technical World.
The Chase of Mountain Climbing. Wm. Williams-Scribner.
The Automobile of To-morrow. H. L. Towle-Scribner.
Baseball. Joe. T. McCutcheon-Appleton's.

The Stage.

The Western Gallery of Dramatic Pictures. P. Robinson-Pacific Monthly.
How to Make Up. Wm. H. Ellis-Pacific Monthly.
The Typing of Clothes. Allen Dale-Cosmopolitan.
"The King" in English and Music-Drama of the Future. E. A. Vaughan-Living Age (April 6).
The Tone of the Mid-Season Play. Clayton Headline-Forum.

The Art of the Prima Donna. M. S. Pite.—Smith's.
 Reasons of Attention to Theatrical Performances. C. Hamilton.—North Am. Rev.
 The History of English Opera. Geo. Coell.—Idler.
 David Warfield in "A Grand Army Man"—Woman's Home Comp.
 The Story of the Plays. J. R. Goodman.—Idler.
 The Stage Story of Maude Adams. P. Maxwell.—Fraser's (Am.).

Travel and Description.

Lexington, Virginia. L. McClellan.—Murray's.
 Nevada Abbey, the Home of Byron. M. C. Smith.—Murray's.
 Portland, "The Rose City." R. M. Hall.—Woodward Ho.
 Life in Spoggy Land. S. G. Dyer.—Sat. Eve. Post (March 21).
 The Boat to Burnside. C. P. Connolly.—Collier's (March 21).
 The New Northwest.—Canada (March 11).
 The Old Trail Westward.—Canada (March 24).
 Grenville, Jessie A. Goughan.—Irish Monthly.
 The Cathedral Route to the North. Scott Deane.—English Illustrated.
 The Cornish Haricot of the Sea. J. H. Stone.—Am.—English Illustrated.
 Winter Trapping in Canada.—Canada (Mar. 21).
 From Rio to Punta Arenas. F. Palmer.—Collier's (April 6).
 Portland, Island and the People.—Chambers's Journal.
 The World's Greatest Fish Pond.—Chambers's Journal.
 A Memory of Seattle. In Molekine.—Corset's.
 Mounting Expeditions to the Himalayas of Garhwal. T. G. Longstaff.—Geographical Journal.
 In the Two-Shore Volcanoes. Dr. C. Moore.—Geographical Journal.
 Through Western Tibet and Kham. Capt. P. K. Snelson.—Geographical Journal.
 San Francisco Two Years After.—Sat. Eve. Post on Five Dollars a Day. J. Birch.—Woman's Home Comp.
 Famous Cakes and Restaurants Abroad. A. Lortie.—Idler.
 Our Unknown South Wanderer.—World's Work.
 Buenos Aires. A Reel.—Scrubber.
 Across Europe by Motor Boat. H. C. Newland.—Apogee's.
 The Nile. Marie Van Vassel.—Idler's.
 Through London to Canal. S. Brooks.—Idler's.
 The Wonders of Underpinned New York. R. Waldman.—World To-Day.
 A City of Dreams. Mrs. P. M. Wynn.—World To-Day.

A Foreign Tour at Home. H. Holt.—Pittman's.
 Nevada, Mabel Du Pont Colvin.—Travel.
 Up From Florida.—Travel.
 The Skyline Temple. Emily Fisher.—Travel.
 The President of Rhine Rhine.—Travel.
 The Sky-Line Drive. William Hadden.—Travel.
 Winter in Old Mexico. Pearl Campbell Jackson.—Travel.
 A Winter Tour from New York to Savannah. R. H. Johnston.—Travel.

Woman and the Home.

Practical Gables Castles for Women. G. A. Stafford and M. W. Noble.—Garden Mag.—Farming.
 What I Have Learned from Hundreds of Girls. Judge J. W. Mack.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 As Elsie Berringer Thinks a Girl Should Dress. C. E. Laughlin.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 When a Girl Has no Business to Marry. A. S. Moncey.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 The Betrothed Girl as Mr. Westcott Sees Her.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 For a Girl's Room in Summer.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 Crocheted Laces for Girls' Clothes. M. Wire.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 When Foully Girls Court Danger. Mrs. S. B. Thomas.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 When a Girl Travels Alone. L. A. Smith.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 How to Make Vegetables go Farthest. Mrs. S. T. Kover.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 The Shopper as Seen by the Schoolgirl.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 Six Weeks in Europe with Our Suitcase. E. Kelley.—Ladies' Home Jour.
 Voice, the Kermess of Woman's Culture. F. Argue.—Scrubber.
 Name Problems of the Working-Women. Anna O'Hagan.—Smith's.
 As the Working Girl Sees It. E. H. Westwood.—Craftsman.
 Footwear of Fashion in London and Paris. M. Howarth and C. Bechtelheim.—London.
 Women and Dress. Joan Worth.—Royal.
 My Lady's Tailor.—M. Tindal.—Royal.
 A Woman's Film Against Woman Suffrage. E. M. Hanson.—Living Age (April 11).
 The Ideal of a Woman's Party. Lady Glyn.—Portly Rev.
 Prices Experienced of a Suffragette. W. Mero.—Idler.
 Are We Ready for Our Children? C. T. Herd.—Woman's Home Comp.
 You and Your Boy.—Circle.
 The Boy That Your Boy Plays With.—Circle.
 Your Boy and His Girl.—Circle.
 Feminization in School and Home. G. S. Hall.—World's Work.
 The American Wife. A. F. Corbin.—Appaloosa's.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Best Selling Books.

The best selling books during the past month were—

In Canada.

Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
 Skutumpah. By F. H. Burnett.
 Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
 Three Weeks. By Elmer Glyn.
 Songs of a Soudrough. By R. W. Service.
 Red Star. By Louis Tracy.

In England.

Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.
 Ancient Law. By R. E. Goswami.
 Come and Find Me. By R. E. Goswami.
 Wholes of Anarchy. By Max Pemberton.
 Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia. By F. W. Wicks.
 Leaves From a Life. (Anonymous).

In United States.

Black Bag. By L. J. Vance.
 Ancient Law. By R. E. Goswami.
 Skutumpah. By F. H. Burnett.
 Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
 Lady of the Decoration. By F. Little.
 Somehow Good. By Wm. De Morgan.

Good Things From New Books.

The woman that has no outlet is apt to crack.
 If there is one type more than another that I dislike, it is the selfish, selfish woman, who never gets into an honest rage, but who pursues her purpose with the skill and patience of a Red Indian.
 What else is there worth living for but "Wine, Women and Song" when one is young? All other things are but the makings of old age.
 A man and a nation deteriorate when they lower their standard of right and wrong, when they sacrifice their principles to expediency.
 It is like your scoured Scotch rug of "Mott prove," which the world reads as "Gully, but cannot be proved."
 I don't know that it is so good to be alive. The older you get the more you doubt it. I suppose that is why they say that those whom the gods love die young. They go out at high tide, before they have lost a keel or an ill-slice.
 It seems a pity that there is nothing between the professional photographer who turns

you into a picture that none of your friends recognize and the amateur that turns you into a caricature.—From "The Secret Door," by Derek Vane.

Nothing would induce me to marry a man with such a thing as a loose lid about him, or a bottle of talcoid, or a liver pill.
 I am not interested in matrimony. For I have never entered and study this kind. Why holy, by the way? I know lots of wretched states of matrimony.

If one lived in the Highlands one would develop a perpetual sniff. One is always dreading that some event may be passing that one has not really taken in fully.

Virtue and money have done more harm in the world than any other two factors.

I've seen so many women as the stage that I know exactly how they are managed. You hide yourself in a conspicuous place, and so disguise yourself as best as you can, and then the victim comes and study his head into your very name, and it is all over in a moment.

The man who knows how to keep himself in hand may not, after all, be stronger than the one who rides post-mall over other people's wishes and desires.—From "The Imberline," by J. Lockhart Lang.

I told her that the modern husband liked gravity . . . and marriage is no laughing matter.

Housewife are knocking to-day: they are almost as dear as Kaffirs.

It's all very well to be up with the lark; but a man who keeps such hours should be in bed with the lark.

Half the things we see in this world give us pleasure because we may show them to others and ask for admiration when so doing.

Don't grow old on any account. It is an undesirable sin.

Never trust an after-dinner judgment, especially one concerning women.

I am always in purgatory when I see a pretty woman, and have not the honor her acquaintance.—From "The Wheels of Anarchy," by Max Pemberton.

New women will always pay to a man the extravagant compliment which no ordinary woman ever pays him, that of listening while he is talking.
 The poet delights in disorder only. If it were



and so, the most painful thing in the world would be the Underground Railway.

It is always the fearful man who talks too much; the proud man watches himself too closely.

I should think very little of the man who didn't keep something in the background of his life that was more serious than all his talking—something more serious, whether it was religion or only drink—From "The Man Who Was Thursday," by G. K. Chesterton.

Every opportunity is also the time of test. Life has many shadows, but the sunshine makes them all.

Happy the man who realizes his own limitations, for he is spared the sour disappointment of overachievement.

Waters open eyes of their own out of what they make by fostering people's vanity.—From "Bro's Apple," by Fisher Lewis.

Among the many delusions under which the world labors may be mentioned the generally accepted theory that men's chief interest in life centers round women, and women's round men. Whatever it may be on the Continent, in England at any rate men are primarily interested in himself, while when time (immortal) nothing has interested women more than the study of brains.

Life in society, which is more or less a protest against monotony, the women who desire to be original is still locked upon with a terrible emphasis. She has her friends, of course, she may even be surrounded by a circle regarded as fully endeavoring to imitate her originality, but she will never really be popular.

Englishmen do not like originality in a

woman. They prefer their female belongings to be turned out all on the same pattern. Her prodigies out of a mold—From "Unobscured Conscience," by Lady Greay.

Moody Mr. Meredith.

Mr. George Meredith, whose name has been so prominent in connection with his rightish birthday, is a very brilliant writer in private life. He has his serious mood, however. A lady who sat next to him at a picnic party had been looking forward for days to the occasion, expecting pearls of spigram and wisdom from his lips. Himself on excellent terms, she had laughed up her wits for the event. In vain! The solitary sentence which passed the lips of the prophet throughout the whole of the meal was—on reaching slightly across her for the salt—"Excuse the glass standing."

Mr. Meredith holds unusual views on the institution of marriage. He believes that no man or woman should be necessarily united. He disapproves entirely of the present system, which he describes as "unbearable." He would have marriage made by the State, not by the Church. The man would have to give an account of himself to the properly-constituted authority. He would have to state his means and prospects, and produce a medical certificate, giving an account of the state of his health. In a word, he would have to prove his fitness for marriage mentally and physically. If, after ten years, the wife for any cause cannot get on with the husband, or the husband with the wife, they should part, the latter taking the older children, the mother the younger.

Mr. Meredith has been twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, the English humorist. She was a

delicately witty and brilliant woman, and by death, after twelve years of unhappy married life, closed a single chapter of the famous Meredith's life, which he has never willingly opened to anyone to read. Mr. Meredith almost immediately remarried, but within a few months his second wife died, leaving him bereft of a sweet satisfying love. His son, Mr. William Meredith, is a publisher, associated with the firm of Aschberg Constable. Mrs. William Meredith, who had a play produced at the Court theatre, entitled "The Pilgrims' Way," often stays with the novelist at his Hill, and has been a source of great comfort to him in his illness.

The story of Mr. Meredith's attempt to live with Rossetti, in the pre-historic solitude of Chelsea, is a comic one. He arrived at the Chrysos Walk house at mid-day. Rossetti was not up. "On the breakfast-table rested five slabs of bacon, upon which five eggs had slowly bled to death." Then Rossetti, poet and painter of beautiful women, appeared in a dressing-gown, and "denounced the daily repeat like an ignominy." Mr. Meredith fled from the house, and gave up the idea of living in it for ever.

Some New Books Worth Reading

The Shareholders' and Directors' Manual—By J. D. Wares.

Leaves Run a Life—Adon.

How to be Happy—By Owen Gold.

The Making of the Millennium—By Frank Rosenzweig.

Do It Now—By Peter Kenry.

The Women's Awakening—By "Hazelton."

Diary—By Rachel L. W. Jones.

The Soul of a Priest—By Duke Little.

The Old Peabody Pew—By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Money Gushers—By Elmer Stanhope.

Our Coast Defence Organizations—By Captain A. E. C. Meyers.

In the Service of the Queen—By Rick Donovan.

A Devil's Bargain—By Florence Warden.

Northwood and Its Uttermost Way—By J. G. Miller.

The Castles and Keeps of Scotland—By Frank Roy Francis.

The Measure of the Nile—By Robert Ross.

Modern Egypt—By Lord Charnock.

The Honor of a Child—By Frank Dandy.

The Making of Personality—By Steve Carran.

Sowing Seeds in Dunes—By Mrs. E. W. McCaughey.

The Iron Heart—By Jack London.

Christian Science: Its Faith and Its Founder—By Rev. Lyman P. Powell.

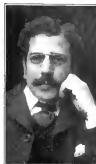
The Secret Agent—By Joseph Conrad.

The Red Ties—By Louis Tracy.

Janet of the House—By Harriet T. Cross.

The Bookish Avenue Mystery—By Ramona Bookley.

Woodfolk—By Filly Berthier Sermon.



MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER

Editor of The London Sphere, and a notable figure in the literature of criticism.

General Notes of Interest

A volume of poems has recently been published by Arthur Stringer, called, "The Women in the Rain, and Other Poems."

It is probable that at an early date Lord Roberts will undertake the work of writing his life, commencing at the point where his former work, "Forty-One Years in India," left off. For some time past Lord Roberts has had this volume in mind, and he has gradually collecting the necessary material.

Everyone who remembers "An American Girl in London," will welcome the announcement that Mrs. Edward Cotes has written another story on a theme not altogether different, "A Canadian Girl in London."

In view of the forthcoming Quebec celebration, a most interesting work is in preparation, entitled, "The First English Conquest of Canada," with some account of the earliest settlements in New Brunswick and Newfoundland, by Henry Rhin, M.A., B.C.L., F.R.G.S. This gentleman is a descendant of the Captain Rhye, whose name is so intimately associated with the early conquest of Canada.

A further interesting addition to the literature of the Ancient Capital of Canada is promised by Mr. Ferns Nicholson, who will publish a volume entitled, "In Old Quebec, and Other Canadian Sketches." The book will refer to various parts of Canada.



GEORGE MEREDITH ON HIS 60TH BIRTHDAY.

The world's leading living novelist taking the air in his dandy shagreened leather horse, in Surrey.

Humor in the Magazines

THITTLE is proprietor of a shop in New Haven, a man of most suitable temperament, who is however wailing his cheeks for their indifference to the matter of possible sales.

One day, hearing a clerk say to a customer, "Oh, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to restrain such an admission, began to work himself into the usual rage. Fixing a glaucous eye on his clerk, he said to the customer:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am: plenty down stairs."

Whereupon the customer looked fumed, and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quit the shop.

"What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"We haven't had any rain lately!"

The little girl was very fond of pleasant days and at the close of a heavy rainstorm petitioned in her prayer for fine weather; when, the next morning, the sun shone bright and clear, she became puffed and told her prayer to her grandmother, who said: "Well, dear; why can't you pray tonight that it may be warmer to-morrow, so grandma's rheumatism will be better?" "All right, I will," was the quick response, and that night, as she knelt, she made this request in her prayer, "Oh, God, please make it hot for grandma."

He was a big, bold man and he came into the gas office with blood in his rim.

"I have come in here," he announced in large tones, "to file a complaint."

"Well, sir," replied the clerk, as he reached under the counter and brought forth a large vase, "how is the file? Now, go 'way off to some quiet corner and file it, and when you are through take the complaint into the waste basket and return the file. Good morning, sir."

And the big, bold man walked out of the office (feeling as wilted as a lily) rather on a July afternoon.

A Southwestern who is a prominent member of a church in Orem, has Sunday recently put by mistake into the collection plate a piece of silver instead of a penny. On returning home he discovered the serious blunder. He spent

the afternoon in considering the matter and in talking it over with his wife.

"To see," he said to her in explanation of his loss, "I didn't say 'any' for twenty-five dollars to make it up, but then I was the people's best rent as 'gettin' 'em this' for't. I'm thinkin', ma'am, this must be what the minister said's a religious society."

And—Now, Willie, never try to deceive any one. You would not like to be two-faced would you?

Willie—(Shrugs). No! One face is enough to wash these cold mortgages.

Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, illustrated a story with a reference to the shortness of an Aurora bridegroom. "You know how bridegrooms, setting off on the honeymoon, forget their brides and buy tickets only for themselves? Well, that is what this bridegroom did in Aurora, and when his wife said to him, 'Why, you only bought one ticket, dear?' he answered, 'By Jove! I never thought of myself!'"

A certain scientist is said to be a hard taskmaster, and a bit of a domestic tyrant. Being detailed to accompany an expedition round the world, the scientist ordered a trifle toward the servant who would be his personal attendant.

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the man.

"We do," replied his master.

"We lose a day going that way, I believe, sir."

"Yes, we lose a day."

"Then, sir, I should like to go. It would give me a day off."

There is a clerk in the employ of a Philadelphia business man, who, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity. One day a wire basket full of the top of the clerk's desk scratched his cheek. Not having any cork plaster at hand, he slapped on three iron-rust stamps and continued his work. A few minutes later he had occasion to take some paper to his employer's private office. When he entered, the "old man," observing the postage stamps on his cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare. "Look here, Jimmie," he exclaimed, "you are saving too much postage for second-class matter!"

KRYPTOK

Choose the
"KRYPTOK"
Invisible Bifocal Lens

No Lines, No Contact, No Unseen Surfaces, No Appearance or Unhappy Appearance. Young-Looking and All-around Satisfactory. Made for Canada by

J. G. WILLIAMS
1175 SPADINA
TORONTO 131 Tupper St.



The machine that makes the money.

The Man Who Owns a Mechanical Cleaning Wagon Makes Money

\$3000.00 CAN BE MADE

This year next year, and the years hereafter, thousands by our patent machinery, by mechanical, compressed air, with a capacity of 25, 30 and 40 tons, (over 400,000 tons in use) may be made in the United States. We make the most efficient machinery for sandblasting, scrubbing, and building work. We own the patent and are manufacturing all machinery. Write for our **GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR & VACUUM MACHINERY COMPANY**
4424 DELPE A. OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Building a House?

What about the Mantels?

For really

Artistic Mantels

nothing can equal

MILTON PRESSED BRICK

They are clean cut, hard and will remain in sight
Made in several beautiful patterns—
—and they will last almost forever.

Don't order your Mantels without
first reading for our free

MANTEL CATALOGUE

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited

Ltd.

Largest Manufacturers of Pressed Brick in Canada

Head Office, MILTON, ONT.

Toronto Office, 75 YONGE ST.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

The following story is told by Miss Thompson Foster in P. T. O.: "At a dinner party one evening, after my marriage, the conversation, which was general, took a literary turn, and a gentleman sitting next to me, who did not know the identity of Miss Finkle with Miss Thompson Foster, began to discuss as the way young authors exult themselves with tricks. To emphasize his point he said, 'What can be more horrible than Miss Foster's trick of saying, "Everybody laughed?" There was a dead pause. He evidently expected me to make a remark, for when I did not speak he turned and said, "Oh, don't you know Miss Foster's books? Haven't you read any of them?" I wrote them,' I replied and then, indeed, everybody laughed."

"Were you ever done in oil?" ventured the wandering portrait painter.

The old farmer almost leaped out of his boots.

"Was I ever done in oil?" he roared. "Well, I should say so. A long-legged, lean-legged individual that looked something like you some past here last week and told me a bottle of what was supposed to be genuine olive oil to use in my furnace. When I poured it on the furnace it turned out to be cooking-milk and, and, by heck! if I thought that you—"

But the wandering artist was gone—gone in a cloud of dust.

"Harrah!" exclaimed the inventor of pre-digested hen. "A man has lived four days in a mine on nothing but oil and wood."

"Well, what's that to shoot about?"

"Fleety! You're stupid. It gives me a new idea for a breakfast food."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Richly Aunt-F suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so sleepily in the land. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran!

Hans—did you get him—Fingeroe Hunter (March).

Mr. Eben Ray Lancaster once received a visit from a woman who carried a basket in her hand and appeared to be in a state of great mental excitement.

"I've got them," she remarked; "two of them!"

"Two what?" asked the professor, beginning to be interested.

"Two 'awk's eggs," answered the woman, opening the basket as she spoke. "I'm told they're worth a lot of money."

The professor carefully examined the treasures, but the curiosity was not satisfactory. "There are not 'awk's eggs," he said, much to the visitor's surprise.

"They are 'awk's eggs," she insisted. "My son found them." Suddenly the professor snarled.

"The kind of eggs which are no mineable," he said hoarsely. "Are the eggs of a new artist bird called the 'awk-o-o-k.'" The woman was

greatly disappointed and went away yawning vengeance on the person who had told her "It was 'awk's eggs as you wanted."

A one-time Bishop of London entered an East End church at one o'ing. Standing in a back seat, he looked in the direction of a hymn. Next to him a workman stood singing lustily in tune. The Bishop sang lustily too, but, alas! not in tune. The workman turned the discord as long as he could, when, without warning, and nudging the Bishop with his elbow, he said: "Stop it, mister; you're spoiling the show."

"That," he began, "you know that William saw you're been trying for the last ten years?" The soldier nodded.

"Well," said the young man, "I've settled it."

"Settled it?" ejaculated his father. "Settled it? Why, say, I gave you that case as an assessor?"

Some years ago three livers lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of covetous habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you taken down the stairs?" was the next question. "Aye! I fell down; but I was comin' down, whether or no."

Mr. Harry Leader, the Scottish comedian, has met with great success on the other side of the Atlantic. On one occasion he sang three songs at a fashionable dish, and received a cheque for \$100.

When quite late, Harry and his younger brother were enjoying a "smoke"—a forbidden treat. Harry first produced his pipe, and Mat, not to be outdone, asked for a puff. He got one, with disastrous results.

"Well," said Harry, "if ye tell us me, I'll tell on you."

Mat's only reply was to wait!

"Tut me home! I'll no' tell a word!"

"I'd better be," returned the older lad, "as I'll tell either we're home, or we're not, and you swallowed a lot of 'most water."

And his row was successful.

Stockton—"One day last week old man Gotzen bought a lot of shoes 'Do it now' signs and hung 'em around the office."

Boon—"How did the staff take it?"

Stockton—"Almost unanimously. The cashier stopped with \$50.00, the head bookkeeper dropped with the private secretary. Three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office-boy hit out to become a highwayman and got as far west as Pittsburgh before he was caught and disarmed."



Elliott-Fisher ADDING TYPEWRITER

Combining the ability to write, figure and add on either bound books or loose leaves—to manifold any set of business forms with unerring accuracy

ALL IN ONE OPERATION

Factory, Order, Billing and Bookkeeping work is simplified, economized and safeguarded through Elliott-Fisher one operation ideas.



Elliott-Fisher, Limited

129 BAY STREET

TORONTO

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Improvements in Office Devices

For Two-Column Work

THE PINK ADDING MACHINE CO. have recently brought out as attachment for their machine that automatically shifts the carriage for two-column work. A number of a check or draft may be written on the left-hand up to eight figures without being added, then the machine automatically shifts, and the full adding capacity of the machine on columns can be utilized in the right-hand column.

Typewriter Brush

From Germany the other day was received what is called "Fliz," a very serviceable typewriter brush. It is entirely new to typewriter users.

The brush is six inches long, slightly curved and consists of ordinary bristle and soft horse hair. It is apparent at once that the wire is intended to replace or do away with benzine as a cleaner or any other acid. The bristles being soft yields to the wire at once, which digs down into the type and thoroughly cleans it.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction with the present "brush and benzine" as a cleaner; because it leaves an oily effect on the type that eventually gathers up and clogs the type, particularly those letters of small space.

Self-Indexing Ledger

In both bound and loose leaf form is the Kirtley self-indexing Ledger, and the system is said to be entirely new. These ledgers, which are made by the High, Stephens Printing Co., of Jefferson City, Mo., are useful. In the loose leaf a perfect index is generated, not only in the current, but also in the transfer account. The great difficulty in all loose leaf systems, so the makers claim, has been to keep the transfer sheets in such order that all accounts should be readily located. The Kirtley loose leaf makes it possible to find any desired account with two turns and without thumbing leaves in either the Current or the Transfer.

Eyelet Plier

There has been placed upon the market the "SolidBand" eyelet plier, a simple easy and quick punch and crimp set for punching holes and eyeletting cards, papers, samples, etc. The

plier, which is made by the Hawhee-Jackson Co., of New York, is operated by punching a hole and adjusting the instrument to open; then, without removing punch, hold an eyelet between the thumb and second finger, place it with small end down on top of punch and close.

New Telephone Desk

The sound of the telephone bell is often a signal for a wild scramble for something to write on. The Monarch telephone desk gets rid of all this fuss. It can easily be attached to the wall or stand on a desk or counter beside the telephone. It has a typewriter paper feed.



all parts being interchangeable and no paper wasted. The telephone desk, which is made by the Thorp & Martin Company, of Toronto, is equipped with a continuous supply of paper.

A Perplexing Problem Solved

One of the most perplexing problems which confronts the man who has adopted the vertical system of letter filing is to devise a method of handling the transferred correspondence in such a way as will permit of ready reference, no matter how far back the desired letters may have been filed. While the large transfer cases which are made to hold the entire contents of one vertical file drawer are undoubtedly the cheapest and most practical form of storage, their bulky proportions and heavy weight make them only a few hundred letters, has come into general use. Fortunately, however, these other than late at last have come in a simple, inexpensive manner by the introduction of the "Mans" transfer rack series, which are auth-

THE "GERHARD HEINTZMAN" PIANO Nearly Half a Century THE MODEL for all Canadian Piano Makers

A singing tone of the utmost refinement, and action that responds fluently to every variety of touch, and all parts built and finished both for beauty and durability—these are the excellencies that have earned for the "Gerhard Heintzman" the title—

"THE MOST ARTISTIC PIANO IN CANADA"

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

97 Yonge Street, Toronto

127 King St. East, Hamilton

(166)

"SEALS—as Well as Moistens"

any size envelope, quickly, neatly and perfectly. Can also be used for stamps, labels, etc.



THE CONSTRUCTION

The Barrel is made of hard rubber, and covers at the point to be filled with water. The Metal Pump-bar is made of solid brass so it cannot rust. The Rubber of hard rubber. The Moistener is filled with felt, which absorbs the water and keeps it just wet enough for immediate use.

One filling of this barrel will last several weeks. You pass the felt over flap of the envelope, turn flap down and roll lightly over it, which seals it also. Every office needs one, or many of these useful, simple and inexpensive devices for moisture and sealing envelopes. You will find the illustration that "SEALS—as Well as Moistens," a feature which similar articles collect at a low price do not possess. The Rubber Roller enables the user to seal the envelope perfectly, without the fingers (which are sometimes dirty) coming in contact with the envelope. It does the work quickly. It saves you that unpleasant task.

YOU NEED ONE. WHY NOT ORDER IT TO DAY?

Money back—if not entirely satisfied.

PRICE, \$1.00 POSTPAID. AGENTS WANTED

HOMER T. SMITH

1438 Williamson Bldg. CLEVELAND, O., U.S.A.



MANUFACTURERS
OF HIGH GRADE BANK & OFFICE
FURNITURE, SCHOOL, LIBRARY &
COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, OPERA
& ASSEMBLY CHAIRS & INTERIOR
HANDWOOD FINISH GENERALLY.



MURAD

TURKISH CIGARETTES

The art of blending cigarettes makes it much like the art of blending colors in a picture.

An artist can make a few colors look very beautiful and create pictures of masterpieces.

An expert tobacco blender can take several different kinds of Turkish tobacco and combine them so as to form a rich, full, delicious blend of cigarette.

The delicious flavor of MURAD Cigarettes is entirely due to the blending of the tobacco.

If you like a really good cigarette you should try MURAD—10 for 15c.

© AMAROYROS

